THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An ed Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

Volume 198, Number 6

AUG. 8, 1925

5cts. THE COPY

Lawrence Toney

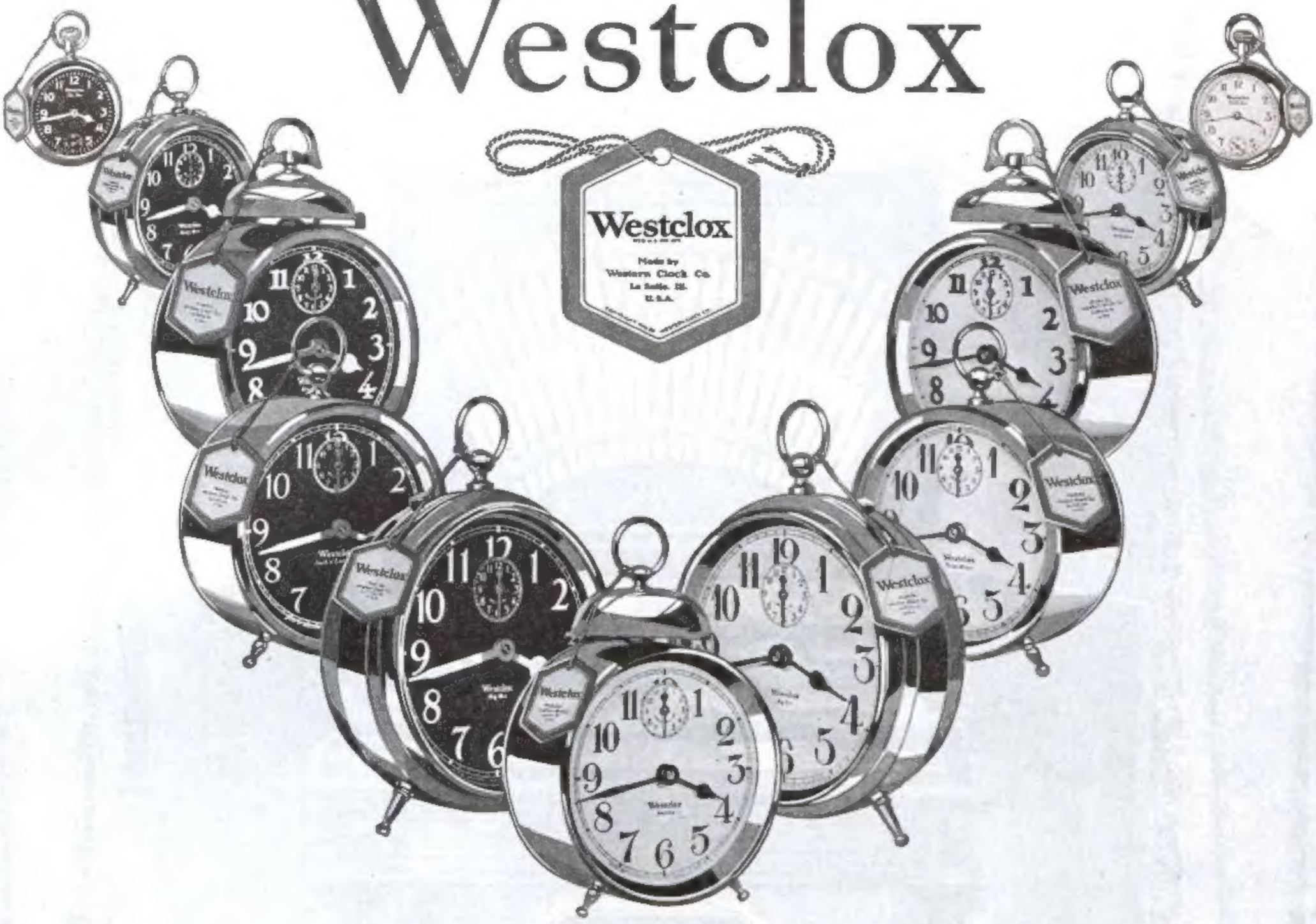
Samuel G. Blythe—Albert Payson Terhune—Chester T. Crowell—J. J. Gould
Maude Parker Child—Dana Burnet—Octavus Roy Cohen—Isaac F. Marcosson

Kuppenheimer

American Styles for Americans . . . styles to grace the broad shoulders . . . to drape the slender waist . . . to fit the flat hips of the athletic American figure . . . *the very first genuinely new style idea in years* . . . shown exclusively in Kuppenheimer good Clothes

©B.K.&Co.

Westclox



Your most important date

FROM the time you get up in the morning till you go to bed at night you are consulting the clock. For cars, for appointments, for meals, for the ball game, for the movies, for something.

When you go to bed you put the responsibility on your clock. You go to sleep. You forget the world, depending on that timepiece to ring you up when it is time to start a new day.

A pretty important job for a clock. Is it any wonder that men who must be up in time use expert judgment in selecting clocks?

They look for the trade mark Westclox on the dial and tag. They know the meaning of that trade mark whether it is on America at $1.50, Sleep-Meter at $2.00, or Big Ben at $3.25. It means dependable time-keeping and a punctual call.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Westclox
Big Ben
7 inches tall. Runs 32 hours. Steady and repeat alarm, $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
Baby Ben
3¾ inches tall. Steady and repeat alarm, $1.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
America
6¼ inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

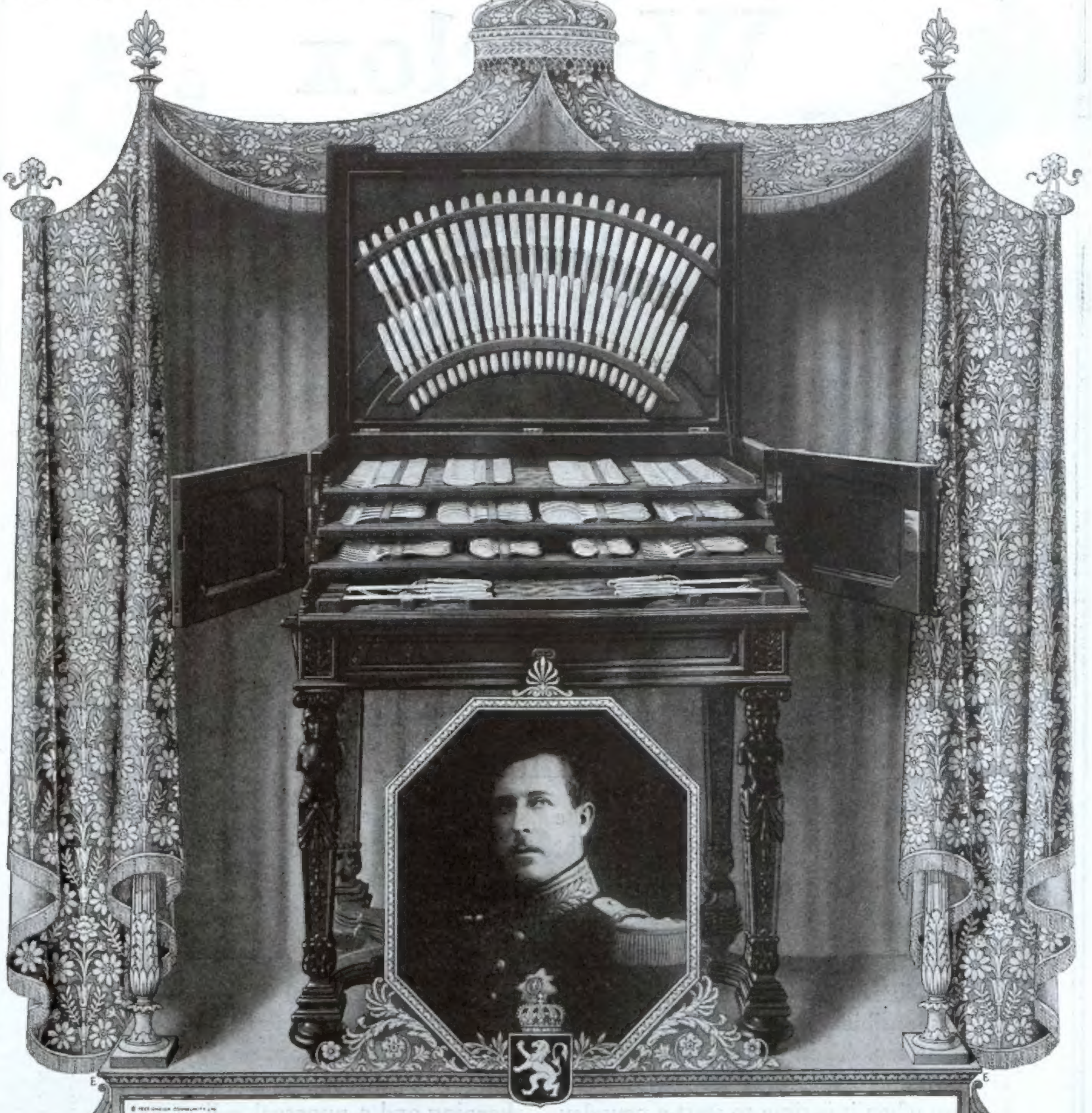
Westclox
Sleep-Meter
5 inches tall. Nickel case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $2.00. In Canada, $3.00.

Westclox
Jack o'Lantern
5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

Westclox
Pocket Ben
A nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Glo-Ben
Nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.25. In Canada, $3.00.

COMMUNITY PLATE



HIS MAJESTY, KING ALBERT, IS ENTERTAINED

DURING the recent visit of King Albert of Belgium to Brazil, the magnificent banquet hall of the *Palacio Real* was completely equipped by the Brazilian Government with a special service of Community Plate. Each of the three hundred and eleven pieces used was engraved with the national Coat of Arms of Brazil. Thus the vogue of Community Plate spreads from continent to continent.

A Few Distinguished Patrons of COMMUNITY PLATE

PRINCESS MARGRÈTHE OF DENMARK BARONESS HUARD DUCHESS OF RUTLAND MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1925, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 8, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 6

TAPERING OFF ON WORK

The Stuff Had Got Me

My Friends Came to Me and Warned Me

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THERE was a time when I boasted I could take work or let it alone. As I look back now I realize how fatuous that boast was, how empty and vainglorious. The truth of it was that I was a work addict.

I had been a heavy worker all my life, beginning when I was a mere boy with an insatiable wood box to feed through the laborious medium of the bucksaw and the ax, with an incredibly voracious Morning Glory stove to preserve at a red heat during the winter—the winter began in early November in those parts and lasted until mid-April—and the ashes to sift. Then there was the reservoir that must always be full. The reservoir? What a misnomer! It was a contraption on the back of the kitchen stove that supplied the hot water for the household. It was no reservoir. It was a bottomless, sideless, unsoundable pit, taking innumerable pails of water from the cistern to assuage its enormous thirst. It seemed to me it never was full.

The wood came in four-foot lengths. Sometimes it was hickory, but mostly it was oak. The sawbuck was a heavy and substantial appliance, the frame of the bucksaw was painted red. My job was to see to it that there was sufficient wood sawed and split each morning before I went to school to last through the day, to fill the maw of that cormorant wood box, and I began at it as soon as I could manage the saw by standing on a box. On Saturdays I had to provide enough wood to last over Sunday before I could go to play. Five four-foot sticks would do the trick for one day, cut twice and split, and ten on Saturdays. I became expert with the saw and with the ax—especially with the ax. I can swing a mean ax until this day, and that was more than forty years ago. It was in the 70's. My father was the busy editor of a country newspaper, but his real joy in life was in growing things. Also, it was a stern side-line necessity, for country newspapers in those days were no Golcondas, and the family had to eat. So we had a garden. It was no patch of a garden. There was close to an acre of potatoes in it, and big beds of beets and carrots and onions and beans and lettuce and parsnips, and long rows of Lima beans and corn. The garden was designed not only to supply vegetables for the summer but to fill the cellar for the winter with potatoes and onions and all the other roots, including salsify, or vegetable oyster. Heavens, how I loathe that stuff—salsify!

There were scores of fruit trees and several grape arbors and strawberry beds, and raspberry and blackberry and currant bushes, and a celery trench—oh, it was a real garden, and more real to me than to any other, because albeit my father worked it in the early morning and until dark after supper, there was plenty left for me to do, and I did it; not because I wanted to but because I had to. And there are persons nowadays who wonder because I take small interest in gardening! "Small" is right. My interest in gardening is negligible, as you might say; likewise in flowers, save in the scenic and abstract sense. We had flower beds as big as the average city lot and I had to tote the water up from the creek in buckets to water them; and cut the grass and shovel the snow off the walks—about half a mile of walks, more or less, because the house we lived in stood at the corner of two streets in the village and the sidewalks stretched interminably, it seemed to me, along two sides of it.

We lived in a beautiful and simple village, and we all worked. All the boys had their jobs, the same as mine. There was gas laid down on some of the streets, but not on our street. So we used kerosene lamps. There was water in pipes uptown, but not down our way. So we had a well and a cistern. Some of the houses had furnaces, but not our house. So we burned wood in the kitchen, and coal, in the wintertime, in the sitting room, in that rapacious Morning Glory stove. That was the bane, for it made the winter just so much harder. It always needed a scuttle of coal, always needed shaking down and constantly required to be cleaned of its ashes. It was a fierce and ravenous monster and it took toll of me. It marked me. One extra cold Saturday night I moved the tin bathtub in beside it for my bath, and backed against it. To this day the letters "ing Glo" are impressed upon me. They will be there until I die.

Thus, early, I acquired the habit that, in later years, I found so difficult to shake off. These and other tasks, insensibly to me, put me in the control of that horrible appetite for endeavor, for labor, for striving and doing what we call work. Not that there was not plenty of play. There was. We lived in a favored valley, and there was no sport that was not at hand—swimming, fishing, hunting, skating, coasting, tobogganing and every other country diversion were ours; baseball, football, camping, boating. There was a river at the foot of the hill, a fine lake six miles away, a large school in the village that brought a thousand or so young people in each year, and the days and nights were happy.

Nevertheless, the habit of work insidiously gained control of me. Money was scarce. The wood had to be sawed and split. The garden must be kept free of weeds and bugs. The flowers must be watered, and my father could not do it all, nor was there sufficient revenue to hire these things done. I was the only other male in the family, and it was up to me to carry on. Being a normal healthy boy, I had no liking for work and ducked it when I could; but the thing was inevitable. There was no discussion over whether I wanted to do the work or did not want to do it. I had to do it, and gradually, without my full knowledge of what was happening to me, I became a habitual worker.

However, it was Levi Jones who completed my downfall, who put the final temptation in my way that led me to embark on a career of work that for more than forty years had me in its viselike grip, that held my nose to the grindstone, that laid me open to the jeers and sneers of the idle classes, that caused the people who knew me in my various wanderings, obsessed by the demon of industry, to point at me and say, "Poor fellow, he's a hard worker." It was Levi Jones who led me astray. He ruined what might have been a sincere and capable loafer. He made an inured toiler of me.

Levi Jones was an old man who lived on our street and did odd jobs about the village, but who had ambitions. His mind was full of schemes for enriching himself even at his advanced stage of life, and he was constantly trying experiments in the way of small investments and enterprises, seeking to get himself some money. One year, when I was twelve years old, Levi went into onions. He had heard that there was a heavy demand for onions, and he figured he could clean up handsomely if he could get himself some to sell to the townsfolk in the fall. He picked out a piece of ground that looked as if it would teem with onions, and he planted it—about three acres.

Things were going fine when Levi approached me. The onions were up, and very pretty they were, too, in their long green succulent rows, with the ground nicely cultivated and the slender tops swaying in the gentle breeze. Unfortunately, just as Levi could begin to count on alluring increment from his onions fell circumstance clutched him. He not only became crippled with sciatic rheumatism but he had strayed into a bed of poison ivy in his wanderings in the woods, and he was a sight. Levi, as the saying of those days was, was puffed up like a poisoned pup. Manifestly he was in no shape to tend his onions, and he sought me out and proposed to me that I should tend them for him. He said he had noticed I was a bright lively young kid and a good worker. Good worker! Even then the brand was on me.

Levi's proposition was that I should thin and weed and hoe his onions under his direction, and in return he would give me one-half the crop. His lips were swollen with the poison ivy so he had difficulty in articulation; but even so he made a good story of it. He told me of the vast wealth that would accrue to me after the onions were ripe and harvested. All I had to do was to sell the onions in a market where the demand for onions was practically unappeasable. There were, Levi said, millions in it. And I took the job.

In a way Levi was right. There were millions in it—millions of weeds. I spent uncounted days bending over those accursed rows of onions, thinning them, weeding them, watering them with my sweat and my tears, but I stuck. I was a worker, you see. Even then the malediction was on me. It got into my blood. Other boys were going swimming, were fishing off the dam for mullets, were tramping out to the lake, were roystering about the streets or playing ball in the lots; but I was clamped to that onion bed. They jeered at me as they rollicked on their way down to the Buck Hole where we swam in the river. They derided me when I joined them to play hunt the gray after dark. But I went through and laid the foundations for that terrible habit that made me a confirmed worker. Levi Jones did his devilish work well.

Another Good Loafer Gone Wrong

THAT wasn't a very good year for onions, and there was an oversupply, because several others had had the same idea Levi had. After the crop was gathered and topped and peddled, my share was thirty dollars in cash. Thirty dollars! That was more money than I had ever seen at one time, and about half as much as I thought there was in the entire village. It was wealth. It meant a new suit of clothes and an overcoat and some paper collars and other sartorial embellishments. It meant more than that. It opened a new world before my enchanted eyes. It was the first drink out of the bottle of acquisition. It showed me that money—real money—could be obtained in exchange for labor. Hitherto I had received no money for my work, save an occasional Fourth of July half dollar or other similar recompense. Now, for the mere weeding and tending of an onion patch, I had thirty dollars, and in those days thirty dollars was a lot of money. Morris Leiser, who ran the clothing store on Main Street, had good suits for sale—good ones—for ten dollars.

The prospect interested and delighted me. Little knowing the dire results that were to follow, never glimpsing the future growth of the terrible habit that was to overwhelm me and make me a confirmed worker, a hopeless addict of labor, I cast about for other opportunities to market my work. I found a dear old lady who was willing to pay me a dollar and seventy-five cents to cut, split and pile neatly in her woodshed a cord of wood—a pile of oak four feet wide, four feet high and eight feet long, with no chinks between the sticks. Imagine doing that much work for a dollar and six bits! But it was opportunity for me. Add a quarter to that sum and I could get a pair of shoes. Also, it was fuel to the flame of the habit then beginning to consume me. Oh, that I had never met Levi Jones!

Time wore on. Never sensing my ultimate fate, I recklessly took all the work I could find. I hoed corn for a dollar a day. I pulled beans—a frightful task. Ours was a bean country. We raised many of the beans the Bostonians subsequently baked. Pulling beans meant walking for ten hours a day along illimitable rows of the ripened plants, wrenching them from the reluctant earth, and piling them in little stacks to await the gathering wagons and the threshers. Half a day of it would flatten any college athlete in existence. But our backs were young and elastic. I worked in a glove factory. I worked in the post office. By the time I was sixteen I was hopeless.

As I recall it, I had, in those days, some dim forebodings that, it might be, this continued consumption of work would make its impress on me, give me a habit I could not shake off, and that perhaps I should make an effort to rid myself of the fetters then beginning to bind me, master the appetite

I Discovered, to My Great Humiliation and Dismay, I Could Not Let it Alone. I Had to Have It

that was getting to control me, and go out in the world and loaf and enjoy myself. But I could not do it. Already the habit was strong upon me. I liked the effects of it, little recking the days to come when I should be a slave to work. The effects were exhilarating. Why, I had the first custom-made cutaway coat ever seen in our village, up to that time, on anyone less mature than a banker, a minister or a lawyer! It cost twenty-five dollars, and if you think it was not sensational you are much mistaken.

How did I get it? With the money earned by working. Utterly impervious to the warnings of my companions that if I did not watch out work would get the better of me and leave me a poor labor-obsessed wreck, I took all the work I could find, devoured it, spent much time looking for it—and all because Levi Jones had instilled the pernicious lure of it in me; all because Levi Jones gave me the first taste of the real stuff—the work that is paid for, the work that brings in money. Had Levi Jones never crossed my path, what a gay and idle life might have been mine! Instead—alas—ah, me!

Inasmuch as this article is intended to be admonitory as well as instructive, I shall conceal nothing. By the time I was twenty I was given up by all my friends as a hopeless work inebriate. I had the dire habit in its most vicious form. Two years or so before, having been told that the appetite for work could be indulged to a greater extent in the newspaper business than elsewhere, I had become a reporter and had learned that my information was correct. I found that here were opportunities for prolonged debauches of work—orgies of it. I found that I could work sixteen hours a day and seven days a week. I found not only that I could, but that I must if I wanted to hold my job. So I had full opportunity to pamper my vice, and I pampered it. I fed it and fostered it, and presently I was so completely engrossed in work that nothing else mattered. Work was my master.

Work continued to be my master for many years. Not content with my regular employments, I devised additional occupations that would help me gratify my enormous appetite for labor. Besides working in public, out among the rest of the workers, I became—I shudder to tell it—a secret worker. I sought out places where I might work surreptitiously, where I could totter after my regular stint was done and indulge myself with added tasks. I took on every job I could find that was in my line. Always there was that intense craving for work, burning me, harassing me, driving me on and on to greater dissipations of labor. I was putty in the hands of the urge. I had no stamina left, no will power, no resistance. All I knew was work. All I did was work. An addict—helpless—hopeless—forlorn.

My friends came to me and warned me. They told me that I was working too much, that I was a work drunkard and that they feared the worst unless I let up. They counseled moderation. They said it was a matter of common talk that I was taking my work intemperately, in excess, and that the results were sure to be disastrous in every way. I laughed at them. I told them I could take work or let it alone, as it suited me. "Work," I said, "has no control over me. I am my own master." And all thus and so. But secretly I wondered if they might be right, and I tried it out. I resolved to go on the loafing wagon for a month or so just to prove to myself that my friends were busybodies, entirely wrong in their fears and cautions.

An Unsatisfied Appetite for Work

I DISCOVERED, to my great humiliation and dismay, that so far from taking work or letting it alone, as I had often boasted, I could not let it alone. I had to have it. Two or three days without work and I was nervous, fidgety, irritable, miserable. A week without work and I was a wreck. The stuff had got me. Forty years of an intemperate use of it had ingrained in me the mustness of work. I had the habit in its most disconcerting form.

Those were bitter days. Morning after morning I would arise and promise myself that I would do no work that day; that I would be strong and fight off the temptation; that I would subdue the appetite and go out and loaf and be temperately idle and entirely nonproductive. I would reaffirm this decision to myself while I was shaving, forming strong resolutions—not one—a dozen. I would map out a day of complete abstention from labor of any sort. I would say to myself that I would not go near my workroom, nor concern myself about my mail, nor think, even, of the unfinished manuscript that was on my desk.

"Have you no manhood?" I would ask myself as I did my daily dozen. "Are you so utterly lost to the finer things of life that you persist in feeding this appetite for work that holds you in its nauseous grip, and persist in working when you might be idling away your time, loafing, playing, cultivating your better instincts? You see other men enjoying themselves, getting some fun out of life, sporting about in various ways and maintaining a respected position in the community, while you, poor, sodden wretch, sneak off to your work each morning and take large draughts of it all day long, coming out at night completely saturated with it, and having no other desire than to throw yourself on your bed and sleep off the effects of it. Is this living? Is it life? Is it anything but the cowardly submission to an appetite that has made a slave of you?

"And what do you get out of it? What do you get out of it? What is there in it for you? As you pass along the streets those who know your sad story point at you and say, with that smug pity that is worse than scorn: 'Look at him! See him hurrying by. Poor fellow, he's a hard worker. Hopeless. Works all the time, they say. Sad case too. Has the makings of a good, capable play boy in him, they tell me, but the hard-work stuff has got him. Let's go out and have a round of golf.'"

By the time I was ready for my coffee I was firmly set in the decision to do no work—to loaf—to play—to invite my soul. And I would light a cigar and stroll out into the sunshine.

Surely I was man enough to fight off this consuming passion for one day—for twenty-four hours. Surely I had grip enough on myself to stay away from my typewriter for twenty-four hours. And I would start to walk out toward a park—or, in any event, away from my office.

(Continued on Page 117)

EDUCATION PLUS

By FRED H. TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

LAMSON is a senior in the university. When you see him your attention is immediately directed to his pleasant, intelligent face; then you notice that he is well dressed. If you look carefully you will find that he is a member of a fraternity and that he has been a sufficiently good student to elect him to an honorary organization.

He called at my office a few days ago to tell me that he would have to miss his classes for a few days owing to the fact that the driver of one of his trucks was ill, and he would be forced to drive it himself until his employe was able to return to work.

Lamson owns four light trucks and operates a transfer system. When he was a freshman in the university he acquired a small secondhand car, tore off the body and built a truck on which two small trunks or one large one could be hauled. It was not a beautiful vehicle, but he was a pretty fair mechanic, and the engine was in good order. He had several friends who were willing to help him find business, and it wasn't such a very long time before he had a little money ahead, enough to pick up a bargain in a small truck formerly owned by a grocer, and one large enough to carry a half dozen trunks. His business increased, for he delivered trunks at the time he agreed to deliver them, and no man ever opened the trunk left for him to find it full of pink silk night clothes; neither did any horrified co-ed find her trunk contained a mixture of golf hose, knickers and hard dress collars.

As the business prospered, he traded his old machines until in the middle of his sophomore year he was able to acquire a brand-new truck, the first of his small fleet of four. Along with his trucking business he was doing his school work, and doing it well.

Lamson's businesslike manner of going after the money to send himself through the university somewhat cramps the style of the accepted and regulation student who works his way through college.

The Student Worker of Fiction

SUCH a student has, in the past, entered the university with fourteen dollars, a suit of clothes, a strong body and the firm determination that he will have more than a high-school education. According to rules, he has his fees deferred, finds a place where he can fire the furnace for his room, becomes a waiter in a restaurant or boarding club for his meals, and on Saturdays rakes lawns, scrubs windows and picks up a little cash to have as ready money. He is supposed to undergo these hardships for a period of four years and graduate with high honors, broken health and strained eyes.

Of Course the Commonest Method is by Some Variation of the Selling Game

I suppose to make the story a little more complete, he should have prospered a little during his junior year, made the football team and rescued the most important game for the title of the Conference by an intercepted pass and a ninety-eight-yard run, thus covering himself in a haze of glorification from his astounded classmates. The yarn has done more than its share of service, but truly those days have eternally departed from the college and university campuses.

Not so very many years ago, a man with a high-school education was quite completely educated; then people began to go to college; the time is not so very far away, I believe, when graduate work will be considered just as important for the average student as for the man who expects to continue in teaching or research. Each year the registration figures of almost all higher institutions of learning have been growing.

Each year a few men enter the university and attempt to start with no money, expecting to work their way entirely. In rare instances they succeed.

Truly Those Days Have Eternally Departed From the College and University Campuses

A man is attempting to do the work of two men when he does this, for, as a freshman, he needs the greater part of his time for study, recreation enough to keep his body strong, and attendance on classes. His process of orientation is not a simple one, for as a rule he is for the first time really thrown on his own responsibility. In general, this responsibility weighs heavily.

It is true that a great many freshmen do register and work for a part of their expenses. The simplest, commonest and most remunerative form of employment is to work for one's board. Freshmen can do this, either as waiters or kitchen assistants. They get all they want to eat, and as a rule, food of better quality than they could buy. If a freshman has enough money saved to carry himself, with a little work, through his first year, his possibilities for self-support during the next three years are limited only by his own cleverness and desire to work. These men who have unusual and clever ideas as to how they may support themselves, and at the same time attend a university, are the ones in whom I am particularly interested.

Along With His Trucking Business He Was Doing His School Work, and Doing It Well

Of course the commonest method is by some variation of the selling game. I believe students have sold everything that could be sold to anyone. Oftentimes they are very clever salesmen, and they make surprisingly large amounts. When I was a youngster at home, I remember the great impression that the college students who came to our home in an Illinois village made on me. They sold three articles, or attempted to sell them—brushes, aluminum kitchen ware and books. As a rule they were successful. The college man in those days was apparently endowed with a line that went big with the average housewife, and it didn't take much of a salesman who announced himself as a student working his way through college to leave with an order for the full set of Blank's Beatless Brushes, including a combination shower bath and folding tub. The brush game has been no more popular than the aluminum-cooking-utensil disciples, who worked usually in pairs. They worked the town, simply showing their wares—bright, shining new pots, pans, trick appliances for the kitchen; not selling, merely showing, and inviting the housewives to a demonstration to be held at Mrs. Apple's home on Friday afternoon; Mrs. Apple being president of the household science department of the local woman's club. On Friday the ladies met and were shown by the two students the advantages of the new aluminum ware, and allowed to eat morsels of delicious food which they prepared in the presence of the ladies.

These men really deserve a lot of credit, for they could cook two or three things and do it well—so well that after putting the housewives in the proper mood, it wasn't so much a proposition of selling them as it was speed and accuracy in writing down their orders for the kitchen utensils made of the pretty new metal. Until the housewives had their kitchens completely refurnished with aluminum, this was one of the most successful of the selling games for students.

Students in Winter, Salesmen in Summer

THE third class has been the one that has always been worked to the limit, and that is the book-selling game. I suppose that every kind of book, from cookbooks to illustrated Bibles, has been sold by college men; editors and authors have found that an ambitious student can sell Booker's four-and-a-half-foot shelf of modern classics on easy terms at a rare bargain as readily as a vender can sell peanuts at a baseball game. The commission for the student is one that is not to be smiled upon. The bookseller simply needs to appear in the village, and he is immediately spotted as a student working his way through

(Continued on Page 113)

THE TALISMAN

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

Close at His Heels Thundered the Black Colt, Wise Guy, Striving Like Mad to Cut Down the Bay's Lead

GRANT HARTER fared forth to the Oklahoma oil wells to reap some of the golden harvest the greasy black earth was sprouting. Others had made vast fortunes there on a shoestring smaller than his snug legacy from Aunt Almeria.

Forth went he from his native town of Beemis, carrying the legacy in express checks. He did not go by rail, but in his beautifully kept up six-cylinder, four-brake, balloon-tired new car. It was the pleasantest way to travel; besides enabling one to stop anywhere and everywhere along the oil-lands route and do one's own inspecting. It was a chance for personal judgment of prospects and claims.

When Grant Harter came back to his native town of Beemis, six months later, his plump bunch of express checks had shrunk to two drafts of the lowest denomination. He came back by motor, as he had gone forth; but not in the brand-new car that had been the joy of his enthusiastic soul. Instead, he drove a severalth-hand flivver truck. His dim-hued overalls covered neatly his one remaining suit. His flamingly hopeful spirit was the only part of him which had lasted out, undimmed, the rigors of his fortune quest. As witness his call at the Fragen home, two evenings after his return to Beemis.

J. Q. Fragen was almost the only man in the twenty-seven-hundred-population town who could have called himself a capitalist without starting an argument. His was the first home to contain open plumbing and a sleeping porch. His orphaned niece, Maida, kept house for him.

Harter called on Maida, after he came back from the oil fields, on the same principle that had made him come to see her on the evening before his departure for Oklahoma. On the former evening, he had been outbound. If old J. Q. should choose that time to forbid him the house—well, he was on his way anyhow. And now that he had come back, he had lost so much that one more smash from fortune's gloveless fist, delivered through Fragen, would be far less heavily felt than if it had smitten him in a luckier hour.

J. Q. had never actually forbidden Grant to call on Maida; but he had forbidden two other impecunious Beemis swains to do so; and Harter always had a morbid feeling that he himself was due to be the third. The premonition did not add much to his peace of mind during these rare visits.

"No," he said, as Maida came into the overwarm living room which had just received Harter from the overcold early winter night, "I didn't make good out there. But that was because I hit the place too late. All the making good was done by the first comers. That's the way everywhere. Now I've been kind of looking over the field—in my mind, you know—on the drive back from Oklahoma. And there's only just one corner of the United States left where the money is still flowing as fast as ever it did. California and the Klondike and the oil country and the rest of them have been exploited till the newcomer hasn't a ghost of a show. But Florida is left. Why, I was talking to a chap here in Beemis who was just back from there. He told me ——"

"But wasn't there a chap last year who told you about Oklahoma too?" she asked tactlessly. Before he could answer, she strove to cover her lack of diplomacy by saying more lightly, "It's all your own fault. If you'd taken the talisman, I just know it would have brought you luck. Look what it did to Uncle Jo! When that East Indian peddler gave it to him for helping him out of the creek, Uncle Jo was a poor man. In less than fifteen years he was worth more than anyone else in Beemis. And he ——"

"And he got it all," put in Harter, "because the can factory moved here and because those electric works happened to need his worthless farm; and because the rest of the barren land he had inherited was incorporated into the city and sold like hot cakes for building lots. The talisman didn't have anything to do with it."

"That's what Uncle Jo says," answered Maida. "He says he did it all with his own genius, as he calls it. He says the talisman is a piece of junk and he doesn't want to see it around. Just the same, I honestly believe if you'd taken it West with you, as I begged you to, you'd have found ——"

"All right," assented Grant, "suppose I take it to Florida with me. How about that?"

He said it to end a continuance of the discussion which had begun before he went to Oklahoma. But Maida beamed approval. She crossed to a drawer and took therefrom a small oblong package, wrapped neatly in paper and tied with a string.

"I have it all ready," she said in triumph. "Last night I heard about your coming back. Uncle Jo told me he had seen you in the street and that you didn't look very—very prosperous. So I got to thinking of it after I got to bed; and I came down here in the dark and got the talisman out of the drawer and wrapped it up for you. I made up my mind I'd just make you take it and carry it around with you for a while and see if it didn't bring you good luck. I've ever and ever so much faith in it, Grant. Honestly, I have."

Her voice and words, far more than the loan of the useless little oblong, touched something deep in Harter's optimistic soul. So she had lain awake thinking about him! She had come all the way downstairs to wrap up this silly little talisman in preparation for his call!

Grant turned the bit of metal over and over in his hand, smiling down at it fatuously. He had seen the senseless thing a score of times. Never had it appealed to him until now. The tiny slab of greenish meteorite, with its funny foreign figurings all worn and greasy, was worthless, of course. But it represented Maida's thought for him. Once he had considered it just a senseless whim, this wish of hers to have him carry a talisman to improve his luck. Now, as he slipped it into the pocket of his baggy coat, it seemed to exhale a gracious warmth. For it meant that a girl had lain awake, unhappy, because of his ill fortune, instead of making fun of him as had the rest of Beemis.

"Sure," he agreed, vaguely embarrassed. "All right. Fine. I'll tote it with me a while. Thanks. I ——"

"Hello," J. Q. Fragen greeted him from the doorway, speaking with the most limited enthusiasm. "Back with options on all the oil tracts in Oklahoma, I see."

J. Q. let his small eyes rove athwart Grant's elderly suit and the hungry corners of mouth and jaw. Formerly such a sneer would have reduced Grant to sulky humiliation or have lashed him to petty fury.

Now, to his own astonishment, he heard himself answer steadily: "No, sir. I lost out. But I'm going to win this time. I'm off for Florida."

"When?" asked J. Q., with a glance at the outer door.

Again Harter heard himself saying, to his own boundless amaze: "I'm starting tonight, in my truck. I've about cash enough to get me there, and there's no use blowing it on railroad fares."

He ceased speaking, overcome with amaze at his own words. Up to the moment he had voiced them, he had had a general idea that he might sell the ramshackle truck for part of his southward fare, and in a week or two might begin his railroad journey to the land of his opportunity. Assuredly he had had no idea of starting at once, nor by motor. Yet somehow the sudden resolve pleased him. There seemed something Napoleonic in it.

"And when you get there," grinned J. Q., vastly enjoying the baiting of this down-at-heel and hungry-faced failure, "what are you going in for? A corner in citrus fruits or only just ——"

"No," said Harter. "I'm going in for land. That's where the cash is now down there. A chap was telling me so. He only came back North the other day. You don't actually buy the land, you see, if you're as hard up as I am. You just look around you till you see a bit of property that looks good to you. Then you get an option on it. And presently—sometimes the same day—along comes a man who wants it so bad he pays you a whopping big premium on your option. That gives you enough to start buying.

"You look around you again and you pick out a likely corner lot or a vacant bit of ground in a business section. In a couple of weeks at most you sell it at a whale of a profit; sometimes for twice what you paid for it; sometimes for even more'n that. Then you look around some more, and keep on buying property that someone else will want to buy offn you at twice what you paid. It's dead easy. This chap says ——"

"Is this chap a millionaire—from that sort of speculating?"

"Not yet, he isn't," admitted Grant. "But he's going to be. That's what he's back here for; to sell his cottage

in Beemis and persuade his mother to let him use his dad's life insurance, fifty-fifty, in some Florida land deals he has in sight. He's lotting on a clean-up of pretty near a hundred thousand this year alone. He ——"

"Son," declaimed J. Q., common-sense disgust mastering the joy of baiting his visitor, "if you had used your natural advantages, and if you'd started with maybe just twice as much brains as you'll ever have—why, by this time you might be one of these fellows the newspapers call morons. But as it is, I'm afraid you'll never graduate from the born-idiot class. You say you're starting tonight? Don't let Maida and me detain you. Good-by."

Down through Southern Florida, splitting the tongue-shaped sandy peninsula like a wavy gray thread, ambles the Dixie Highway, dodging across and across the one-track railroad as some venturesome boy might dodge back and forth in front of an advancing street car.

In turn, it is laced and crisscrossed, at weird angles, by a hundred lesser roads which lead anywhere in general or nowhere in particular. Sometimes it flows for wearisome miles through flat pine barren, strewn with occasional tall and lonely trees and bunches of palmetto scrub. Again it plunges through a tropical hammock or past scores of sad-looking developments. By way of reward, it has times of sojourn beside the bluest summer sea in the world. It is a road of many variations in the way of experience.

Southward along the Dixie Highway, at dead of a hot black night, chugged Grant Harter's rattletrap truck. Grant was making an all-night run of it, to reach Sunopolis by daybreak. There was much less traffic by night. Of late, the truck's radius rods and its steering gear seemed to have arrived at some sort of chronic misunderstanding with one another. A sudden double shift of the wheel, in dodging thick traffic, was prone to be followed by trouble. Wherefore it was easier and less insult-evoking to travel as much as possible by night.

Yet taken all in all, Grant's Southern hike had been far luckier and pleasanter than he had dared to hope. The truck was forever threatening to fall apart. But thus far it had neglected to do so. The weather and everything else had been favorable. He had had a right good time on his gypsying. Nevertheless his knowledge of motor cars in general and of this wheezy truck in particular told him that the oft owned and reowned vehicle was close to the end of its out-worn powers. He would be playing in rare good luck if it did not resolve into its component parts before completing these last thirty miles to Sunopolis.

At a dark patch of highway, in the desolate heart of a pine barren, Grant heard the muffled roar of a fast-driven car approaching from one of the side roads just in front of him. No glare of lights heralded the newcomer.

Harter understood. Twice before, on the way southward, at the darkest hour of night, he had seen unlighted motortrucks, huge, heavy, hard-driven, on special balloon tires. They had sped past him from the direction of the sea. He knew their contents and their mission. Not for the toting of citrus fruits or coconuts were they equipped with such mighty engines and costly tires.

The crossroad was just in front. Harter put on his brakes with sudden energy. Sudden energy is not to be commended in dealing with a dying truck. The rattletrap thing slid forward over the dew-damp concrete to the very middle of the intersection of the two roads. Then with a wheezy moan it stopped. Its feeble lamps died. Something had gone wrong inside it.

Grant jumped out, flashlight in hand, to investigate. As he struck ground, a bulk, huge and inky, whizzed out of the crossroad and smote the stalled truck with hurricane force. There was a clash, a clatter, a chinking of smashed glass on concrete, a jingle of disintegrated parts. The ancient truck had traveled its last inch. It lay strewn in irregular swaths and patches across the Dixie Highway. The collision had brought to a halt the far larger truck which had banged through it. Two men jumped from the high seat in front of the tarpaulin-covered tonneau.

Grant Harter flashed his pocket torch on the grim monster that had just done his own truck to death. Instinctively, he noted its make and number and the odd tires. Then his attention concentrated on a pistol muzzle which was covering him. One of the two men had trained on the blinking Harter a powerful flashlight. The other had whipped out a squat black automatic—a veritable toad among weapons—and leveled it at him. Grant stood with mouth ajar, his knees slowly wabbling. Then the man with the flashlight spoke to his gun-wielding companion.

"Put that thing up!" he commanded. "He's only a cracker. And we've put his hearse on the fritz. He ——"

"Crackers can squeal as easy as real folks," grumbled the gunner. "Besides, I saw him giving our bus the once-over. Best let me drill him, and then let's be moving. We're ——"

"Cut out the Desperate Desmond stuff!" said the other. "D'you want to queer the whole works, around here—after all the cash the Big Feller's been spending to grease this road? You know what he said about keeping on the right side of these crackers. Go lift some of that junk offn our radiator and then clear the rest of it from in front of us."

Turning to Grant, the man went on: "Friend, I'm sorry we busted your truck. You should of drove more careful. Just the same, we was to blame, too, and we aim to make good. Would seven hundred dollars square us with you—say, fifty cents for that old ruin of yours and six hundred and ninety-nine dollars and fifty cents to forget about meeting us? I'm advising you to say yes. It isn't always healthy to go remembering license numbers and the like. It's still unhealthier to go talking about them. How about it?"

"That poor busted truck of mine," gabbled Harter, finding his voice in irregular installments, "that truck cost me ——"

Before he could complete his quavering sentence with the words, "only seventy dollars when I got it at Tulsa," the bootlegger cut in, a thread of impatient menace in his tone.

"Eight hundred then. And that's my last word. Take it or leave it lay."

"I'll—I'll take it, mister," mumbled Grant, stooping to yank his kit bag out of the wreckage and incidentally to mask the glow of wondering delight that leaped into his eyes.

As he bent, the bulky little package that Maida had given him reminded him of its presence by digging one of its corners into his side.

"The—the talisman!" he muttered half aloud. "Gee! I'd forgotten the blame thing! There's—why, there's something to it after all! It ——"

(Continued on Page 103)

J. Q. Had Never Actually Forbidden Grant to Call on Maida; But He Had Forbidden Two Other Impecunious Beemis Swains to Do So; and Harter Always Had a Morbid Feeling That He Himself Was Due to be the Third

The World's Largest Negro City

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

YOU board a northbound Seventh Avenue Subway express train at Times Square and in all probability you will observe from one to five negroes in your car. The train is made up of ten cars, so there may be as many as fifty on board; however, they are lost in the jam of perhaps 1000 passengers. But at Ninety-sixth Street you leave the express train, walk across the platform, board a Bronx local, and the complexion of the crowd suddenly changes. From one-half to nine-tenths of the passengers on this train are negroes, the percentage varying with the time of day.

Ten minutes later, at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and Lenox Avenue, nearly all of them will leave, for that Subway station is the principal transportation center of the largest negro city in the world. Its population is close to 200,000. Although there are several great urban centers of negro population in this country, no other has the cosmopolitanism of New York. That, more than mere numbers, constitutes its distinctive feature.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

125th Street Looking East Over 8th Avenue

PHOTO, BY KIDEL & HERBERT, N. Y. C.

The Heart of the Negro Capital, 135th Street and Lenox Avenue

A Colored Capital

THE Harlem Black Belt, as it is usually called, draws immigrants from every country in the world that has a colored population, either large or small. Consequently Harlem is now the negro's world capital. Ambitious and talented colored youth on every continent looks forward to reaching Harlem. It is the Mecca for all those who seek Opportunity with a capital O, one of the few places in the world where a negro may achieve both wealth and distinction among his own people.

In a community of that size it is not necessary for him to solicit the attention of the surrounding white population. But if he happens to possess very unusual ability—such, for instance, as that of Roland Hayes, the singer, or Paul Robeson, the actor—New York will probably discover him eventually and accord him applause. He could not be sure of very much more, but still wealth and applause are alone sufficiently attractive to draw candidates from all parts of the world.

Walking along the wide sidewalks of Lenox Avenue, you will hear Spanish, French and Portuguese, as well as numerous varieties of English. The accents of Virginia, Georgia and Mississippi contrast strangely with the broad "a" of the British West Indies. The 1920 census reported 152,467 negroes in New York City, and it is estimated that not less than 50,000 more have come since then. Returning to the 1920 census figures as a basis, however, there were 30,000 foreign-born negroes in New York at that time. Most of them were from the West Indies. They speak with such a marked English accent that the first two I encountered I thought were trying to entertain me. I had just arrived in New York from the South. When my waiter and another began talking to each other I was delighted with their imitation of stage Englishmen and waited for them to complete the show so that all three of us could laugh together. I took it for granted that they were Southern, but I was mistaken. Theirs was no imitation, but a natural accent acquired from English school-teachers.

The most authoritative estimates now available fix 25,000 as the number of Virginia negroes residing in Harlem. North and South Carolina together have contributed a total of 20,000. Georgia is represented by not less than 10,000. Every Southern state has sent at least a few hundred. In 1920, according to the census, there resided in New York City 40,000 negroes born in the state. Among the foreigners, one of the oddest groups is a congregation of Abyssinian Jews—at any rate, that is what they call themselves, and they have a synagogue. They speak the Hebrew language, devote a great deal of time to their religious duties and assert that they are not negroes; but their complexion is dark, so they reside in Harlem.

The effect produced upon former cotton pickers from the Southern states by this international community can scarcely be estimated. To most of them it is sensational news that a race problem of world-wide dimensions exists; that France, because of her African colonies, has it as well as our country. They discover that negroes have achieved at one time or another remarkable success in nearly every field of human endeavor, and the knowledge is stimulating. Imagine the astonishment of a Mississippi negro recently employed in a livery stable when he arrives at Lenox Avenue, carrying his rattan suitcase, and discovers a newspaper published in English, French and Spanish, and carrying news gathered from all parts of Latin-America, the West Indies, Europe, and especially Africa. His eyes will open even wider when he is told that Harlem as a community has a special mission as beacon light to the submerged peoples of the Dark Continent. Three pan-African congresses have been held under American auspices. These facts, of course, place no butter on his bread, but they give him sustenance none the less. Still laboring under the load of his ancient difficulties, he takes pride in being a part of the negro's Zion.

Crossing the Line

AS A RESULT of these community influences, negroes who could pass for white if they chose to do so, are more and more inclined to remain negroes and work for the advancement of their race. I met several who are doing precisely this, among them Walter White, author of a notable and successful novel. Harlem regards him as a demigod; he does not have to go to white people alone for recognition with that city behind him. Few persons, I think, would recognize him as a negro. He has blue eyes, blond hair and a very fair complexion. There was a time when negroes of his type, educated, fairly prosperous and interested in the arts, found it very difficult to establish congenial social contacts among their own people in any one community. Today, in several American cities, they can easily do this.

For many years there has been a legend that negro communities in Northern cities have such low birth rates and high death rates that they fail to reproduce themselves. Such statistics as are available tend to support this legend, but at least a few negroes question it. They admit the low birth rates and especially the high death rates, but call attention to a third factor—namely, that many light-colored negroes "pass." That is their word for crossing the color line. In a city like New York, where there are so many hundreds of thousands of persons of swarthy complexion, it is very easy for a negro to "pass," even when his color is dark enough to make that feat utterly impossible in the South. Obviously, no one knows how many negroes have "passed," but those who are best acquainted in Harlem report that the number is declining.

Even under the most favorable circumstances, "passing" has its obstacles. As the difficulties involved in remaining a negro become less sharp, larger numbers of those who could "pass" prefer not to do so. Their influence in negro communities is almost without exception along constructive lines. Harlem is not a center of agitation of any kind. Its noisiest element comprises the jazz musicians who go out every night to play for white dancers. I was told that there are 10,000 of these musicians residing in Harlem; and though that is probably an overestimate, one is tempted to accept it after observing the street crowds and noting the large number of musical instruments among them.

The fame of this negro city within a city has reached every corner of the world. There is only one metropolis that barely knows of its existence and takes almost no interest in it. That is greater New York. Two hundred thousand persons, no matter whether black, white, brown, yellow or purple, would constitute only a small group there. Millions of white people ride under Harlem in the Subways or over it on the Elevated trains every day without knowing exactly where it is. They enter the Subway anywhere from Two Hundred and Forty-first Street on down to about One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and are busy reading their newspapers when the negroes join them along about One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street. Ten to fifteen minutes later the negroes have silently disappeared. Scarcely any of their white fellow passengers know who they are, where they came from, where they are going or how they earn their living. They simply don't care.

The entire Harlem Black Belt is only about twenty-three blocks long and not nearly that wide. It is a mere dot in the great metropolitan area that comprises a total population upward of 8,000,000. Harlem was once Dutch; then it was Irish; later it was German; still later it was Jewish. In the district that is now negro, virtually all the houses are well constructed; none are of wood. Among them are many of the old brownstone fronts. This district also includes a model tenement block designed by Stanford White. It is by no means a ramshackle quarter of the city. These buildings have housed succeeding waves of immigration, served them well, and outlasted every preceding wave. For all New York knows—or cares—another twenty years may find this district white again.

That is the way New York views the situation—if it views it at all—and this inattention is precisely what the negroes appreciate. It gives them the chance they yearn for to work out their destiny with the minimum of friction. Indeed, so far as friction is concerned, their existence in New York causes almost none at all. To be sure, they have obstacles to overcome, but not animosity. Their chief difficulty is that many lines of employment are closed to them by tradition behind which there is no animosity whatever. For instance, a negro carpenter may apply to a Polish Jew for work, when he sees a sign on the building, and be told that he is not needed.

A Shifting Center

HE MAY go away, under the impression that the Pole is drawing the color line, when as a matter of fact the Pole never heard of the color line, having seen only twenty negroes since he was born. Of these twenty, however, nineteen were elevator operators in New York—indoor aviators, Harlem calls them. He therefore takes it for granted that a negro applying for work wishes to operate an elevator. He already has an elevator operator, so there is no work for the negro. What could be more logical from his point of view? Or what mistake more natural than that made by the negro when he assumes that only white carpenters are being employed? He often found that situation in the town from which he came—also, he has found it before in New York—so it does not surprise him to encounter it again. He is not very well acquainted with Poland and doesn't know that both negroes and elevators are scarce there.

The negro center of New York has shifted repeatedly. In 1850 most of the negroes lived in Broome and Spring and Lispenard Streets, which are below Fourteenth and near Canal Street. Later, Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue became the center of fashionable life in New York; and the negroes, following their work, moved up to a fringe of houses in that vicinity. From this small beginning grew a very large negro district centering in Sullivan, Thompson, Bleecker and Grove Streets. Today these streets are regarded as part of Greenwich Village. Most of the population there is Italian now and has been for more than a quarter of a century, but in a few byways one will still find negro families who remained after their neighbors moved uptown.

In 1890 the center of negro population had moved up to the lower Thirties and upper Twenties, west of Sixth Avenue. Ten years later there was a sudden shift to West Fifty-third Street. During all this time the negro population had been growing and it was now able to support three good hotels. Fifty-third Street became famous because that was the golden age of negro entertainers. Williams and Walker, Dole and Johnson, Jim Europe, Aida Overton, Ernest Hogan, Will Marion Cook and numerous others were to be seen in that neighborhood. Jazz music, according to some authorities, was first heard in New York in a negro hotel that flourished under the name of the Marshall. It was regarded as one of the sights of New York that visitors should not fail to see. Along Fifty-third Street one will still find a few negro families.

The next migration was brought about by the fact that Harlem had been overbuilt, lacked adequate transportation, and values were at the bottom. The Lenox Avenue Subway had not then been built. A negro business man, mindful of the needs of his people, approached a few landlords owning property in One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street and told them that he could fill their vacant houses. They told him to go ahead, and he succeeded. Very shortly thereafter white landlords formed a company for the specific purpose of purchasing tenements in which negroes lived and evicting them. This forced the negroes to buy instead of renting, and they formed a corporation for that purpose.

For a time the white landlords were buying tenements and evicting negroes, while the negroes were buying other tenements and evicting white people, in order to provide shelter. Gradually the opposition subsided and Harlem began to change its complexion; but not until hundreds of sermons had been preached in negro churches on the text, Buy Homes. St. Philip's Church bought a row of thirteen apartment houses in One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, reaching from Seventh Avenue almost to Lenox Avenue. The Metropolitan Baptist Church bought a church building from a white congregation. Finding that they had to buy, the negroes bent their efforts in that direction and were remarkably successful, considering that most of them worked for comparatively small wages. With property low, however, they were able to obtain possession by making small first payments and carrying the previously existing first and second mortgages.

Organized efforts later were made by opposing landowners to induce financial institutions not to renew these mortgages; to some extent those efforts are still successful, according to the negroes, and constitute the greatest obstacle to Harlem's expansion. But values rose as the negro population crowded in and fortunes were made by those who invested primarily to find shelter. One specific instance will serve to show the upward trend of values. A negro woman who had a small restaurant bought a five-story apartment house for $42,000. Later she sold it to the Y. W. C. A. for a dormitory. Recently the Y. W. C. A. sold it to a negro undertaker for $72,000.

A Discussion Among Colored Youths in Harlem

PHOTOS BY KADEL & HERBERT, N. Y. C.

Dancing the Charleston in the Negro Capital

Happy Harlem

GRADUALLY the people of Harlem are finding their way into new lines of employment; but the obstacles are numerous and crumble very, very slowly. Some do not crumble at all, nor is there at present reason to believe they will do so in the future. Nevertheless, the colored people live; they like Harlem, they laugh, they sing, they dance, they have parades almost every day, lodges and churches flourish in astounding numbers; no one is alarmed because 200,000 of them reside there, and by degrees they are creating a community life of real promise. Among them are writers, surgeons, doctors, artists, scientists, actors, entertainers, singers, musicians and educators. They also have a number of sound and flourishing businesses.

Real-estate men who know that district well estimate that the negroes now own more than $60,000,000 worth of land and buildings in it. They are steadily acquiring more. At the fringes of the district there is always opposition to its spread; and this is expressed, strangely enough, in a way that aids rather than holds back the negroes. Both tenants and proprietors become panicky when property near by is either rented or purchased by negroes, and quite frequently values decline, while some of the white tenants vacate. What follows is a strange reversal of ordinary economic laws, because

(Continued on Page 93)

PRINCELY HOSPITALITY

The Guests Had Been at Once Engulfed Into the Hospitable Atmosphere of a Family Freed From All Inquisitive Eyes and Ears

How to Entertain and be Entertained—By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

AN AMERICAN diplomat of career and his wife returned to the United States some time ago after many years of residence abroad. They had lived in many foreign capitals in the course of their service, and as they were both unusually attractive they had made a great number of friends. Among all the people who had entertained them, the most conspicuous of their hosts had been the king and queen of one of the countries where they had been for some time. Their majesties had not only asked them to many parties at court outside the prescribed official calendar, but had entertained them unofficially a number of times at the summer palace.

The American diplomats, who had sincerely liked the king and queen, had enjoyed being with them, but having known a good many courts they were not deeply impressed by being singled out. They felt that crowned heads even more than other people needed the relaxation of being informally with their friends, and for them there was no greater significance.

Guests Received in Absentia

HOWEVER, although they did not insist upon talking about it, they found when they reached home that the newspapers had made much of their frequent visits with royalty, and they were asked all manner of questions about the details of palace life. They tried to satisfy the curiosity of their acquaintances without discussing their royal hosts any more freely than if they had been ordinary hosts, but they began to tire of the subject. The climax was reached, however, during a week-end which they spent in a fashionable American resort with some acquaintances whose great wealth had been acquired in the last generation.

The diplomats had met these people abroad and had entertained them in their own house and had thought they were pleasant, unaffected people. Therefore, when the invitation to spend the week-end came they decided to accept it.

They took the train their hostess had suggested, but when they got off at the station they could find no one to meet them. They waited until the other passengers had distributed themselves in various motor cars, and then perceived that a very smart limousine with two men in livery was standing idle. They approached it and asked if by chance it belonged to Mrs. B—— The impassive footman admitted that it did, took charge of their bags, which were to be sent separately, and asked if their servants had arrived.

"It sounds like an English novel," the wife whispered to her husband as they got into the motor car.

After a short ride the chauffeur turned into massive gates, wound round a driveway and stopped before an enormous house surrounded by formal gardens in the French style. Here another hard-faced servant in livery opened the door and without a word showed them into the vast hall.

They expected that some member of the family would be there to welcome them, but no one appeared. Finally they asked the footman to show them to their rooms, and he took them upstairs to a suite of three rooms and two bathrooms, which he informed them had been prepared for them. The two large bedrooms were separated by a larger sitting room. There were fresh flowers everywhere and the latest books and magazines. But the house was still and lifeless.

"Where can Sleeping Beauty be?" said the diplomat when the servant had left them alone. "I feel as if everyone had been put under a spell. Where do you suppose our hosts are?"

Presently their luggage arrived and was promptly unpacked by a maid and a valet. At half-past four the footman knocked and asked when they would like their tea.

"Are we to have it alone?" asked the diplomat's wife.

"Yes, madame," he replied.

"Then bring it into our sitting room," she ordered.

At six o'clock the house telephone rang and the secretary of their hostess spoke:

"Dinner is at eight; there will be twenty guests. The gentlemen will wear black ties. Mrs. B—— will receive in the south drawing-room."

Aping Old World Aristocrats

AT EIGHT they made their way downstairs, asked the butler where the south room was, and were received for the first time in the five hours they had spent under her roof by their hostess.

She spoke to them then in very much the same manner that she received her other dinner guests.

Their bewilderment increased, for she had made such a determined effort to induce them to visit her that they could not understand her attitude of aloofness now that they were here.

Later in the evening, though, the diplomat's wife got the clew. She was seated at the right of her host, who had

seemed, when she saw him in Europe, a kindly, genial man, but who in his own splendid house seemed a little ill at ease, as if he were afraid that in spite of all the servants and the secretaries and the housekeepers, something might somehow go wrong. After they had been talking for a while he seemed to relax and became more comfortable.

At last he said to her, "I hope you folks will just make yourselves at home."

She could not help being amused at the thought of anyone being at home in the rigid atmosphere of his house, but she told him truthfully that it was a very beautiful place and they had been glad they were free to come.

"Well, we were glad too," he said. "In fact my wife had her heart set on getting you here. But after you wrote that you could come, well, there certainly was more scurrying around and preparations than if the President of the United States was coming."

"But why?" she inquired. "You know how simple our tastes are."

"Well, that's what I told my wife, but she said that she knew how many times you'd stayed with a king and queen in their summer palace, and just because you were in America was no reason why you couldn't have everything done just as it was done there!"

She said when she told the story some time afterward that she scarcely knew what to say. For she could not help remembering their last visit to the summer palace when they had gone only a short time before sailing for home.

The Informality of Royal Hosts

WHEN they had arrived at the station, the coachman, who knew them well, had come up smiling and friendly to welcome them. He had told them the news of the royal household on the way to the palace.

The door of the palace was opened by the king himself, followed by the young princes and princesses, with the queen just behind them. The children had embraced them; the dogs had jumped up and barked in friendly greeting, and the guests had been, in short, at once engulfed into the hospitable atmosphere of a family freed from all inquisitive eyes and ears.

The king took the diplomat off into his study for a cigar; the queen went upstairs with his wife.

"Let's have our tea up here," Her Majesty suggested, and rang for the servant.

After the order had been given, the royal hostess, looking around the guest room as any hostess might, discovered that the open fire was too low for comfort, so she went over, knelt down in front of it, put on more wood, and discarding the bellows after a moment, she blew vigorously on the faint embers.

The rest of the visit was in keeping with this initial scene, but the two pictures most vividly impressed upon the American guest were the moment of their entrance when the entire royal household had assembled to greet them, and the memory of the queen kneeling in front of the fire blowing the flame into brightness.

Yet the multimillionaires had thought that with their frigid, impersonal, formal splendor they were doing things in a royal way!

"Of course I couldn't tell them," the diplomat's wife said. "And they probably wouldn't have believed me if I had. Few people are willing to believe that the great of the world are on the whole very simple."

She added that a question asked by a small cousin of hers had typified the point of view about royalty held by many people much older and more experienced.

"When you played tennis with the queen," the child had asked, "did she always wear her crown?"

Many experienced diplomats accredited to European courts feel that presenting their fellow countrymen to royalty is the most arduous of their social duties, because of the attitude of those who are presented.

"I dislike taking the casual visitor to court, because it's usually such a meaningless and perfunctory occasion," one of our representatives said the other evening at dinner. "In the first place the whole atmosphere is so formal and hedged about with rules of etiquette that the person who has begged to be presented acts when he gets there like a lamb being led to the slaughter. Why, I have often driven to the palace with a man who would talk delightfully all the way there, but the moment we would enter the royal palace he would seem to congeal. No matter how tactfully the king would try to make the occasion informal, even the most self-assured of democrats would remain stiff and uninteresting."

"But that's nothing compared to the way their wives act!" an embassy attaché insisted. "The whole trouble is that outsiders never seem to think of kings and queens as human beings. They ask to go and see them just the way they want to see the inside of the cathedral or the statues in the museum. They make out a list of 'sights every tourist ought to see,' and going to court is just one of them.

"I marvel at the patience of royalty in consenting to receive so many strangers who are impelled chiefly by curiosity plus a desire to have the news of their audiences published in their home papers. These brief interviews, which sometimes consist of no more than an interchange of three sentences, cannot possibly yield any real pleasure or profit to either side. But yearly the list of people desiring to be presented grows in length."

Making the Show Imposing

"IT'S not only true of Americans," said the wife of a foreign diplomat stationed in Washington. "When our people come over they long to be received by the President, and to say they have gone to the White House. It's a perfectly natural desire to see the great at first-hand. Moreover," she added shrewdly, "although the great might enjoy having these contacts more informal and human, the average visitor likes them to be just as imposing as possible."

She went on to say that before she had come to the United States, she had been told by many people—including some Americans—that she would find irksome the large number of self-made men who had penetrated society.

(Continued on Page 42)

Lateness Becomes a Source of Pride to Them, Due to That Curious Twisted Egoism Which Causes Some Women to Boast That They Cannot Add or Multiply

THE CHILD

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Oh, You Will Help Us, Won't You?" "My Dear," Replied the Other Woman Gently, "I'd be Only Too Happy to Help You, But ——"

"DO COME to luncheon," Sylvia had said to the nice-looking boy she had met at Judge Hall's literary tea. And now the nice-looking boy was late, the luncheon was getting cold and Sylvia was sad.

She didn't know quite why she was sad. It may have been because the day was a March day, and the sky a cold, gray sky. It may have been because Central Park—that cherished show of Nature on which her windows looked—was depressingly brown and barren. Or it may have been because she was thirty-five, and a successful novelist, and more than ordinarily hungry.

New York made her hungry. In the two weeks since her return from Europe she had eaten more food, she thought, than in the whole seven years of her sojourn abroad. But surprisingly enough, food seemed not to be the ideal satisfaction for her hunger. Food was only incidental. She had said as much to the nice-looking boy she had met at Jack Hall's tea. He had disagreed with her.

"Food," he had said, with a kind of youthful ferocity, "is most essential."

That was when she had asked him to luncheon. He was a sweet boy, who wrote plays, so he himself had informed her. What was his name? Oh, yes. Gaylord. Richard Gaylord. Evidently a protégé of Jack's, and probably quite irresponsible.

Judge Hall was an old friend; a wealthy lawyer with literary affiliations. He had always, she remembered, collected playwrights. But he was a nice man. He had got her divorce for her seven years ago in the very nicest manner; and though he really had been her husband's friend, he nevertheless had continued to keep casually in touch with her. In fact, he was the one connecting link between her former life and her present one.

She had not had much of a chance to talk to him that afternoon at his tea. She had meant to ask him about Howard. But there were so many strange people stumbling over her, saying nice things about her books—she was not only a successful novelist but a beautiful woman—that she hadn't been able to satisfy her curiosity about her former husband. She had gathered that Howard was alive and well, that his financial achievements were prodigious; but from the few words she'd exchanged with Jack she had got vaguely the impression that something was wrong somewhere. Her intuition sensed a mystery, but whether it concerned Howard or the Gaylord boy whom she'd just been talking to, she couldn't quite make out. And the next morning, when she'd telephoned Judge Hall's office, she'd been told that he was out of town, and wouldn't be back for three or four days. So that the mystery, whatever it was, remained a mystery.

This, of course, was maddening. There was no one else to whom she could telephone except Howard himself; and though for a moment she had been tempted strongly to do just that, she had been restrained by obvious considerations.

After seven years, she thought, one doesn't call one's divorced husband on the telephone and say: "My dear! Have you a little mystery in your home?"

No. It couldn't be done, especially with Howard, who was the most conventional of men.

It was that fixed conventionality of his, that straight-minded, strong-willed, unbending habit of forcing life to fit the rules, that had caused the break between them. She had written a story for a magazine, a story that Howard had considered frivolous and naughty; which it undoubtedly was. This had led to a discussion in which he'd discovered, to his horror, that Sylvia intended to take up such writing as her life work. He had thought that she'd been merely amusing herself! When he'd found that she was in earnest he'd turned stubborn. He'd become a tyrant, an ogre, and had offered her point-blank her choice between wifehood and the pursuit of what he termed "undignified notoriety." Because she was a self-respecting young woman and a spirited one—with perhaps just a trace of stubbornness on her own account—she had chosen undignified notoriety and had sailed for Paris without delay.

Paris after the war. London, Normandy, Switzerland, the Côte-d'Azur, Rome, Capri, Vienna, Paris ——

"H'm," said Sylvia Martin. "Seven years."

And here she was back in New York, standing at the window of an extravagantly expensive furnished apartment in Fifty-ninth Street, waiting for one of Jack Hall's irresponsible protégés to come to luncheon. If he didn't come soon she'd have luncheon without him. She was so devastatingly hungry!

"Perhaps," she murmured, gazing at the Japanese pagoda set absurdly on a hill in the park opposite, "my hunger is Freudian. I may need a romance. I wouldn't be at all surprised if what I needed was a touch of romance. To see me through the spring," she added musingly.

Possibly the nice playwright boy would make love to her. Well, that would be all right. He was, of course, a bachelor—she drew a very strict line between bachelors and married men—and probably would make love quite beautifully. He would begin by admiring her hair, which was a lovely shade of gold bronze, and would end by pouring out his soul to her. Men, after she had fed them, almost invariably poured out their souls to her; and sometimes they were very tiresome about it. She wondered whether this boy would be tiresome.

"Mr. Gaylord," announced the maid.

A young man, tall and thin, burst at once into the room. He looked rather shabbier than she had remembered him, and his hands were red, as if he had worn no gloves. Well, but playwrights frequently hadn't any gloves.

"Mr. Gaylord," said Sylvia.

"I'm late," panted the young man. "Please forgive me. I know I'm late, but ——"

"It doesn't matter. The cook hasn't left. She may leave tomorrow, but for the present we're safe. Come along. Luncheon is ready, to say the least of it."

He followed her into the dining room, rubbing his cold hands.

"You see," he said, seating himself opposite her, "I lost track of the time. I was out in the park talking to my wife "

"I beg your pardon," said Sylvia, looking up from the electric toaster. She always had toast for luncheon, and made it herself very prettily. "Did you say that you were talking to your wife?"

"Yes, in the park. It's the only place we can talk. Awfully cold though."

"But I didn't know you were married."

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes," said Sylvia, dropping her hands into her lap, "a great deal of difference to me. I'm sorry, Mr. Gaylord. You may think me stodgy or old-fashioned or anything you like, but I'm not having luncheon with you today!"

"Why no," said the young man with charming simplicity, "I'm having luncheon with you." And he smiled.

"You're doing nothing of the sort. You must go at once. I have a principle. It's absurd, of course. But I do not ask married men to have luncheon with me alone."

"I understand," he said, nodding. "I really do understand, you know, but you have asked me, and it wouldn't be fair—would it?—to go back on your invitation now. May I have some toast? I'm starved."

Sylvia looked at him. "It won't work," she said quietly.

"What won't work? The toaster?"

"No. Your pose of masculine dominance. I'm not impressed by it."

He stared at her in hurt surprise. "But I'm not posing. I'm hungry! I've not had a mouthful since yesterday noon, and I'm starved. You asked me to have luncheon with you, and now you want to throw me out just because I'm married. It's incredible," finished Mr. Gaylord, and hurriedly seized a stalk of celery, which he munched vigorously and defiantly.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Sylvia, "that you came here to luncheon simply because you were hungry?"

"Why else should I have come? Of course I mean—I mean I like you."

"Oh! I'm relieved."

"I thought you were very nice and—er—kind to me the other afternoon. I mean I thought you were beautiful in your kindness, though I really didn't know who you were."

"Do you know now?"

He blushed. "I'm frightfully sorry. I—I'm afraid I've forgotten your name. There were so many people at the tea the other afternoon, weren't there? But I remembered the address you gave me. Park View Chambers, West Fifty-ninth Street, Apartment Four-B. I wrote it down on my cuff," he concluded with an apologetic smile.

"Oh, well!" remarked Sylvia. "As long as you remembered the address ——" She extracted from the toaster two crisp brown slices of toast and gave one to her guest. "Under the circumstances," she said, "I suppose I can't refuse to feed you."

"Ah, thanks," murmured the boy, and immediately began to devour the toast. "Won't you tell me your name?" he asked after a moment quite humbly.

"No, I don't think I will," answered Sylvia. "If you'd been clever you'd have looked for it on the letter box downstairs. But I'm just as glad you didn't. After all, it's refreshing to be a nonentity."

"But you're not that! You couldn't be that. I've a feeling—I've had it all along—that you're someone frightfully important."

"Oh, no!"

"In fact," he went on, breaking off a large piece of toast, "I'm sure that somewhere in my unconscious I know all about you. Only—I can't put my finger on the knowledge. Perhaps it's because my mind's in such a ghastly jumble these days. But I do feel—I mean that I'm attracted to you by something—er—in my unconscious."

"Is that why you accepted my invitation?"

"Yes. I don't always accept invitations to eat, even when I ought to."

"Are you so very poor?" she asked, beginning to be interested.

"Oh, frightfully."

"And your wife!"

"She's rich."

"Rich?"

"Yes—frightfully!"

Sylvia sank back in her chair. "I don't understand. Which means that I'm wildly curious. Will you tell me how on earth it happens that your wife is rich while you haven't money enough to buy food?"

"Oh, it's not mysterious. Really it isn't." At this point the maid brought in a steaming soufflé. Young Richard Gaylord grinned hungrily, and when the dish was passed to him said "May I?"

"Yes, do," said Sylvia.

"Ah, thanks!" he sighed, and helped himself to the soufflé. "You see," he continued after a moment, "my wife's father is a fathead"

"Really?"

"Yes, a frightful fathead. He's a multimillionaire. And a despot. A regular stiff-necked despot. Thinks he knows how the world was put together and what makes it tick. Whereas he's simply a narrow-minded, money-grubbing autocrat, with no more imagination than a mouse."

"I take it," remarked Sylvia, "that he doesn't approve of you as his daughter's husband."

"He wants me to go to work," said Richard gloomily. "He insists that I go into some silly office and earn my own living. I tell him it's ridiculous when Peggy has all that money—or would have if he weren't a hopeless fathead."

"Perhaps," said Sylvia, "he suspects you of having married his daughter for her money."

The young man nodded.

"That's it. And of course he's right—to a certain extent. You see, I wanted to be free to write plays—I'm trying to work out a modern poetic dramatic form—and I didn't want to have to bother about making money. I expect to make a great deal later on, but for the present I can't be bothered. I must be free to write and experiment—save all my energy for that. So when Peggy ran over me ——"

"Ran over you?"

"Yes. In her car. I was crossing Fifth Avenue when I shouldn't. The green light was on. I should have waited for the red. But I forgot, and started to cross, and she ran over me—or her chauffeur did."

"Were you badly hurt?" inquired Sylvia.

"I had two ribs broken."

"You poor child!"

"Child!" he repeated, indignant. "I'm twenty-six. Peggy's twenty. She picked me up and took me to a hospital, and afterward came every day to see me. We got to be friends. As a matter of fact she loved me—practically at sight. It was quite beautiful of her, I thought. Really, she has a beautiful nature. I discovered that as soon as she'd run over me. Well, when I told her I'd decided to devote myself to the drama, and was looking for a rich wife who'd understand and support me, she at once asked me to marry her."

"How intensely romantic!" commented Sylvia, pushing her gold-bronze

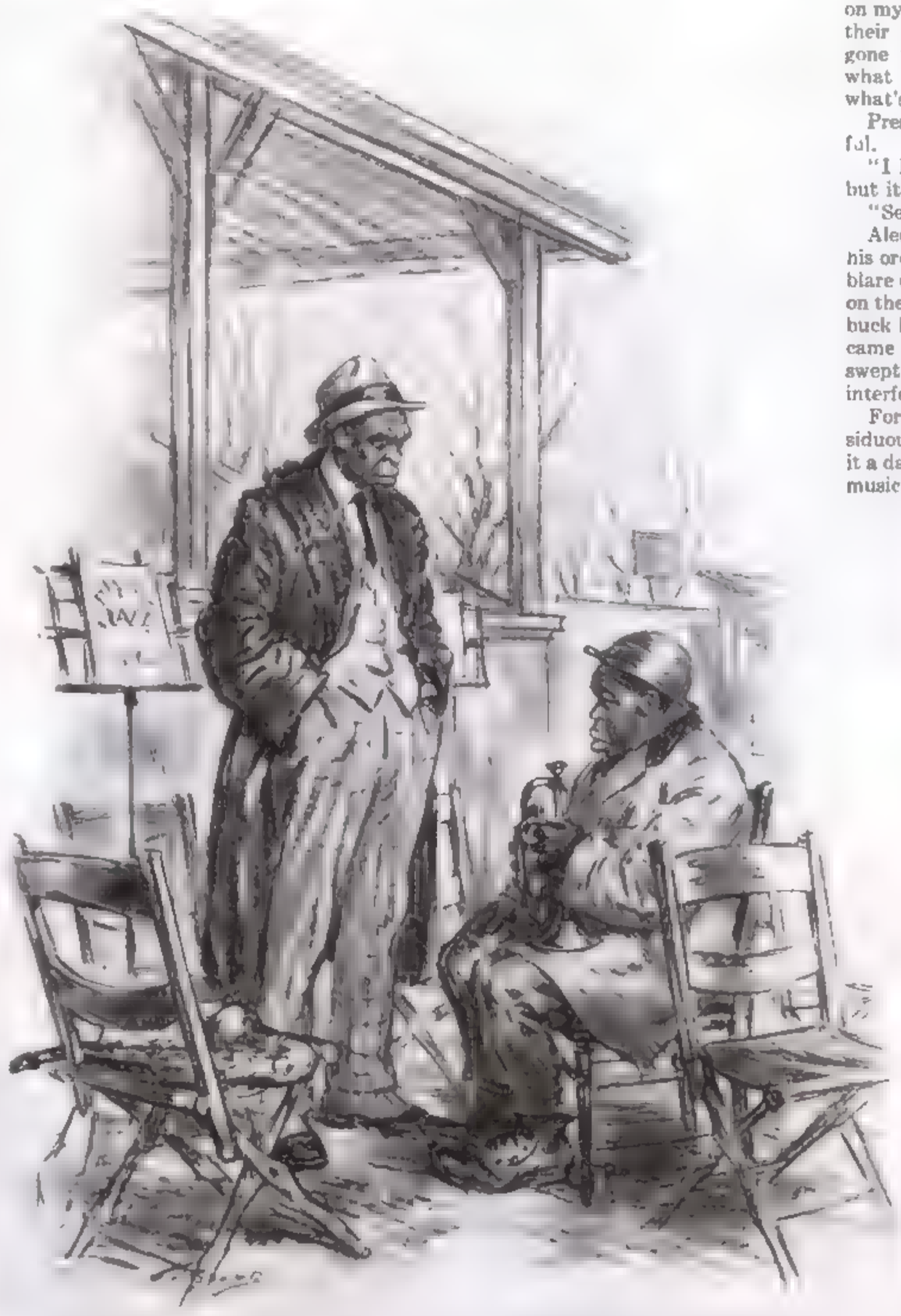
(Continued on Page 62

He Paused, and Then Said, Quite Steadily and Coldly, "The Truth is, My Dear Sylvia, I'm Not the Sort of Man That People Love"

JAZZ YOU LIKE IT

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"An' Wouldn't It be a Good Thing fo' Him if He Would Git a Fine Football Coach an' a Music Teacher Which Was One Feller on Account He Cain't Afford Two?"

THE toe-tickling cacophony of a modern jazz number blared across the frost-bitten gridiron where the football team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise was practicing. The music emanated from an earnest but thoroughly chilled group of musicians huddled uncomfortably on the sidelines who blew and pounded valiantly under the direction of Professor Alec Champagne, their lengthy and somewhat emaciated leader.

But if the musicians were completely chilled by the Arctic blasts, the football players were not. Their chests heaved with the unusual exertion and perspiration poured from chocolate foreheads. They were grimy and tired, but enthusiastic. Not a man on the field but who had played football in high school or college and they were working like Trojans to take the measure of the vaunted Chattanooga lodge team which was to visit Birmingham that Saturday.

The ball was snapped back from beneath the embonpoint of the center into the hands of a waiting halfback. The play surged over the left of the line and the half executed a neat forward pass to Florian Slappey, who had scampered down the field like a jack rabbit. Mr. Slappey handled the ball perfectly and was off like a streak. But above the thudding of big feet came the sharp, irritable voice of Professor Alec Champagne.

"Stop!" he shrieked, and instantly the music of his Jazzphony Orchestra died off into the month of November.

The team came to a halt and stared with worried uncertainty toward the irascible musician. He was descending upon them like a thin thundercloud, tiny baton inscribing arcs in the atmosphere. He called the team about him and glared with fervid disapproval.

"Who's coachin' this team?" he demanded belligerently.

"Y-y-you is," answered Dr. Brutus Herring, who played fullback.

"You bet you I is. Now I ast you one mo' question: What was the name of that chune I was playin'?"

"You Gotta Love Mamma Ev'ry Night or You Cain't Love Mamma at All."

"Right! An' what was that the signal fo'?"

"Pass fum the left halfback to the left end."

"No!" Professor Champagne fairly danced with impatience. "The signal fo' that play is the Memphis Blues. Gotta Love Mamma means that the pass goes over the right of the line."

There was a general nodding of heads.

"Dawg-gone if you ain't right, Alec. You suttinly is. Guess us got kind of mixed up."

The musician-coach placed hands on hips and surveyed his squad severely.

"Ain't it sweet of you to admit you was wrong? An' what happens to us Saddy if you gits wrong then, huh? What happens if you don't git them signals which I jazzes to you fum the sidelines? Don't you know us ain't got ary signal in the world 'ceptin' them musics? An' if you cain't understan' chunes ——"

"But, coach ——"

"Don't but me, big boy. Ise the brains of this heah football team. All you fellers has got to do is run an' tackle, an' when my band plays somethin' it means you does what that chune says. Now le's try again."

He strutted majestically back toward the gelid orchestra, which miserably made ready to take up its end of the job. Several of the musicians were murmuring rebelliously, but there were two who uttered no words of complaint. One of these was short and roly-poly and he clutched a highly polished cornet. When anyone called the name of Willy Trout this pudgy cornetist answered, but just now no one was summoning him and he was staring vacuously across the field toward the background of leafless oaks.

At his right was a long, tall gentleman—Sam Gin, by name—who held tightly and affectionately to a saxophone. Sam's funereal expression matched that of his friend, Mr. Trout, and he knew without words just how keenly Willy was suffering. Cold weather and Willy never had been good friends, and this job of practicing daily for a football game of which neither Mr. Trout nor Mr. Gin knew anything was beginning to get on their nerves.

The drummer uttered a peevish remark as he viewed the approach of Professor Champagne.

"Heah comes the ol' buzzard!" snapped this ebony gentleman. "I guess he woul'n't worry was all of us to freeze."

A moment of additional rest was provided when Alec veered slightly and stopped beside a dignified gentleman who had been peering at the practice through severe horn-rimmed goggles. In the vicinity of this person, Professor Champagne lost a considerable amount of the jauntiness which had been apparent on the field. His manner was softly subservient. Now he shrugged disgustedly toward the tired footballists.

"Mistuh President," he inquired, "ain't they awful?"

President James Trigger, of the Colored Vocational High School, smiled indulgently.

"I guess they aren't so bad, Alec. Must be rather confusing to start getting football signals by music when always they have been used to numbers."

"It's a wonderful scheme," countered Professor Champagne quickly. "Always you has seen games lost 'cause the quarterback was a bonehead, or got rattled or somethin'. An' them games could of been won if they had knowed what the coach wanted them to do. But coaches ain't allowed to tell their team nothin' fum the sidelines, which is why my scheme is so good. This way, I runs the game. I sees what they needs an' plays them the signals on my orchestra. They don't have to worry their brains about nothin'. On'y, dawg-gone their hides, if they don't remember what chune means which, I don't know what's gwine happen."

President Trigger was interested but doubtful.

"I hope you get away with it, professor; but it seems kind of queer."

"Seems like ain't is."

Alec walked away and barked an order to his orchestra. Instantly there came the wild blare of the Birmingham Blues and the team on the field galvanized into action—delayed buck by the fullback over left tackle. Then came Insufficient Sweetie and the left half swept over the right of the line behind pretty interference.

For another half hour they practiced assiduously before Professor Champagne called it a day. The team dog-trotted off the field, musicians packed their instruments; Professor Champagne and President Trigger strolled off arm in arm and Sam Gin uncoiled his elongated self and stared disapprovingly after them. For a long time Sam said nothing. Then he shook his head solemnly.

"Willy," he remarked to Mr. Trout, "if I was you I'd begin to commence gittin' worried."

"'Bout which?" Willy Trout's face was bland and untroubled.

"'Bout yonder."

Mr. Gin's skinny forefinger designated the football coach and school principal, who were disappearing into the gray dusk. Willy smiled placidly.

"Shuh! Sam, all the time you is thinkin' things."

"Yeh, an' durin' that time yo' brain is on a vacation. I got an awful hunch you is fixin' to have somethin' happen to you."

"How come?"

"Fust thing you know Alec Champagne is gwine have yo' job as music teacher at the vacational school."

"Aw!" Willy shook his head. "President Trigger ain't got no kick 'bout how good them chillun is learnin' music fum me."

"Oh, ain't he? I guess what you don't know is somethin'. Honest, I b'lieve that was somebody to kick you in the pants, you'd dust off his shoes when he finished."

"Talk what you makes with yo' mouf, Sam Gin. Is you 'sinuatin' that Alec is tryin' to double-cross me?"

"Tha's the one thing he ain't doin' nothin' else but."

"How?"

"Pff! Figger it out yo' own se'f."

"I—I ain't got such a good figger."

"You said it. Well, answer me this: Ain't President Trigger crazy 'bout football?"

"I reckon so."

"An' woul'n't he love to have a fine team playin' for his school?"

"Yeh, but ——"

"An' woul'n't it be a good thing fo' him if he would git a fine football coach an' a music teacher which was one feller on account he cain't afford two?"

"I know, but ——"

"You don't know nothin' an' you discusses it constant. Why you reckon President Trigger is watchin' all these practicin's? It's 'cause does Alec Champagne make good coachin' our team an' we beats Chattanooga, he fires you out of yo' job an' gives it to Alec. Tha's why. An' all what you does is nothin', an' most of the time not even that. You ain't got ary lick of gumption. On'y for me ——"

"I know; but even if what you say is true, there ain' nothin' I can do, is there?"

"Shuah. Nobody has got to stan' still an' leave somebody else put somethin' over on him. 'Tain't nachel or decent."

"Well," demanded Willy Trout, "what?"

Sam Gin slammed his saxophone into its purple velvet case. He glared disgustedly at his friend.

"Cain't you even think fo yo'se'f, Willy? Helpless as you is, it's a wonder you don't have to git somebody to eat yo' dinner fo' you."

Willy was willing to argue the point.

"You talks foolishment, Sam. I got to eat my own dinners."

"Yeh, an' you got to git yo'se'f out of this. Fum all I can see of you, you must be the original feller which went aroun' turnin' the other cheek."

With which Parthian shot Mr. Gin stalked majestically away, leaving a sadly befuddled little cornetist staring moodily after him.

Mr. Trout was worried, but he didn't see that worry was helping to any considerable extent. Being by nature a pacifist and a philosopher, he had been fairly well content to let matters take their course for good or evil. He had always managed to live somehow and for every job lost there was another obtainable. And anyway, Willy was a faithful, unscheming soul and he was not prepared to believe the treachery of which Sam accused Alec Champagne. Why, Alec was his friend! For more than eighteen months he had corneted in Alec's orchestra and there had never been the slightest hint of friction between them. It was inconceivable that Mr. Champagne should be lobbying for the music professorship which added so materially to Willy Trout's income. That was almost like helping oneself to a man's bread and butter.

Finally Willy reached a decision. He determined to find out definitely, positively and finally. Shortly after dinner that night he paid a visit to Professor Champagne.

"Alec," he started boldly, "us is good friends, ain't we?"

"We suttinly is, Willy."

"An' you is fond of me, ain't you?"

"You is the fondest person I is of."

Willy did not notice that Professor Champagne seemed decidedly on the defensive.

"Professor," he asked plaintively, "you woul'n't do me no dirty trick, would you?"

"Like what, Willy?"

"Like tryin' to git my job at the cullud school."

Alec emitted a dry cackle. He crossed the room and patted his cornetist on the shoulder.

"Suttinly I woul'n't, Willy. Of course not!"

Mr. Trout beamed.

"I knew it!" he exulted.

Thereupon Mr. Trout took his departure, perfectly satisfied. But after he had gone, the gangling professor stared at the mute panels of the door. Alec was thinking. He was more than a trifle apprehensive. This was his first inkling that perhaps Willy was suspicious. And he didn't want Mr. Trout to take any steps which might make the fat little man more popular with President Trigger.

Professor Alec Champagne wanted the job at the vocational school. It was, to his way of thinking, exceedingly soft pickin's. And now, if his scheme should work, it would carry the additional labors and glories of athletic dictatorship with even more pay than Willy Trout was drawing.

Professor Champagne decided unanimously that he had better prevent the growth of any grass beneath his ample feet. True, the big game was only three days away; and should Birmingham win, the chances were that Trigger's gridiron enthusiasm would swing him into line once and for all. But there were other things to be considered. Suppose, for instance, that the game ended in a tie, or that Birmingham lost, or that a too scrupulous official should put a stop to his system of jazz signals from the sidelines.

Alec Champagne went immediately to the home of President James Trigger.

He found that dignitary immersed in a copy of a literary weekly. But President Trigger welcomed Alec; he was always eager to talk football. Alec came immediately to the business in hand.

"President," said he, "I has got to make my plans kind of definite, so what I has come to request is this: Does I git that music-teacher job at yo' school?"

President Trigger placed hands across his ample tummy so that the finger tips touched.

"That," he responded, "is something which I cannot state with any degree of exactitude."

"How come not?"

"Well, it depends."

"On which?"

"Things."

"S'pose you specificate."

Trigger was quite frank.

"Willy Trout has been imminently satisfactory as music teacher, Professor Champagne, and there would be no sense to superseding him without just and efficient cause."

"Suttinly not. But you got the cause, ain't you? Ain't I just as good a musician as him?"

"Yes."

"An' ain't I also a football coach which would give yo' school a winnin' team ev'y year?"

"That," answered Trigger candidly, "is something which remains to be proved. It is, I might observate, the *sine qua non* of whether you get the job or not. I hope I make it quite clear that I want a good football coach and cannot afford one. But I want a football coach and not a theorist."

"I never done nothin' like that in my whole life."

"Maybe not, professor. But you are attempting something decidedly radical in your system of musical coaching and I'm not sure it will be crowned with successfulness."

"Shuh! It's boun' to."

"And I am not yet convinced that you are sufficiently expert in football to warrant my deposing present incumbent—that is, Mr. Trout. So the best I can say is this, professor: If yo' team wins Saturday's game off Chattanooga, I'm willing to admit that you are a real football coach, and you get the job."

"An' does I lose?"

"We'll retain Mr. Trout. I have always been opposed, professor, to altering horses in midstream when same seems unnecessary."

"Tha's true enough, or maybe even truer'n that. But there's so many things happens in a football game. Now s'posin' my team is the best an' gits beat th'oo no fault of mine."

"That will be a matter for my judicial observation," responded Trigger. "Pros and cons will all be weighed and considered. What I really am looking for is an honorable, upright man who can teach music and coach football. Are you he, the position is yours."

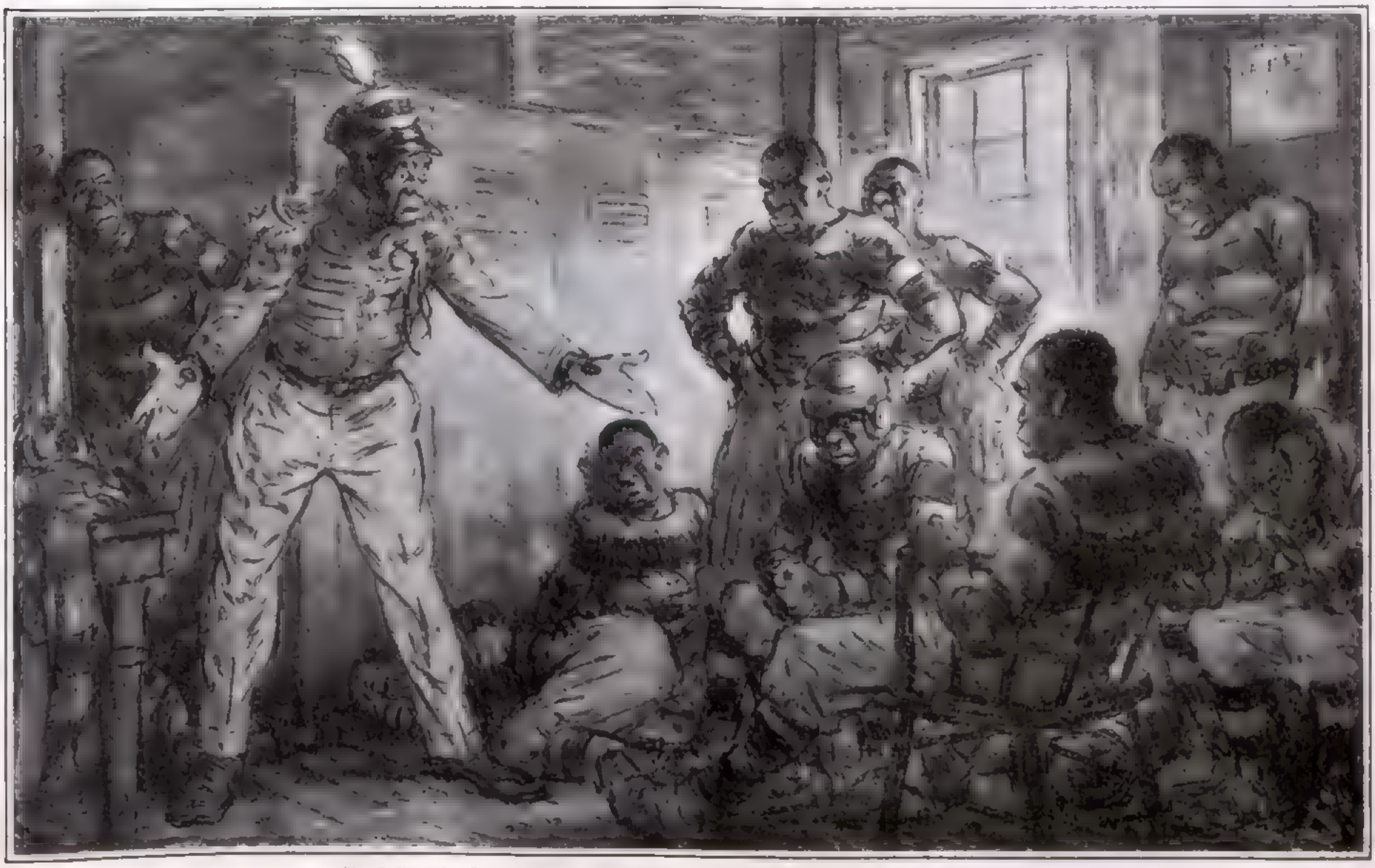
"Meanin' that either I got to win that football game or have a good reason why?"

"Exactly."

Professor Champagne indulged in a few minutes of idle chatter, then took his leave. He was more worried than he cared to admit, for the juicy plum—apparently well within reach—seemed even more luscious than he had thought.

The following morning he visited Trigger at the school and set out on a fresh tack. He tried to convince Trigger that Willy Trout was incompetent. But within a very few minutes he realized that he was making no progress. Trigger, it seemed, was quite satisfied with Willy's musical

(Continued on Page 60)



Alec Delivered a Flowery and Earnest Oration, Exhorting Them to Do Better Than Their Best

THE NEW CONQUEST OF PERU

An Indian Market in a Peruvian Mountain Town

The Famous Sunday Donkey Market at Huancayo

By Isaac F. Marcosson

FOUR centuries ago the Spaniards under Pizarro conquered the Inca empire and set up a new Granada under the brooding peaks of the Andes. Gold and glory were the chief objectives of an epic adventure written with fire and sword.

Today another conquest of Peru is under way. Gold again is one of the goals, but it is part of a bloodless commercial penetration that has wrought a miracle of change amid the ruins of an ancient civilization.

No South American republic presents such vividness of contrast or such mingling of the old and the new as this roof of the continent, once peopled by the Children of the Sun and now, like so many of its sister Latin nations, the stamping ground of a blended race. If you start your trip with the west coast, as is the rule with most travelers with a definite mission, it is the first important point of call. Hence with Peru we will begin the detailed account of what is going on economically and otherwise beyond the Panama Canal. Having had a close-up of its live-wire president, the masterful little Leguia, in the preceding article, you can now visualize the opportunities of the land whose destinies he shapes with iron hand.

In Peru—and it is an essential part of the prelude to the present-day picture—you touch the romance of that departed Hispanic rule as in no other place in the Western world, not even Mexico, with its tradition of Cortés and all he did. From its craggy fastnesses were wrenched the gold and silver that filled the holds of the stately galleons that so often fell prey to the pirates of the Spanish Main.

Lima was the seat of the viceroyalty that was overlord of half of the South American continent. Hence its title of the City of the Kings. Today Peru is shrunken in size and significance. Its area is twice that of France. Putting it in another way, its territory would cover that of Texas, Arizona, Nevada and Utah combined. When the Indians first gazed with wonder and awe upon the invading Spaniard back in the sixteenth century, they numbered 8,000,000 and were highly organized in the arts of war and peace. Now the total mixed population is a little more than half that, and the Indians, like our own once noble red man, are the tragic husks of a vanished power.

The Constructive Hand of the Yankee

PERU has a meaning for the United States that long antedates the advent of our money and merchandise. Within her confines was fought the Battle of Ayacucho, which wiped out the last remnant of Spanish dominion. It linked Sucre, the victorious general, with Washington, and it gave that blood-soaked Peruvian terrain a kinship with the sacred soil of Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

Spain not only meant ruthless long-range rule, but also the colonizing spirit and a traditional defiance of democracy. With the continent cleared of imperialistic intruders, the institution of republican government was established in the Americas for Americans. The principle of the Monroe Doctrine was driven home on the field of Ayacucho.

But all this savors of the past. What concerns us is the living today and, what is more important, the economic promise that tomorrow holds out. The moment you begin to appraise what we are doing in Peru you unfold a record of steady progress. Instead of having to chronicle the advance of German, British or Italian commerce, as is so often the case in other countries, you discover a penetration in which we have taken the lead. Practically one-half of the exports that flow into Peru come from the United States. We lead all our competitors by a big margin.

You feel our impress the moment you debark. The automobile that I engaged at Callao, the port for Lima; the eight-mile concrete highway that I traversed in it to the capital, and the hotel in which I lived upon my arrival were all made by or constructed under the direction of North Americans. Throughout the republic, from the seacoast to the very heart of the mighty Cordilleras, is laid the constructive hand of the Yankee.

In Peru we have influenced nearly every productive endeavor, for our financial stake in the country is more than $100,000,000. Here you touch the first outpost of the chain of National City banks which have become part and parcel of the whole Latin-American financial and commercial fabric. Here the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation, bulwarked by millions of money and employing an army of people, carries on the most picturesque mining operation in all the world, because it is in the clouds, 15,000 feet above sea level. Here on the desert shores of the Pacific, the International Petroleum Company, a grandchild of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, has developed one of the most extensive oil fields with a port all its own. Here in the north, the Guggenheims are opening up a new treasure-trove of gold and silver. Here, as elsewhere throughout South America, our motor cars are supreme. Here, too, our naval mission is not only converting rusty junk into a serviceable fleet but setting up a new standard of efficiency and discipline that is having a far-reaching effect. We direct the educational system, conduct the postal service, have organized the customs and are installing irrigation and sanitation works.

A Street in Cuzco, the Ancient Capital of Peru, Showing Inca Walls of Nicely Cut Stones

Nor is the element of romantic human interest lacking in this gallery of Yankee activity. The story of Henry Meiggs, the California absconder, is almost unmatched even in these times of dazzling performance. While a fugitive from justice back in the 70's he retrieved his honor and likewise built the Central Railway of Peru, a real construction marvel. No less kindling is the narrative of William R. Grace, the boy from the County Cork, who, in a fishing shanty in Callao, laid the foundation of the world-wide empire of trade and transport which bears his name, and who later became mayor of New York.

Where Everything is on High

THIS North American achievement is only part of a larger panorama full of fascination both for casual visitor and historian. If California had some of Peru's spectacular talking points the whole world would know it. Nowhere, in some respects, is there such a grand and glorious opportunity for the booster. To paraphrase the familiar motor term, everything is on high.

First of all, the Cerro de Pasco mine is the highest in the world. Lake Titicaca is the highest large body of water. The Central Railway of Peru is the highest of all standard-gauge steam roads. Even agriculture joins the procession of aerial superlatives. Potatoes are grown at 14,000 feet in the Andes and barley at 15,000.

Before we go into a concrete analysis of Peruvian business, it may be well to get a close-up of the land and the people. By understanding them you can better comprehend the difficulties under which the alien economic invader must labor. First, the country itself. The 1500-mile shore line is almost an arid waste. This is caused by the Humboldt Current, which comes up from the Antarctic, skirts the coast and is deflected west into the bosom of the Pacific. The water being colder than the land, there is no precipitation. The aridity is an ill wind that blows good, because it has made possible two of the principal commercial products of the west coast—guano and nitrate.

Every half century or so the Northern Peruvian desert, which is outside the guano and nitrate belt, reverses itself. Then the heavens open. This happened shortly after I left Peru last February, when it rained for sixty days, especially up in the Talara oil fields, where rivers

began to rush through what for decades had been sand and cactus. What happened was that for some unknown reason the Humboldt Current was deflected at a point farther south, and warm water from the north came down the coast beyond its usual limit.

Because of the proverbial dryness of such a large section of the country, most of the houses of the common folk are made of mud. A good rain might dissolve an entire community.

In addition to the desert zone, which extends from the Pacific to the Andes, there are two other major topographical areas. The second is the mountain country, comprising one-half of the republic, while the third is the eastern slope of the mountains on the upper valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries.

Hence you encounter violent contrasts of climate. One morning at four o'clock I shivered in a snow and sleet storm at the Cerro de Pasco mine amid the peaks of the Andes. That same afternoon I sweltered down in Lima, where it was 100 degrees in the shade and so hot that you could almost fry that well-known storied egg on the sidewalk. Despite the swift and sudden transitions, it is a livable land. One of the best-known authorities on South America once wrote:

"Were I to be exiled and confined for the rest of my life to one country, I should choose Peru. Here is every altitude, every climate, every scene. Coastal Peru is an Egypt, Central Peru a Tibet, Eastern Peru a Congo country."

Panama Hats Made in Peru

ALTHOUGH some of the desert region has been irrigated, the big agricultural domain is the hinterland, extending to the foot of the Andes. Here the three principal crops—sugar, cotton and rice—are grown in abundance. So fertile is the soil that the cotton production per acre is larger in Peru than in any other country. The rest of the country's resources are in gold, silver, copper, oil, coal, rubber, wool, guano, hides and vanadium, all of which we import in considerable quantities. What most people do not know is that Panama hats do not originate in Panama, but in Peru, Bolivia, Colombia and Ecuador.

With the Peruvians you have your first contact with the by-products of an immigration which is one of the most diverting of all South American themes. In Peru, however, you merely scrape the surface, because, unlike Chile, Argentina and Brazil, the welding of bloods has been mainly between the Indian and the Spaniard. The result of this union is the mixed race known as the mestizo.

Of the 4,620,000 people in Peru, more than half are Indians; 1,500,000 are mestizos; 600,000 are whites, which means that they are lineal descendants of the original Spaniards without cross with native blood; 100,000 are negroes, many from the West Indies; and the rest, about 40,000, are Orientals, almost entirely Chinese and Japanese.

COPYRIGHT BY THE CENTRAL RAILWAY OF PERU

Peruvian Indians and Their Llamas, the Beasts of Burden of the Andes

The Chinese were first imported in the early 50's to work on the guano islands and the sugar plantations. They increased so rapidly—many married Indians—that since 1908 they have practically been barred from entry. The Japanese are becoming a problem. No ban has been placed upon their admission, and their persistent segregation, failure to assimilate, and ability to undersell competitors in their shops, which are to be seen everywhere, have made them a problem.

The Indian, original master of the land and today the heir of the Incas, is a sorry sight. He dwells in social and economic degradation, because, to a large extent, he is still a cog in a feudal system which goes back to the Spanish grandees. Through the efforts of President Leguia he is being slowly put on the newly irrigated land and may become, with the mestizos, the basis of a middle class, which so far has not existed in Peru.

Making Haste Slowly

THE Peruvian Indian is a picturesque exhibit. He either works as laborer or ekes out a bare existence on the rocky slopes of the mountains He constantly masticates cocoa leaves, which is food, drink and stimulant to him. It has the narcotic element of hashish, which explains why so many have a dopy look. When the Indian really wants strong stuff he imbibes a drink called *chicha*, first cousin of our white mule.

Although he multiplies at an almost incredible rate—the birth returns and likewise the infant mortality are higher than in any other country the Indian scorns the institution of matrimony, largely because of the excessive cost of weddings. He picks a mate when he is in his teens and she becomes the mother of his numerous progeny. Although this union is without benefit of clergy, complete loyalty usually marks it.

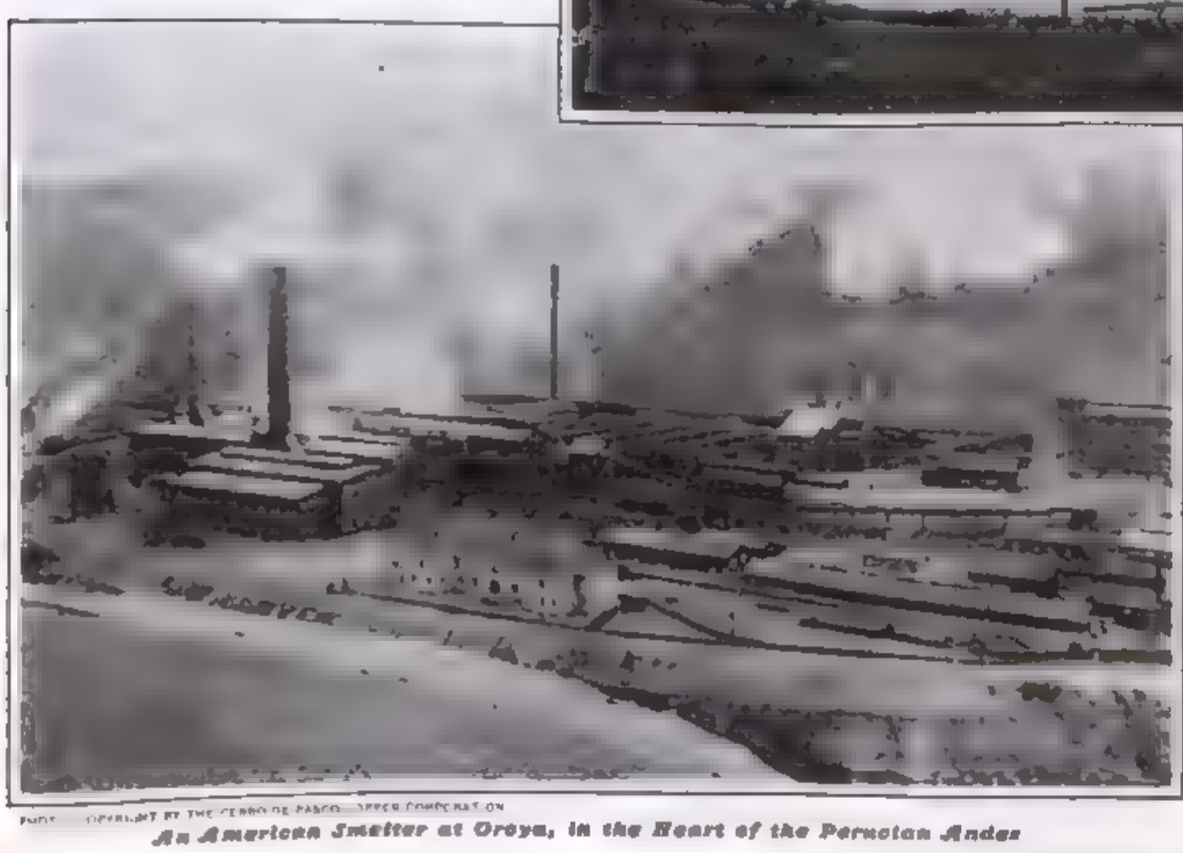
At Huancayo, which is 10,000 feet up in the Andes, and where I went to see one of the famous Sunday native markets of Peru, I heard this story: An aged Indian pair was about to celebrate what we would call a golden-wedding anniversary. By actual count, they had several hundred descendants. After much persuasion they agreed to be formally married on the fiftieth anniversary of the day they took up life together. This is not an uncommon happening among Indians who have attained some slight degree of prosperity.

The 600,000 whites in Peru comprise the ruling class. They are the Peruvians, and it is with them that we must do business. Their fetish is the proverbial *mañana*, which means that they never do today a thing that can be put off until tomorrow. The North American who arrives in Lima on a Monday and thinks he can clean up all his affairs by Tuesday night has another think coming. To succeed in salesmanship in Peru you must nurse the prospect, and it takes time. It usually requires about a week to get acquainted with a man. It is because the Spanish racial influence, with its endless procrastination, is strong.

The Peruvian is suave, courteous, emotional and hospitable, and he never lets practical matters cramp his social style. He would rather enjoy a good lunch or dinner, or go to the races, than discuss a commercial matter. Even when he has limited means, he scorns to soil his fingers

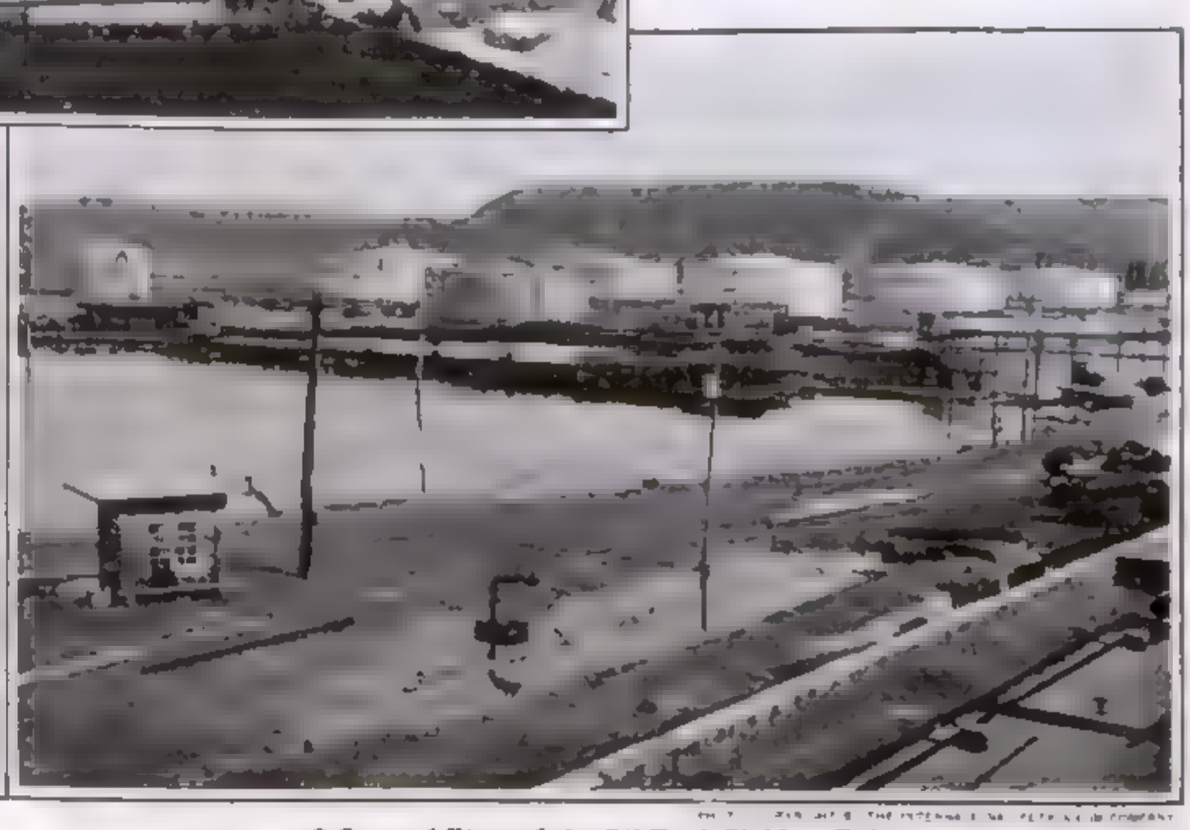
(Continued on Page 34)

Above—A Square in Lima



COPYRIGHT BY THE CERRO DE PASCO COPPER CORPORATION

An American Smelter at Oroya, in the Heart of the Peruvian Andes



A General View of the Oil-Tank Field at Talara

IN THE WAKE OF THE GALE

"I Heard Somebody Holler, 'There's a Vessel!' And Soon Again, 'She Sees Us! She Sees Us!' I Looked Up Then. It Was Tom Hale's Vessel!"

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

NIGHT found us riding to our sea anchor in fifty fathoms of water. I had the peak bunk, which, in so small a craft, had to be the very bows of her; and there I lay, my head jam up to the stem of the vessel.

We were clear of the dangerous shoal water, but it was as yet only wild seas everywhere around us. Wha-a-m! One would come, the impact of it against the top of my skull. Up would go the vessel's bow to the high-riding sea, my head up with it and I gripping the bunk board to keep from sliding feet first out of the bunk. The bow would drop down and the stern would go up. I would be hanging on then to keep my head from banging up against the stem post.

I would hear the deluge of water breaking over her bow, and across her forward deck above me I would get the resurge then, the sullen lingering backwash, the sometimes growling and sometimes musical note of receding waters as the lifting vessel began to throw the loose water from her.

Swiftly and in almost orderly succession they came. Wham! Bam! and Cra-a-sh! the roaring bullies rode down upon us. A hundred times that night I was all but ready to say, "Here's one coming through!" But I never did quite say it. I had seen her behavior in the shoal water in the height of the gale and I had not forgotten the earnest words of her skipper and owner, George Peeples.

"Planked and framed for a vessel three times her tonnage she is, and every treenail in her I drove myself," said George. So, "Go on, hammer away! A lot of good it will do you," I found myself muttering.

Let a man once calm his mind among tempestuous seas, and he will soon discover in their rush and roar a note of soothing lullaby. Wild as these seas seemed to be, they were not now so wild as during the afternoon. The storm was moderating. We were in good open water, it was a clear night, with a wide-awake watch on deck, and the great little vessel was able for them. Let 'em pound away. I fell asleep to their rhythmical surge and resurge; and I stayed asleep till I thought I heard a sweet voice whisper the word "breakfast" in my topside ear.

It was no whisper, the cook said, when out I rolled and spoke to him of it. He had yelled it loud as ever he knew how from the foot of the foc'sle ladder, meaning it more for the gang in the cabin aft than for anybody for'ard.

The cook had included a bushel of blueberries in the ship's stores, he aiming to give us them in every form that an experienced and ingenious sea cook could invent before we saw Gloucester again.

We already had had blueberries plain and blueberries stewed, blueberry pie and blueberry dumplings. This morning there was blueberry cake.

"Plenty more; eat it up," called out the cook, hauling hot wide sheets of it off the galley pans.

We ate square yards of it, which pleased the cook, who told us what he had told us half a dozen times already, how he had picked the berries off his own bushes in his own yard in his own home, which was handy to the cement factory—if maybe some of us remembered.

We ate heartily, but talked and moved sluggishly during breakfast. Our brains and bodies began to stir to livelier action when we went on deck. We may have required a little waking time to appreciate that we had come safely and creditably through a perilous adventure; or perhaps the foc'sle quarters were too cramped for us properly to expand in. However, we now took to stretching our arms tremendously, as if we would reach from rail to rail. We faced up to the sky, drawing in great gobs of fresh air. We gripped our hands and flexed our arms tensely, feeling immense and hidden power within us. We looked out upon the world with a new wonder. We were a favored crew. Here we were all safe, not a scratch on the vessel, not so much as a dory washed overboard after all she had gone through.

It was a glorious morning. It may be that almost any sort of a morning would seem a wonderful morning after that hurricane; possibly so, although I do not think the contrast of riot and peace, of danger and safety accounted for the entire illusion. It is more likely that great gales and seas do clear up the air and cleanse the surface of the ocean.

At any rate, it was a magic morning. The awful wind was now no more than a voluptuous breath on our cheeks, the tumultuous sea was dancing playfully. It was one of those enchanting silver mornings; the sea close by the vessel was all blue, a clear bright blue space of gentle waves with thin foamy white edgings to mark their tossing crests; but afar off, the hollows were all a series of blinding silvery reflections under a dazzling sun.

We took in our sea anchor, made sail and headed in toward the lightship.

We had counted nine other craft in plain sight before the storm. We could make out only three others now; a big black sloop with an ugly bulldog's jaw of a bow working slowly back, as were we, onto the bank. There was a Provincetown schooner to the southwest of us and one we knew for a Boston schooner off to the southeast. Peeples, our skipper, speculated on where the others might be. Where was Bob Jackson, of Edgartown, and his Cape Cod cat power boat? And where was the Fannie Hayden, of Portland, Bill Johnson's vessel? And where was the Yankee and the Motor and our sister ship the Nokomis, these three being of Gloucester? We all wondered what had become of them, no one putting his thoughts into words; but all of us, I am sure, having a dread of bad tidings later. However, being lost or being saved is all part of fishing life. It was time to be getting back to work.

If any swordfish were around they would be in on the bank, so Peeples judged; in the shoal water, that is, east and north of the lightship and south of Georges Shoals. He gave the word to head her in that way, himself taking his striker's station in the pulpit.

By ten o'clock the sea was so smooth that Peeples wasn't even getting his feet wet out on the end of the bowsprit. The bright promise of the early morning had grown into

(Continued on Page 87)

IMPROVING THE CEMETORY

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MARCH 28, 186—gosh, i gess i aint going to have so mutch vacasion as i hoaped. i am in my room until father says i can come out. i dont know when that will be but if father keeps me in all the rest of the vacasion he had augt to be the keeper of a staits prizzen. of coarse i can go down stairs for my meels and to split up water and lug it in and to pump wood, i mean split up wood and pump water. i am so mad that i dont know what i am saying. and of coarse i have to wirk all day in the cemutory.

Beany has got to stay in his room two. Pewt cant go out of his yard but that aint so bad becaus he can plug things at peeple going by his house and set slipp nooses for them after dark. last nite he caugt old Bill Greenleef and old Hen Dow. boath of them licked him so he dident maik mutch out of it. but it is sum fun to set a noose and to watch it behine a gooseberry bush and see a old man coming along mumbling to hisself. bimeby he steps in the noos and Pewt gives it a little yank so that it goes over his foot. then he doesnt notice it and waulks about 2 stradles and then goes down whack and then begins to sware and dam and threten to kill sumone and yanks off the roap and gumps over the fense and look behine bushes and hen coops and under steps. most always they carries off the roap and sumtimes they ketches me or Pewt or Beany but mosly me and licks time out of me. it is funny becaus it doesnt maik enny difference how old or how laim a man is but when he gets that roap off his hind leg he can run and gump and yowl jest like a young feller.

i am glad Pewt got cougt. it kind of evens up things. i have been licked for him lots of times. well the things we fellers done wasent nothing hardly. i have did a lot wirse things than that and nobody sed nothing. we had been down to Pewts drawing pictures. Pewt is the best drawer. i am the nex and Beany is the wirst. well Beany is alway doing funny things and he begun to draw squint eyd peeple. the way to do that is to put the puppils of the eys in one corner of the ey. well we had maid some awful ones and bimeby Beany he sed less go up to the grauve yard and make sum squint eyd eys on the lamns and angels. so Pewt took 2 carpinters pensils and i took my box of colored crayons and we went up. well there wasent ennyone there and we went up to old Mister Peeslys lot. there is a little marbel lamn there and Pewt maid both of his eys squinty. you never saw sutch a funny looking lamn. then i maid sum squint eys on one of them funny looking heads with wings growing out of their ears. they is called cherrybims whitch continuely do cry so the bible says. well he looked wirse than the lamn. then Pewt drawed sum specticles on a cherrybim and squinted his eys and drawed sum legs with claus like a owls with a ded rat in them and we neerly died laffing. then we found another and i drawed one corner of his mouth up and one down and painted a black ey on him with a black crayon and it looked like old Mike Cassidy. then Beany drawed a mustash and side wiskers and squint eys on a angel with big wings and i drawed sum legs on a cherrybim with spirs on them like a rooster and Pewt painted a red nose on another angel and red side wiskers. well we done that all the afternoon and had moar fun than i ever had in my life.

i expected peeple wood be tickled to deth when they saw what we had did and that peeple whitch had frends berried there wood be glad of sumthing whitch wood maik them feal better becaus father always sed if a feller whitch is in truble if he can laff the wirst is over and i thougt that evrybody whitch went there cood laff and injoy it and have a good time so when we got throug we thougt that we had did a prety fine peace of bizziness and when nex Sunday after church, whitch is the time peeple waulks in the cemetory, insted of looking sollum and weaping into hankerchiefs they wood laff and that wood maik them feal better and moar reckonsiled to their loss. now aint that a good thing. i shood think ennyone wood know that. but no feller has ever gnew jest how peeple will act.

well me and Pewt and Beany went out with our slingshots. we saw old Swane and old Mizery Dirgin the polisemen gnocking at Captain Chadwicks door. Captain Chadwick come out and he and Old Swane and old Mizery went out behine the house where Whack and Bug and Pozzy and Luke Manix and Bob Eliot was sawing birch wood part of the time and seeing how near they cood come to old Buzells barn winders with rocks without braking enny and they had only broak 4 pains of glass out of 12. Well when we saw the polisemen we thougt Whack and Bug and Pozzy were going to be arested for braking winders and so we dident go over, but we cood see them shaking their heads and crosing their throtes and hoaping to die so we gnew that whatever they had did they was saying they hadent done. well bimeby the polisemen went away and Captin Chadwick went into the house and come out, and went up towerds the cemetory and Luke Mannix and Bob Eliot skiped acros the lot that way and Whack and Bug began to put away their ax and saw and so we piled over and asted them what was knawing old Swane and Old Mizery. Whack sed sumone had been painting side wiskers on the angels in the cemetory and maiking cock eyd lamns and everything and they sed they was going up. Pewt asted them what old Swane and Old Mizery had to do about it and they sed they was going to arest the fellers whitch done it and they were going down to ast some

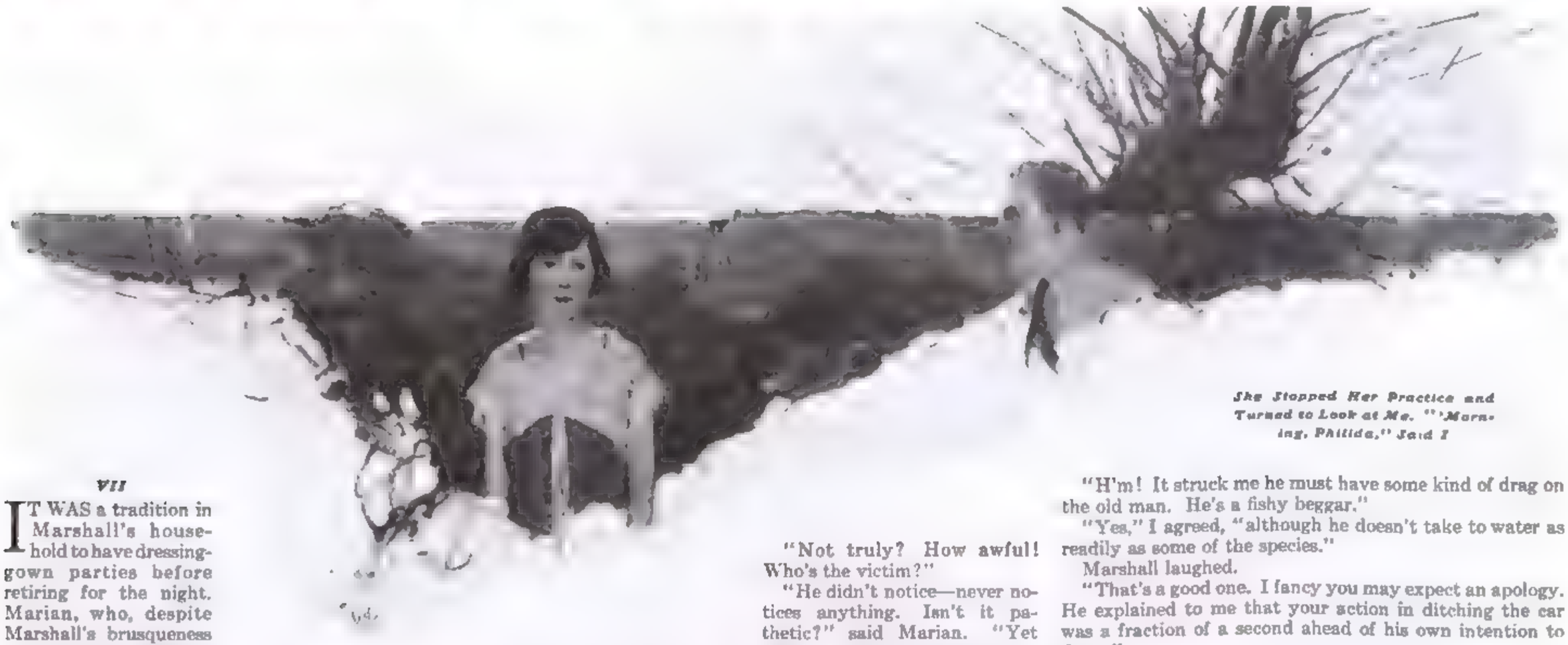
(Continued on Page 99)

Then He Looked at Me and Sed Did You Do it and He Looked at Me in That Kind of Way That Maiks a Feller Tell the Truth. So I Dident Dass to Lie and I Sed Yes Sir

RIVERS TO CROSS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



She Stopped Her Practice and Turned to Look at Me. "'Morning, Philida," Said I

VII

IT WAS a tradition in Marshall's household to have dressing-gown parties before retiring for the night. Marian, who, despite Marshall's brusqueness and intense masculinity, always treated him as though he were a child in arms, was in the habit of brewing cocoa over a methylated-spirit stove in her bedroom as a final nightcap. To these orgies favored guests were sometimes invited. For my own part, I did not wait to be asked. I had known them upward of fifteen years and claimed the privilege of long-standing friendship. Also, I liked Marian's cocoa, and liked the intimacy of the talk it somehow inspired. Marshall, too, was a different man in these moments. He dropped his harrying, high-handed manner and behaved toward his wife like an adoring schoolboy, sitting at her side on the little couch at the bed end with an arm round her shoulders or possessing himself of her hands in a manner that greatly impeded her operations.

"Why not let the woman get on with her cooking?" I said, dropping into a squeaky basketwork chair.

"My good fool," he replied, "this is part of the technic of living. If I didn't make a fuss of her sometimes she wouldn't stop with me a day. Haven't you read your Deardon?"

"He believes it solemnly," said Marian, stirring the broth with her free hand. Then added, "It's true too. I shouldn't."

As into a crystal, she gazed into the cocoa for enlightenment. "Every woman likes to be made love to, even if it's only by a clumsy husband who kids himself he's doing her a good turn."

Marshall flung away her captured hand.

"Trash—that's what you are, Marian, just trash! Take stock, Nigel, of the kind of stuff women are made of and thank your lucky stars you're free of them."

But I was of a different mind. Envy and longing filled me—envy of the happy, devoted, critical, insolent intimacy of these two people; longing that in the fullness of time some such similar state of being might be mine.

"Until he has a woman to turn him inside out and prick and goad and startle him out of himself, a man isn't of much account," said I. "A man on his own thinks he knows all about himself until the woman proves he has everything to learn."

"Sweet!" said Marian.

Marshall looked at me in horror.

"For mercy's sake, don't let her hear you talk like that!" he implored. "If you're ever unlucky enough to be caught, keep that sort of knowledge to yourself. Once let a woman believe she is of the smallest value and life's impossible. The only way to peace is by keeping 'em ashamed of 'emselves. Here, Marian, when's that filthy concoction of yours going to be ready?"

Marian gave him his cocoa before serving me. She helped him first because he came first.

"If Marshall were not a mental deficient," she said, "he'd realize that his advice comes a little too late—eh, Nigel?"

I made no reply. Marshall sat up.

"What's this?"

I nodded.

"'Fraid so, old chap."

In his surprise, Marshall spilled a pool of cocoa on his dressing gown.

"Not truly? How awful! Who's the victim?"

"He didn't notice—never notices anything. Isn't it pathetic?" said Marian. "Yet that's how governments are made."

"It's a providence," said I, "that every great man has a greater woman at the back of him."

Marian favored me with a beam of approval.

"Nigel, I really believe you will go far, and as a reward I'll say the girl is delightful. She has the sensiblest eyes I have ever seen and a mouth that simply breathes determination."

"Has he fallen for the principal of a girls' school?"

Marian ignored Marshall's interruption.

"And that's not all. She's lovable, too, without which the rest isn't worth two penn'th of gin." I suppose I looked uncomfortable, for Marian went on, with a hand over one of mine: "A woman can be as wise as an owl, as funny as Punch, as straight as the Monument; but unless she has a head which will fit into a man's shoulder she might as well never have been born."

And to prove her words, Marian nuzzled her curly head against Marshall's cheek in such a wise as caused him to kiss her ear before he pushed her rudely away and bade her sit on the floor and not behave like a kitten.

"And now," he said, "perhaps you'll tell me who this poor stiff has been captured by."

"Philida Prothero, of course."

Marshall sat up and whistled.

"Look here," said I, "all this is indecently premature. I confess I—well, as far as I'm concerned, I—but as she ——"

"Admirably expressed," said Marshall. "What's it mean?"

"Oh, that's quite all right"—from Marian. "If she hadn't felt the same for you as you feel for her she'd have snubbed me dreadfully for the way I behaved."

This was good news; a little technical for male understanding, perhaps, but nevertheless good news. Marian went on:

"You may have thought my methods a little express; but as your friend, I had to determine quickly."

I murmured that I had noticed something of the kind and from anyone else would have resented it.

"Ah, but, Nigel, I had the girls to consider. If I had seen that your suit was hopeless and your choice inadequate, I should have summoned my artillery to put down a barrage and sent in Joyce or one of the others to carry out a frontal attack. With those Irish eyes of hers, you would be certain to have succumbed sooner or later."

"But in the circumstances?" I queried.

"It won't be necessary. All you have to do is walk in and win."

"If for one moment you would stop talking," said Marshall, "I have something to say. It's very well to talk of walking in and winning; but you, my boy, are not the only one that walks in that direction."

"Meaning?"

"Our friend Boas."

"Oh, him!" I said with a sniff.

"Wait a bit! It's not quite such easy going. Boas has obtained her father's consent to ask the girl to marry him."

I frowned.

"He told you?"

Marshall nodded.

"H'm! It struck me he must have some kind of drag on the old man. He's a fishy beggar."

"Yes," I agreed, "although he doesn't take to water as readily as some of the species."

Marshall laughed.

"That's a good one. I fancy you may expect an apology. He explained to me that your action in ditching the car was a fraction of a second ahead of his own intention to do so."

"That will never be known," said I. "Anyway, it doesn't much matter, though he isn't the sort I'd expect to find you entertaining."

"My dear boy, even on a holiday, we government blokes can't escape all our responsibilities. I'm looking him over, though he doesn't know it; and in the meantime he's looking over me and I do know it."

"This Ponta Rico business?"

Marshall looked up startled.

"How did you know?"

I explained; also my own interest in the island.

"That's queer."

"But what's he want with you?"

"You heard what he said in the car—just that. He's the boss of a big syndicate that wants to turn the island into a rival Monte Carlo. We've known of it for some time."

"But he approached the subject just conversationally."

"Because he thought that in that mood I might be more easily drawn into expressing the government's views."

"And what are the government's views?"

"Rather divided. There's a lot to be said for the scheme The island as it is is a pure white elephant—that costs a lot in forage."

"Does it mean selling the island to a company?"

"Not altogether. It means selling part of the existing town—the shore-land part, which at present is occupied by the dregs of humanity. When we took over after the Peace Treaty the inhabitants were given five years to make other domiciliary arrangements. That is to say, the public trustee forecloses on the whole property."

"It sounds high-handed," said I.

Marshall shrugged his shoulders.

"It was only cleaning up a sink, after all."

"How much ground is there?"

"Roughly, a square half mile."

"And it's coming under the hammer?"

"More or less. It's in the hands of the custodian of enemy property. Provided a reasonable scheme is put up that will bring in a bit of revenue, we shan't have much to say in the matter. It's mainly up to the governor. He's the decisive factor."

"But does the government favor the notion?"

"If the new gaming act comes into force I think they'd welcome it. Why not?"

"H'm," said I; "a square half mile on the shore-land part of the town. Yes, that's interesting."

"It sounds terribly dull to me," said Marian, with a yawn, for when conversation lapsed from persons to things Marian's interest languished.

I took the hint and bade them good night. Passing down the bedroom corridor I saw the door of Boas' room was open.

"Oh, Praed," he said, "come in a minute."

"Yes?" I queried.

"I'm afraid I was rather rude to you tonight."

"I didn't notice it."

"About catching hold of the wheel. I dare say in the haste of the moment I misinterpreted your motive."

"In suggesting I acted as a coward?"

"My dear fellow, no question of that. Good heavens ——"

"It's really not worth bothering about, Boas," I said. "Nobody else was under any misapprehension. You forget the moon was out."

He looked at me sharply, opened his mouth and closed it again.

"You realize, of course, that I fully intended to take the ditch."

I didn't realize it; in fact I knew his words were untrue. That is why I replied, "You hadn't much choice."

I saw his face go white and the muscles of his hands tighten.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I apologize. I would not rob you of the natural self-esteem your gallantry has inspired. Good night."

He used his foil adroitly. It pricked me on the raw. I stood a moment, looking at him in silence.

"Some men," I said, "get on in the world by words, but they are easy things to trip over, Boas."

"Good night," he said again.

VIII

ON OUR return from the forest overnight, we had dropped Philida Prothero at the gates of the Villa Rosa, a residence rented for the summer months by a Mrs. Nunez-Hunter. Thither the following morning, at Marian's suggestion and Philida's invitation, I went to present my compliments.

Mrs. Hunter—or rather Mrs. Nunez-Hunter, for the lady had experimented in two husbands and at the decease of the second had compacted his name with that of the first—was, I had learned from Philida, the society leader of Ponta Rico. I had judged from Philida's casual tone that she did not possess a very great liking for her hostess.

"She has an innocent way of getting into people's confidence by an air of sheer stupidity and then being quite venomous about them," she said. "Father likes her and says she's a great asset, so I couldn't very well refuse her invitation. Come along and be introduced."

I went, in flannels, with a bathing suit twisted up in a towel and hanging round my neck like a priest's stole.

Philida was in the precise little garden of the villa, practicing a forehand drive against a side wall. I stopped to watch the lithe ease of her movements and the steady timing of hand and eye. I think she must have felt my presence, even as in the railway carriage she felt my oafish stare through the paper which concealed her. She stopped her practice and turned to look at me.

"'Morning, Philida," said I.

"'Morning, Nigel."

This was the first time we had called each other by Christian names. I felt the greeting was a happy omen.

"I wondered if you would come," she said.

"You must have known."

"Perhaps. I shouldn't have been surprised, though, if you hadn't."

"How so?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You were a little ahead of yourself last night. Sometimes people feel different in the light of day. I've been thinking it over and it seems to me you were rather thrust into making that declaration. Lady Livesay's attack was overwhelming."

"Marian is my friend," said I, "and I worship the ground she walks on; but friendship has never persuaded me to say what I did not want to say or do what I did not want to do."

"That's conceit," said Philida, "but not of a bad kind. Tell me, did conceit lead you into a row with Mr. Boas last night?"

"We had a word or two, but conceit was not the cause of it."

"What then?"

"I didn't like the idea of him making up to you."

"Chivalry?"

"No, just plain, straightforward jealousy."

She regarded me thoughtfully, spinning the tennis racket this way and that on the toe of her canvas shoe.

"I like your sort of compliments, Nigel. There's a schoolboy frankness about them that's jolly. I like you too. Tell me some more about that jealous feeling."

"It's this way: If I like anyone I never can resist believing I have a right to punch the head of anyone who likes them too."

She frowned.

"That's proprietorial. I don't know whether I approve. And yet," she added, "if one liked a man and he was not proprietorial, I suppose one wouldn't like him for very long. Up to the present I've always resented the idea of any sort of control. I've mostly done for myself and it seemed such infernal impertinence for anyone to interfere. I haven't liked commanding personalities."

"Heaven knows, I haven't that."

"It's impossible for you to judge. A woman isn't conscripted into any kind of subordination. She enlists into it voluntarily." This was a trifle subtle for me, so I said nothing. She went on: "I'm a tremendous believer in people being self-contained—until something happens to them."

I came a step nearer, but with a straight arm she put her tennis racket on my chest and held it there.

"It would be frightfully absurd if that something had already happened—through you. After all, why should it?"

There was no answer; or if there was I lacked the intelligence to find it.

"I don't see what I'm to do about it; do you?"

Then I said, "Philida, can't you trust your instinct?"

"I'd like to," she nodded, "but I'm kind o' skeered, as the Americans say."

"Scared of what?"

"Scared of anything that comes too soon—scared of a walk-over. You see, here are we two who've shared a few perfectly trivial talks, and at the third we're looking into tremendousness. Don't you see it can't be right? It's too small a plank to jump from into such deep water."

"I know what you feel," I said. "In a way, perhaps you're right. Yet I love you, Philida; I want you to marry me as I've never wanted anything before. But I, too, would like to have some rivers to cross and a mountain to climb. I'd like to go through a fire to reach you and a regiment to bring you back. But modern life cheats us of these things; the prize is for the taking, not the winning. If you come to me you walk to me and I to you. Nobody'll bother to stop us or put dangers in the way. Prizes are given without worth being proved. It's a rotten state, but I love you and that's the best I can offer."

She had dropped her racket and her splendid steady eyes were firm on mine.

"That's a knight's speech," she said, "and I love you for it, Nigel, because I believe that you meant every word you said."

She turned away and kicked at a tuft of grass. When next she spoke she had forced her voice into a conventional key.

"But don't let's be in a hurry like greedy children stuffing cakes at a party. Let's be ordinary and wait and see."

"I understand," I said. "After all, you know nothing about me as yet."

She gave a little shrug.

"As if that mattered! Not a bit. You only matter as you matter to me. It's not a case of credentials, Nigel."

"Then of what?"

"I've always been this way where feelings were concerned: I run from them rather than toward them. For fear they would spoil the idea I have formed of them, I've bolted and hidden myself and digested what little I had rather than look for more. That—that's my way. I had a nurse once, years and years ago. She came and I adored her at first sight, and because of that—because I was afraid if she knew it she'd be careless and spoil things—I went into a kind of solitary confinement of heart and stopped there with my eyes shut." She looked up. "I haven't improved much since childhood."

"Didn't the nurse take you in her arms and shake you?"

"I should have hated her if she had, so don't try it, Nigel."

"One day I shall," I said. "If not now, one day."

"All right, one day; but for now I've such heaps to go on with."

And though I longed to smother her with kisses, I forbore, as it seemed to me an untouched bloom of purity covered her from head to toe.

"Then how about two hard sets and then a bathe?"

She looked up gratefully.

"You're just the man I'd wish you to be."

We had finished our second set, in which I was most wholesomely beaten, when a tall lady under the brightest of bright parasols came through the wire doorway into the court. She was wearing a striped linen frock of vivid orange and black like the awning of Basque Antibe. About her neck, which was sinuous and columnar and must in her prime have been of gracious line, were strings and strings of jade beads. Her hat was of some subtle shade of cinnamon

(Continued on Page 48)

"You See, I'm the Only Person Philida Can Talk to About You"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay Peru Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.00 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above by subscription post paid. $6.00 the Year Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 8, 1925

How Do We Do It?

TWO and a half billion dollars, according to semiofficial estimates, will be spent this year by motor campers and automobile tourists. Not millions, but billions. These figures, stupendous as they are, do not include the cost of the cars that will be used. They represent the estimated outlay for gas, oil, repairs, replacements, food, hotel bills, souvenirs and other expenses incident to motor travel. According to a report submitted to the gathering of the International Chamber of Commerce at Brussels, we have seventeen and a half million cars in use.

The staggering sums that Americans are spending for outdoor enjoyment of one sort and another run well into ten figures. The items which make up this total seem less like statistics than like the ravings of a mad statistician whose mind has been unhinged by too much figuring. Let us inspect these processions of numerals to see if some unauthorized noughts have not elbowed their way in by mistake.

In 1924, according to the best estimates, no fewer than twelve million persons went in for real motor camping and slept in their own tents or cars at night. The total for 1925 will be even greater. The campers of last year used camp equipment which cost them four hundred and fifty million dollars. The old-timers got out their 1923 gear and replaced lost and outworn articles at an average cost of fifty-eight dollars for each outfit. One-third of the 1924 motor campers were first-timers, debutants of the open road. Their camp gear was new and cost one hundred and ninety-eight dollars for each party. No less is being spent this year.

Nearly half the motor campers of the present season are members of short-trip parties, which go away for a few days only and whose travel does not exceed a thousand miles. More than six millions are long-trailers, who will do more than a thousand miles and will spend an average of not less than thirty-three days under canvas. The daily expenses of both classes will run very close to $2.05, or $7.17 for the party of average size.

These twelve million wanderers include a surprisingly large proportion of solid and representative citizens. Mr. Frank E. Brimmer, to whose studies we are indebted for these figures, recently read about eight thousand letters from motor campers. He was impressed by the fact that seventy per cent of them were typewritten. Of the thousands he has talked with, some thirty-five per cent were professional men, executives or owners of their own business. A large proportion of them drive cars that cost more than a thousand dollars.

Incredible as it may seem, if our motorists had increased their expenditures by less than fifty per cent their outlay would have equaled the entire amount that it cost to run the United States Government and all its various activities during the fiscal year just closed.

The slogan of other years, See America First, has lost its point, for today more of our people are getting close-ups of large territorial areas than the boldest prophet would have cared to predict a few years ago. For the first time in our annals we are getting together and getting acquainted on an epic scale. These voluntary pleasure wanderings have attained proportions which make the great forced migrations of history seem trifling and insignificant. The Union is thoroughly shuffled when California eats the fried clams of Massachusetts and New Hampshire looks out on the Pacific.

No comparable outlay for health and recreation has ever before been made. The fact that six million of us can get away from home and work, under our own power, and spend a month or more enjoying ourselves in the open, laying up fresh reserves of health and strength against another winter's toil, has more economic significance than all the statistics of savings accounts, bank clearings, car loadings and foreign trade put together. It is an amazing index of the wealth, prosperity and vigor of the nation.

The movement is so new that its extent is not universally known, and it is so vast that even when known it is impossible to grasp and visualize it.

Variations in Trade Tactics

THE Constitution of the United States prohibits the levying of export taxes. The government of Canada has no such basic provision. A country possessing the power to levy taxes on exports enjoys advantages in international commercial negotiations and in trade wars, of which illustrations in numbers might be adduced from the histories of foreign countries. There is just at present considerable agitation in Canada in favor of the application of taxes on certain exports, and these agitations are directed primarily at the United States.

It is more or less widely urged in Canada that an export tax, possibly an embargo, should be laid on the export of pulp wood.

Further development of the same idea is to be seen in the urging that an export tax or an embargo be placed on the export of paper pulp. The progressive tendency would be in the first case to restrain the export of pulp wood and favor the export of paper pulp; and in the second case to restrain the export of paper pulp and favor the export of newsprint.

It is more or less widely urged that Canada should place a tax on the export of electrical power. The development of hydro-electric power in Canada has apparently proceeded somewhat in advance of factory demand, and a tax collected on the export of power to the United States would represent an item in revenue.

It is proposed that an export tax be placed on raw asbestos, with the view of favoring the export of this material in the manufactured state.

Finally, it has been recently urged—and, indeed, tentatively proposed by an official commission of inquiry—that a tax be levied on wheat exported to the United States in order to prevent this wheat from being milled into flour for export from the United States. There is provision in our law permitting mills to import wheat in bond to be ground into flour for export, which practice is regarded in certain quarters as inimical to the commercial interests of Canada.

Behind these various agitations lies the general idea of accelerating the development of manufacturing industries in Canada. The export taxes, to say nothing of embargoes, would exert pressure on Americans to establish manufacturing plants in Canada. According to the latest survey of the balance of international payments of the United States, issued by the Department of Commerce, the estimated value of American investments in Canada at the end of 1924 was in the neighborhood of two and a half billion dollars.

Under the prevailing circumstances in the money markets at home and abroad, and in the present condition of affairs in Great Britain, it is widely believed in Canada that foreign capital for development of new industries there is to be more easily secured in the United States than in the mother country. Canada wishes to secure for her raw materials, her factories and her international account the benefits of the added value contributed by manufacture to raw materials. She does not find herself in position to facilitate manufacture of raw materials by subsidy or export bounty. Therefore the agitation in favor of export taxes on raw materials.

Canadians naturally recognize that it lies within the power of the United States to apply higher relative tariff duties on manufactured goods than on raw materials, and that this could be used as an offset to Canadian export taxes. Other means of defense also are available. Much may be said for the view that American capital may be trusted to go to Canada as fast as developing investments promise to be remunerative. It is necessary to add that a large body of public opinion in Canada is opposed to such export taxes. It is scarcely necessary to suggest, in view of the history of trade wars abroad, that Canada ought not to enter on such maneuvers without complete and deliberate consideration of present facts and future policies.

The House United

CHURCH union is an accomplished fact in Canada. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations have been merged into the United Church of Canada. The membership of the amalgamated body will exceed two and a half million, nearly a third of the total population of the Dominion.

The three churches have been moving toward union for more than twenty-five years. The impelling motive, without a doubt, has been the feeling that union is the very essence of the Christian faith and that the perpetuation of denominational differences was not in accordance with the practices of Christian principles. Back of that, however, were considerations of a pressingly practical nature. There was overlapping in the foreign-mission field, and much duplication of effort in other directions. Small towns and villages had sometimes two or even three denominational churches where one would have sufficed. One result of this multiplication of impoverished little churches was a starvation scale of remuneration for the ministers of rural congregations. Granted that the theological differences could be settled, there were the soundest of reasons for the union of the three churches, but it took many years of controversy and campaigning to reconcile the denominationalists to the loss of their cherished identities. The Methodists, naturally enough, hesitated to abandon their heritage as the bearers of the banner of Wesleyan reform. Nevertheless the Methodist Church of Canada reached an accord on the subject as early as 1911, when the Congregational Church also swung into line. The Presbyterians found it harder to make up their minds. The unyielding faith of the Covenanters was theirs, and it was not until 1923 that a decision in favor of union could be reached. The vote in the Presbyterian General Assembly was 426 for union and 129 against. Most of the antis have decided since not to go into the United Church camp, and a small Presbyterian Association will remain to follow without deviation or compromise the teachings of John Knox.

The theory of union is that one church can be broad enough to harbor within itself many divergences of belief on minor points. The successful culmination of the movement in Canada should have a marked effect on church organization the world over. It unquestionably will stimulate the tendencies toward union which have existed in other Protestant countries, and the results of the "high adventure," as the Canadian leaders term it, will be watched with the keenest interest.

ALASKA FROM THE INSIDE

By Scott C. Bone

Former Governor of Alaska

ALASKA is a land worth working for and living in. A country of such infinite possibilities and resources and such sterling American citizenship cannot fail to progress. Slowly, laboriously, surely it is going ahead. Better known and understood, its natural handicaps gradually being overcome, its outlook is bright with promise, and the next decade should record substantial growth and development.

Serving 4000 miles from base, with a maze of governmental bureaus independently operating about him; on excellent terms with each, but a potential part of none; with manifold departments at Washington figuring in the overorganized equation and often functioning at cross-purposes, a governor's sphere of Federal usefulness is somewhat circumscribed and limited. Alaska is but a speck on the national horizon that comes into the administrative and legislative mind intermittently, and then quickly gives place to commonwealths closer at hand. Thus it has ever been. Yet at the end of four official years I am just as sanguine of Alaska's destiny as in the beginning. Nine-tenths of a governor's duties are territorial, not Federal, and in the performance of these, because of the simplicity and consequent efficiency of a system that permits things to be done, he finds a useful and engaging occupation.

Under a limited form of self-government, granted in 1912, Alaska has handled its affairs prudently and demonstrated its fitness for increased local powers. Radicalism asserts itself continually and noisily, but common sense has prevailed in every serious test, and profiting by the experience of states the territory is building itself aright. Resisting the creation of useless offices, its administration is economical. In ability and personnel its lawmakers quite measure up to legislatures in general. The biennial session of 1925 gave evidence of a true progressiveness by refusing to increase taxes in any direction. Realizing that Alaska's paramount needs are capital and people, this course was wisely adopted by way of inviting both. A trend toward too liberal paternalism is the one disquieting phase of the self-governing situation.

Uncle Sam in recent years has dealt generously with Alaska. The annual appropriations for the maintenance of a Federal Court system in four judicial divisions; the operation and upkeep of the Alaska Railroad; the building of roads and trails; the supervision and regulation of the fisheries, in which the governor has an advisory connection; the schooling and hospital care of Indians and Eskimos; the transportation of the insane to an outside institution under the contract system, and the support of multitudinous bureaus charged with diversified responsibilities mount high into the millions. Such a complicated system necessarily involves heavy overhead costs, but in the main these millions provided by Congress are usefully expended, with a minimum of actual waste.

Originally the governorship made scant appeal to me. The administrative status clearly appeared to negative the opportunity for service. Therefore, when first suggested as a compromise choice during a bitter strife over the office in 1921, I demurred. The prospect was uninviting. Isolation was not a deterrent factor. I knew Alaska, having traveled the length of the Yukon and into the Arctics and visited all important towns on the coast and in the interior, and craved further knowledge of the alluring land. Officialdom had no charm, however, except as an opportunity to be of service. The determining influence of acceptance was the expressed intention in high official circles to take Alaska in hand and do something constructively and substantially toward its development. That made the prospect decidedly inviting.

Life in the last of American frontiers, off the beaten track, is full of enjoyment, different, and I shall ever treasure my experience in that wonderland and count it one of the happiest interludes of my career. The adage "Once an Alaskan always an Alaskan" holds literally true with me. Juneau, in the natural beauty of its environment and the fine cosmopolitan character of its population, if not its physical aspects, is an altogether charming little capital. Existence cannot become irksome there, or, indeed, in any of the larger communities of the North.

The late Franklin K. Lane, a man of vision and a really great Secretary of the Interior, in 1914 characterized the system of government in Alaska as heterologous.

"Instead of one government," he said, "we have a number, interlocked, overlapped, cumbersome and confusing, each intent upon its own particular business, jealous of its own success and prerogatives, and all more or less unrelated and independent in their operations."

He indicted bureaucracy and red-tapeism with all the power at his command. Strong of faith in Alaska, he strove diligently, but unsuccessfully, to eradicate bureau control and substitute a system that would be homologous and workable. On the eve of his retirement from office, he wrote: "The Government should either be prepared to act paternalistically in the development of this domain which it owns, or it should make it easier for the people to develop it themselves. It is not necessary to give away its resources in order to secure this development. We have not yet

(Continued on Page 122)

A View of Juneau, the Territorial Capital, and Gastineau Channel

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Little Girls and Elves

ALL little girls are really elves,
Though unaware of it themselves;
But that they are, is understood
By all adepts in elfinhood.
For little girls, elves, ouphes and fays
Have all the same quick, birdlike ways,
The same clear voices, sweetly shrill
As wind-blown birds above a hill;
The same round, interested eyes
That view the world with pleased surprise.
And no one who by happy chance
Has seen the little daughters dance
With dancing waves along a beach,
Beckoning, curtsying to each
So gracefully and quaintly, too,
In just the way that elfins do,
Can doubt that, till their tens or twelves,
All little girls are really elves. —*Arthur Guiterman.*

MOVEE TEEPEE TO-DAY
ROT ART CLUB
BLANK-ETS IN THE NEW YORK MAN NEE FOR THE WELL DRESSED SQUAW
MUNI-CIPAL WIG-WAM
Unaccustomed as I am to public pow wow—
Paleface Comedians heap funny
Landing of Hudson big beat for "Birch Bark News"
SUB-WAY
5TH AVE BUS SIGHT SEE ONLY
Vell, I hope you like
Vell, I hope I vin
DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER

An Intimate Outline of History: Arrival of Hendrick Hudson on Manhattan Island

Buy Heck!

"HOW be things, maw," inquired old Si Hawkins, as he set his carpetbag down on the plush sofa. "Has that thar lazy black hen been layin'?"

"Everythin' be fine, Si," answered Ma Hawkins. "And did ye hev a nice trip down to New Yawk?"

"Fine and dandy, maw. I got some things here for ye in my bag," replied Si, opening his battered old portmanteau and drawing therefrom several objects and papers.

"This, maw," he announced, taking out a legal-looking document, "is my deed to the Brooklyn Bridge. And this is a first mortgage on Grant's Tomb."

"Wonderful, Si," muttered Ma Hawkins.

"But that ain't all, either, maw. Here's a gold brick, and here's a paper giving me half ownership in the New York Subway, and here's a deed to the fourth floor of the Woolworth Building."

"Whar'd ye git all this?" questioned ma.

"Wa'l, maw, a bright young city chap came up to my room at the hotel and I bought the whole shootin' match from him for a five-dollar bill."

"But, Si, are ye sure that everythin' ye bought is genuine?" questioned Ma Hawkins with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"What difference does it make?" questioned Si. "Here's some more, though, I got from that same chap. Look at these things, maw." And he spread out a diamond stickpin, two diamond rings, a platinum watch and fob, and a wallet.

"What did ye give him for that, Si?" asked his wife.

"I gave him a sock on the head with a telephone book and locked him in my hotel room," answered Si. "He ought to be regainin' consciousness about now."

Threnody

ONCE a damsel yclept Janet
Bought herself a yak and gannet,
And she lived upon an atoll on an ait;
With an eland and a dodo,
Who were suaviter in modo;
But her igloo seemed to lack a human mate.

"Could I have a sheik or emir,
Oh, how happy it would seem here!
I will hie me to a mesa for abode.
'Neath a upas tree or opus,
While its toxic vapors dope us,
I will listen to my lover's Eden ode!"

Well, she found a desert sandy,
And a sheik was there quite handy,
With the dulcet name of Emu Eli Eel;
And his obi and his toga
And his yodeling of the yoga,
All betokened him an ace of zest and zeal.

He was all in all to Janet,
He the Sol and she the planet,
When, wapiti! Cross-Word Puzzles shut up shop!
And she wore her llama boa
Back to arid Delagoa
And she never saw Sheik Emu llano moa!

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Present-Day Trends in Kidnaping

IT WAS Story Hour in the Tompkins County Jail.

"The Crime business," mused No. 1340, "is not what it used to be. Take the Train Robbery Game, for instance. I used to be a specialist in robbing mail trains. But what do you find in the mail nowadays? Sack after sack of selling letters about encyclopedias and washing machines."

"I shouldn't recommend Blackmail either," put in No. 1341. "You have to associate with such dreadful people. Malefactors of great wealth who lead double lives—the worst kind of people. Only blackmailers of rugged moral fiber can deal with such folk and not be contaminated. Why, I remember a short time ago I uncovered the details of a party given by a cinema actor. An absolute orgy, an appalling affair. I felt it my duty to make public the story *in toto*. But first I hinted delicately to the actor in question

(Continued on Page 122)

The Absent-Minded Professor Stopped in the Street to Tie His Shoe Lace

HOME, BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE
Guide: "And This is the Ninety-Acre Plant Where They Bake the Homemade Pies"

Serve hot
Serve cold

Try the APPETITE TEST for Beans!

Nothing hard about it. Yet it lets you determine for yourself the beans which have just the quality and flavor you like the best.

Instead of simply accepting any beans which may be offered to you, insist on getting Campbell's —the nationally famous beans.

Then eat them when you have become decidedly hungry. That's the time only good substantial food will satisfy you.

You will notice two things. First that Campbell's Beans, with their delicious Tomato Sauce, have a remarkable flavor all their own—you enjoy them to the very last bean on the plate. Second, that a plateful of them is *hearty food* which really satisfies!

Beans are rich in body-building food!

Beans are one of the richest foods in protein—so valuable in building up the body tissue. In fact, considering how economical they are, the actual value which they return to the careful housewife is hard to equal. In addition to this, she knows that all the family will like them. Beans are so tempting and delicious!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

TAXI! TAXI!

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Will He Follow Us Now, Do You Think, When I Go Out With You?" She Asked

XIII

EVEN if Ben had known what was happening at the office he probably wouldn't have cared much at that moment; for just as Mr. Schermerhorn was leading Mr. Palmalee upstairs, Ben, much farther downtown, was being led into the room where Red-Neck had questioned him the night before. Here, however, a surprise awaited him; for in place of the crimson-naped one, the desk was occupied by a calm-eyed little man who was nevertheless addressed as chief and treated with a deference which he calmly seemed to accept as his due. The clerk in the corner was changed too, and although he was of the same general type as the other, elderly and leathery, and looking as though he enjoyed himself most when singing and songs in tenor, he vaguely reflected the little man at the desk—not at all wolfish, like Jerry of the night before, but rather possessed of that bland, intelligent look which sometimes comes to old dogs, especially old dogs who were spry enough in their youth and used to raise Old Ned with the cats.

"Ben, this is a very queer story you tell," began the little man, gently enough, indicating the written report on his desk.

Ben got off a pretty good one then.

"If I had wanted to lie," he said, "I could have made it sound better."

"You thought of that last night, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thought of quite a few things last night?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't sleep much."

And, poor lad, he looked it; for though he had washed himself, he had not been shaved; and the pinks and reds which generally colored his face had nearly all left him, except the reds which had moved into his eyes. And his clothes too—it is surprising how seedy it had made him look just to sleep in them once, and surprising, too, how dirty a collar can get without being actually rubbed in grime. But for all that, Ben sat up straight, and you would have looked a long time before seeing any quiver in his chin.

"I'm glad you've been thinking it over," said the chief; "and now is there anything you would like to change in your statement of last night? You must have been somewhat confused, being brought in like that; and if you made a mistake here and there ——"

"No, sir," said Ben. And trying to smile a little, he added, "My story's strange, but true."

The little chief looked at him and slowly shook his head.

"Not altogether true," he said. "There are gaps in it; and a story that's only partly true isn't really true. It's like this," he continued: "I have six children. But suppose I told you that I have three. Well, it's true, and yet it isn't true. In a way it's lying, just the same as this statement which you made last night was lying."

The little chief stopped then and looked at Ben again; and whatever passed along his glance, Ben suddenly felt afraid.

"I shall have to be careful," he cautioned himself, "or the first thing I know I'll be talking about Rose. I shall have to be careful or the first thing I know I shall be telling him about the bracelet too."

"Now, this girl," continued the chief in his gentle voice. "She's really your stumbling block. Won't you tell me who she is, Ben? It would clear up so many things."

"No, sir," said Ben, shaking his head.

"Why not? Because it would make trouble for her?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"You mean she's married?"

"No, sir. Indeed, she isn't!"

"Ah, I see. You think a lot of her, in other words."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, why the secrecy? Didn't her people know she was with you?"

"I knew I'd have to be careful," Ben fiercely reminded himself; and added aloud in a somewhat husky voice, "I'd rather not go into that any further, chief."

"Well, we'll lay it aside for a while," said the little man amiably. "But now here's something we can talk about without restriction. This man whom you say you bought the taxi from—can you give me a description of him?"

"He was about my size—my height," said Ben reflectively.

"Like you?"

"Yes, sir. High cheek bones ——"

"Like yours?"

"Yes, sir. Blue eyes ——"

"Like yours?"

"Yes, sir. And yet he wasn't like me. If I—I could draw him for you," he hopefully added, "if you'll give me pencil and paper ——"

He worked slowly at first, and then more quickly; but when he was through, it was there, all right—the taxi driver's glance of well-nigh hypnotic intensity, his nose with its faint suspicion of a broken bridge, the peevish droop at the corners of the mouth.

"Ever seen anybody like this, Tom?" asked the chief, passing it over to the clerk.

"Well, of course, chief, I got a clew hearing you two talk," said the clerk apologetically; "but seems to me this favors Jersey Jim about as much as anybody."

"Wait!" said Ben, feeling his scalp move a little. "Now I remember; the man at the garage called me Jersey when I took the car back that night."

The little chief nodded and took back the sketch.

"Have you seen the papers this morning?" he asked.

"No, sir; they wouldn't let me see anything."

"Then I'll tell you. Jersey Jim was found dead last night on an East River pier—supposed to be a bootleggers' brawl. That's why it was fresh in Tom's mind. So, you see, that won't help you any. The prosecuting attorney would be sure to claim that you knew Jersey was dead before you tried to fasten the taxi on him."

Ben wasn't thinking of that, though. His mind was on the young man who had sold him the Turtle—alive and full of his tricks one day—alive and brimming over—and the next being quietly carried to the morgue, with never a trick left in his bag.

"Perhaps there were quite a few mixed up in it," he told himself, "and they thought he was holding something out on them—those two men, for instance, who were getting out of the cab when I first saw it. Yes, sir, and they might have had their row about that bracelet," he told himself with growing excitement. "There could easily have been a big row over that when they found it had disappeared."

"What is it, Ben?" asked the chief quietly.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE FOLLY of UNSELLING

¶ If a man truly deserves a high destiny, he will attain it. Time spent trying to thwart him is worse than waste time because it corrodes the spirit of the one who makes the attack. Effort against another rarely succeeds unless that other has already failed. ¶ If your adversary is vulnerable it is permissible perhaps to press home your own superiority. ¶ But, again, if he deserves and is deserving of his high destiny—you wound yourself when you seek to injure him. ¶ There are those men, and those artistries, and those business institutions, which never relax their integrity and never lose their title as leaders. ¶ They do not lose their leadership because they strive with mind, heart and soul to continue to deserve it. ¶ Wise men do not waste time tilting at such high peaks as these. ¶ More especially, wise men do not seek to alienate the millions who have bestowed the leadership. ¶ When men in the mass have conferred fame and glory upon a name, it becomes in a sense their name, and they guard it jealously. ¶ They are, as we say in the colloquialism of commerce, 'sold' on that name; which means that they believe in it implicitly. ¶ And, of all the follies of selling, there is no greater folly than that of seeking to unsell that which is well and truly sold in the minds of men. ¶ Unselling fails a thousand times where once it wins a hollow victory. ¶ It delays, and distracts, and stirs up the muddiest depths of anger and envy. It poisons the sources of mental and creative activity and diverts them from their honest and healthful purposes. ¶ The excitement and the enthusiasm it engenders in the salesman who has undertaken the thankless task is a false and artificial emotion, born of unworthy motives. It punishes him whose one desire is to inflict punishment. ¶ Meanwhile, the man, or the thing, or the business house, of high destiny goes on unperturbed. ¶ If that destiny is deserved, it will be attained and maintained.

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 26)

He almost let out about the bracelet then, but caught himself in time.

"I was thinking of the two men who were getting out of the cab when I first saw it," he said.

"Come now, that's something," said the other. "What did they look like? Can you draw them too?"

"No," said Ben, considering; "it was raining hard and I only saw them for a moment. And yet I remember they reminded me of somebody at the time—or at least I thought they did—two men that I have seen somewhere, though for the life of me I can't say where."

"Not much there to help you," said the chief, shaking his head again. "And now about this garage where you claim the taxi was backing in—I see you don't even know the address of that."

"No," said Ben, "but I could show it to you."

"You could?"

"Why, yes. It's on a cross street and there's a little paint shop next to it. That's where I left the cab the night I bought it. Oh, I could show you that easy; and the man, too, who called me Jersey and said he would change the car's complexion."

It might have struck you then, if you had been there, why this little man was the chief, and why Red-Neck, a far more impressive-looking mortal, was only his assistant. Red-Neck's guiding policy was evidently a paraphrase of the Psalmist's plaint, "All suspects are liars," while the smaller man, blessed by the fairies in his cradle, had possibly been given the gift of divining the truth wherever he heard it, either by the way it was told or by some inherent ring in it inaudible to other ears but unmistakable to his.

"I see here," he said, turning to the report again, "that the very reasonable presumption is raised that you have access to the floor plans of some of New York's finest residences."

"Yes, sir," said Ben, "I have. Or rather, I could have if I wished."

"Which brings us to a mighty vital question. Are the floor plans of Number—— Park Avenue on file at your office?"

"Not so far as I know," hesitated Ben.

"Call up Colonel Schermerhorn, Tom," said the little chief; and then to Ben, with one of his quiet smiles: "If you have prayers to say, you'd better say them now."

Whether or not Ben's prayers had anything to do with it, Colonel Schermerhorn promptly disclaimed all connection between his firm and the address stated

"Then I think we'll drive around and take a look at that garage," said the little chief, rising. "We seem to be straightening out here pretty well."

Ben nearly told him about the bracelet as he went downstairs, but again he checked himself in time. They took a taxi at the curb, the chauffeur having a very capable look; and when Ben and the chief had settled themselves inside and the taxi rolled off, another machine followed them with another capable-looking helmsman at the wheel. The chief's taxi had a landau top, so that by sitting back in his corner his presence would be unsuspected by an observer on the sidewalk.

"I think you'd better sit back too," he said to Ben; "and especially when we come to the garage. I don't want you to be seen. No leaning forward and staring through the window and shouting, 'There it is!' You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben with a boyish grin. "I'll sit back tight and whisper when we come to it."

"That's the boy!"

For the third time Ben nearly told about the bracelet, and was presently to wish to heaven that he had.

"Still, you never can tell," he thought. "The chief may turn the whole business over to that other man when we get back to the office, and he'd stick Rose in jail if he could, as quick as he stuck me!"

Which was bad grammar, of course, but at least the meaning was there.

Meanwhile they were driving up Madison Avenue; and presently, obeying the chief's orders, the chauffeur turned east.

"This is the street," said Benny, sitting back in his corner. "It's on the right-hand side between the two Elevateds."

"Slow now, Harry," said the chief to the chauffeur. "And eyes front!"

"This is the block," said Ben, beginning to whisper. "It's near where the old women are talking. And there's the paint shop with the two striped barrels in the window. It's the place this side, where the big door's closed."

"Do you know that place, Harry?" asked the chief as they drew nearer the river.

"No, sir," muttered the driver from the corner of his mouth. "That's a new one on me. Kind of handy, though, if it's crooked—right next to the paint shop."

"Yes, there ought to be good fishing there. Turn around now when you get a chance and we'll have another look."

The second time he didn't look at the garage so much as at the buildings on the other side of the street.

"All right, Harry," he said. "Downtown next."

He didn't speak again until they had passed the Metropolitan Tower.

"Ben," he said then, "I'm beginning to have confidence in you; but if you hope to benefit from that, you will have to place confidence in me. You say you were at a concert on Friday night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you happen to keep the stubs of your tickets?"

"No, sir; I didn't have tickets. We sat in a box. I tipped the door man to let us in."

"Which he, of course, will certainly deny. No, son, there's no way out of it. You've got to tell me the name of the girl you were with—the girl for whom you bought this taxi so she wouldn't get wet—the girl with whom you spent the evening at the concert—the only living witness, so far as I can see, who is at present available to bear out your story in any way."

Benny hesitated.

"Would she be mixed up in this if I should tell you who she was?" he asked.

"Only to the extent of verifying your story. If your story proves true, it lets her out, of course."

"All right then, I'll tell you," said Ben, his reserve broken by his growing confidence in the quiet little man by his side. "Her name is Miss Rose Parrish, and she lives with her uncle, Mr. Schermerhorn, in Gramercy Park."

"Oh-ho!" said the chief with a knowing look. "So that's it!"

"Yes, sir."

"But wait a minute. Isn't that the name of the young lady who was your fare yesterday—the young lady who was in your cab when you were arrested?"

(Continued on Page 30)

When Miss Daggett Rolled Her Voice and Her Eyes Together and Said "Oh, Benny Whitby, I Could Just Hug You to Pieces!" He Turned as Red as the Beads on a Young Turkey Tom

CHRYSLER SIX

Owners Get Far More For Their Money

The trend throughout America today is toward the Chrysler Six, because the Chrysler Six is in line with the American trend toward genuine economy.

It satisfies the growing desire to make the dollar go farther—to make it buy more comfort and enjoyment.

The plain fact is, that the Chrysler Six affords all the roadability, speed, and ease of riding of big, cumbersome cars; and to these, adds its own inherent advantages.

It is far less costly to buy and to keep.

It gives twice the gasoline and oil mileage of many cars which it equals or surpasses in speed.

Its tires cost less and last longer.

It stands up without constant mechanical attention in a way that arouses the highest praise of men and women who are used to the costliest cars.

In it, space engineering has provided generous room for five adult passengers, without unwieldy length and costly weight.

So different and better is Chrysler handling and Chrysler performance, that, in the words of one wealthy owner, "it discourages one from driving anything else."

There is a vast difference between the pleasure of driving an ordinary motor car, and the genuine delight with which its owners drive the Chrysler Six.

That difference—that far superior performance—originates in the fact that the Chrysler Six is an entirely new type of car, built on a new type of engineering, which produces results radically different from any heretofore registered.

Chrysler owners no longer are amazed that they can now enjoy the greater convenience and utility of two automobiles—because they have proved that they can own and operate two Chrysler Six cars for approximately the cost of owning and operating one heavy, cumbersome car.

If you are not personally familiar with Chrysler Six performance, you will find the nearest Chrysler dealer eager to have you put a Chrysler Six through its paces.

Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Four—Touring Car, Club Coupe, Coach and Sedan—attractively priced from $895 to $1095, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

INSURANCE

Chrysler motor cars are now delivered insured for one year at full factory list price against fire and theft

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 28)

Ben told how he and Rose had spent the day together.

"But didn't you say last night when you were arrested that you didn't know the young lady—that she was a stranger to you?"

"Yes, sir. I was afraid that otherwise she might be arrested too."

"Ah, that's too bad," said the chief. "You see that throws a cloud on everything else you've said. However, this Miss Parrish—does she know that you bought the cab that night so she wouldn't get wet?"

"Yes, sir. I told her yesterday."

"Better. We'll call to see her on our way downtown."

"Yes, sir," said Ben, the least bit doubtfully. "But, of course, you know it will make a great row when they find she's been going around with me."

"I think we can manage to stop the row," said the little man, taking thought with himself, "though if I were you, I don't think I'd dodge it much longer."

He told the chauffeur to stop at the nearest pay station.

"I'm getting out here, Harry, for a few minutes," he said to the chauffeur when the car stopped. "You can keep our young friend entertained while I'm gone?"

"Guess so," said the capable-looking chauffeur, hopping briskly out of the driver's seat and taking his station by the door of the cab

The chief disappeared inside the drug store, and the chauffeur leaned his elbows on the window sill of the taxi and gave Ben a friendly look. Once again, if you had been there, you might have caught a reflection of the little man's manner—a manner which had evidently been successful so many times that it now served as model for his satellites.

"Bo," said the driver, "I'm going to tip you off on something. The chief's a prince, see? Be straight with him and he'll do all he can for you. But if he catches you once—just once, see?—trying to make a monkey out of him, you want to look out! Me, I wouldn't give that much for the chances of any guy that tries to hang a tail on the chief."

"That" was a snap of thumb and finger—a snap so vigorous that it rang through the taxi like a subdued pistol shot and furnished exclamation point for the chauffeur's warning.

"He's a fine man, all right," said Ben, with just the least shade of uncertainty in his voice.

"He's a prince!" repeated the driver. "But don't forget what I told you, see?"

Ben had it firmly in his mind then to tell about the bracelet; but when the chief came out of the drug store he looked so engrossed with his own thoughts that Ben said to himself, "Well, anyhow, I'll wait a little while. He looks as though he's heard something that doesn't please him much."

"Miss Parrish is in and says we can go over," said the chief. "All right, Harry—Gramercy Park next."

They were there sooner than Ben had expected, and the two in the back seat got out.

"I'll have you introduce me to the young lady," said the chief, "and then I have a few questions to put to her."

The butler let them in and led them to the drawing-room.

"Miss Parrish is expecting you," he said. "She'll be down in a moment."

Ben began to tremble a little. The door that led back from the drawing-room was open, and he couldn't help wondering whether Mrs. Schermerhorn was in there, naturally curious to know why these two men were calling on her niece. That bothered him some. And subconsciously the grandeur of the house began to weigh upon his mind—the high ceilings, the Homer Martin over the fireplace, the tapestry fire screen, the effect of great distances. Obviously a hard place to start a confession, with no telling who might be listening in the next room!

Ben imagined himself beginning, "Oh, chief, I want to tell you about a bracelet that was probably stolen with the other stuff, and which I gave to Miss Parrish to take care of for me"; but the words stuck in his throat like so many fish bones and simply wouldn't come up.

"And anyhow," he thought, "I'll have a chance to give Rose a hint not to mention the bracelet. She knows herself how bad it would sound, especially when things are beginning to look better for me."

He was interrupted by a muffled step in the hall and Rose appeared, standing in the doorway for a moment while the two men arose from their chairs. Her eyes were dark beneath, and she didn't look as though she had slept much better than the seedy young man who was giving her such a hungry look from the center of the room.

"Oh, Ben—Ben!" she said in a broken voice.

And the next moment, as the novelists say, they were in each other's arms.

XIV

AFTER the introductions had taken place, the chief said, "I shan't keep you long, Miss Parrish. There are just a few questions I want to ask you. But before I start," he added with his quiet smile, "I'm afraid that Harry, outside, will be lonely. Ben, you don't mind going out and keeping him company, do you? And before you go, you don't mind telling Miss Parrish to answer freely any questions that I may put to her?"

As a matter of fact, Ben wanted to stay exactly where he was—wanted to stay with all his heart and soul, not only to be with Rose but to hear the questions that were put to her, and particularly to be on hand to guard against anything being said about that growing nightmare of a bracelet. But what could he do but bid Rose good-by—her arms around him again in a moment, her cheek pressed against his—and then slowly accompany the chief to the hall, where the butler opened the door for them. The chief beckoned the chauffeur.

"Be good company for each other," he said; and Ben went down the steps to the waiting taxi and the chief went back in the house to the waiting girl.

"Sit in," said the chauffeur to Ben, opening the door with something of the air of a bird fancier who is popping a canary back in his little cage. "You'd be surprised," he added, "to know some of the guys who have rid in this coop."

He meant, of course, to say "coupé," though it wasn't a coupé; but when he called it a coop he spoke better than he knew.

He followed Ben inside the cab and began pointing out its beauties to him.

"That side you're sittin' on is the company side," he said. "See? There's no handle on the door that side. You remember Cranders, the guy who couldn't keep his wives alive? Well, he had his last ride right where you're sitting now. And Harris and Wilbur and Tubby Bullinski, the Chloroform King; and Pinky Pazetti, who did his stuff with wooden alcohol so that it always looked like a bootlegger's mistake. And Professor Knight—say, there was a guy for you! Used to be a ventriloquist till he started his medium parlor. And Joe Whaley, though Joe was just a plain crook without any frills. But frilly or not, they all sat once right where you're sitting now; and me, I know how to take good care of them. Yes, sir, the old-fashioned police patrol's going out. It's all right for raids or where you're running 'em in in bunches, but too much bus if you've only got a single guy to move."

You can imagine how Ben enjoyed this. In his second embrace with Rose he had breathed, "Don't mention the bracelet," his lips hidden from the chief and murmuring so low that Ben hadn't heard it himself, and was more than inclined to doubt that Rose had caught it.

"What a long time he's there," he thought. "I'll bet they're talking about it. Oh, he'll get it all out of her, all right. Trust him! She probably thinks I was arrested for stealing the taxi, or something like that. She'd never dream it was a jewel robbery with a murder connected with it—and the whole thing nearly fastened on me!"

He was still at this when a lordly limousine gave them a blast from the rear.

"I guess they want us to get out of the way," said Ben, looking through the back window.

"Swell chance," said the chauffeur, shrugging his shoulders. "Believe me, bo, wherever this little bus parks, she stops right there till the chief comes out and gives the word to move."

Again the limousine bleated, an angry blast this time, and again the chauffeur shrugged his shoulders—Harry, who had driven so many celebrities that it might be said that he had grown blasé. At that the limousine backed and pulled forward again, more closely, to the curb; and a regal-looking matron alighted and began marching up the steps.

"I'll bet that's Mrs. Schermerhorn!" thought Ben. "Yes, sir, that's why Rose had us call here—because her aunt was out. And now the old lady comes back and spoils everything!"

At least he thought the chief would soon be out—his tête-à-tête so emphatically at an end—but it was nearly ten minutes later before the little man appeared on the steps, the butler coming down with him to open the taxi door.

Harry jumped out, though, to do that, and the chief got in, thus doubly ushered, and evidently again took thought with himself as the cab resumed its way downtown.

"She told him about the bracelet," thought Ben, his heart growing heavy.

"Ben," said the chief seriously, "I don't know that I altogether blame you for keeping it from the family. If they ever knew that one of Mr. Schermerhorn's clerks was trying to establish social relations with their niece, I'm inclined to think there would be an earthquake on Gramercy Park that would shake the buildings down."

"Was that Mrs. Schermerhorn who went in?" asked Ben

"Yes."

"And did she hear you—asking Rose questions?"

"No. I talked to her about the next department ball, and she has promised to be a patroness."

He was quiet then for a while—quiet till the gray bulk of headquarters appeared in the distance.

"Whitby," he began then, "I'm going to let you go for the time being, though on the understanding that you may be wanted again at any time. Tom will take care of you when we get back to the office. But first I'm going to give you two pieces of advice."

"Yes, sir?" said Ben with a breathless, a well-nigh incredible feeling of relief.

"The first is, don't talk. And the second is, don't leave the city—don't even try to change your present address or you'll be given free lodgings that will probably last you till the fall term of the Criminal Court."

"No, sir," said Ben, "I won't move."

"I wouldn't," said the little chief dryly as the cab stopped and they both got out. "And now if you'll come upstairs I'll turn you over to Tom, and I think he'll be able to get you out on your own recognizance to answer later to the charges which were preferred against you last night."

Ben's heart turned a somersault—a simple thing, but one denoting joy. It was thus perhaps that Joseph felt when they let him out of the pit long years ago. It was thus perhaps that François felt when first he found he was to leave Chillon.

XV

IT WAS nearly an hour later when, going down into the Subway to take a train that would bear him to Mrs. Bullock's, Ben realized that he had less than two dollars to his name, that he was out of a job, and that over his head two charges were hanging, the first for reckless driving, the second for driving without an operator's license, either of which was practically sure to carry with it at least a five-dollar fine.

"Still," he thought, being young—that is to say, not having yet learned what a serious thing it is to be practically broke and jobless and under police charges at one and the same time—"still," he thought, "I'm out, and that's the main thing."

He was about to board a train at Worth Street when he thought he would buy a paper first and see if he could find anything about the robbery in which he had so nearly played a leading part—that is to say, the part of the accused. Another passenger was about to get on the train immediately behind him—a lantern-jawed young fellow with red curly hair and a collar and tie that didn't suit him, who looked as though he might be a plumber, say, who had just finished his time. When Ben stepped back he stepped on this one's toes.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm awfully sorry."

Curly-Head averted his face and stepped on the train; but just as the doors were closing he snapped his fingers as though he had forgotten something, too, and stepped back on the platform.

Meanwhile Ben had bought a paper and was looking over the headlines. There was more than one deed of violence reported on the front page, but none which seemed to implicate the Turtle. Ben turned the paper over and the possible plumber watched him, a slight scratch on the toe cap of his well-shone shoe.

"Nothing in, so far as I can see," thought Ben, halfway through as the next local came in.

He went aboard, and being engrossed in the paper, he didn't wake up again till he heard the guard shout, "Fourteenth Street!" He dodged out then, just as the doors were closing; and possibly being accustomed to tight connections, the possible plumber dodged out after him.

"Darn it!" thought Ben, finding himself at University Place instead of Fourteenth Street. "He must have said, 'Next stop, Fourteenth Street,' and I only heard the last two words, and it fooled me."

Whereupon he grinned a bit foolishly to himself and looked around to see if anyone had noticed what a foolish thing he had done, rushing off a train as though the Old Lad was after him, only to stand like a gawk on the platform and wait for the next train to come and carry him off on his journey again. It was then he noticed the possible young plumber over by the news stand, pretending to be looking at the newspapers.

"That's funny," thought Ben. "Yes, now I remember, he got off the local too."

They both boarded the next train, and both left it at Fourteenth Street to transfer to an express.

"I wonder if he's following me," mused Ben, fluttering a little inside as the hunted ones have probably fluttered since time immemorial at catching the first glimpse of the huntsmen on their trail. "It would be kind of interesting to know."

With this in mind, he didn't get on the next express which came thundering along—and neither did Nimrod. But when a local stopped, Ben stepped aboard, and so did Nimrod. At that, Ben smelled fish.

"He's a detective, all right," he told himself. "Yes, sir. There he is now, standing in the vestibule, pretending to read his paper. Well, if he's been ordered to watch me, I guess it isn't going to hurt me any. But I don't see why he can't be sociable about it."

The local thumped along for a station or two, and then Ben arose and made his way to the vestibule—following, you see, a similar impulse to that which had led to the purchase of the Turtle.

"Hello," he said.

Nimrod looked at him over his paper, as though he didn't approve of this at all.

"Hello," he answered in a challenging voice.

(Continued on Page 70

Double
action
Single cost

A Sunbrite bathroom!

more than spotless—really sanitary with "double action" cleansing

What do you expect of a cleanser? To scour off stains without scratching—keep things visibly spotless?

Here is a cleanser which does more than you are accustomed to expect. It is more than a mere scouring powder. **Sunbrite** *sweetens* and *purifies* in addition to its regular cleansing work!

One special element in **Sunbrite** gives it this sweetening, purifying power. And with it all, **Sunbrite** scours off stains and cuts the grime and grease. It does not scratch; it does not redden nor coarsen the hands, because it is free from any harsh chemicals.

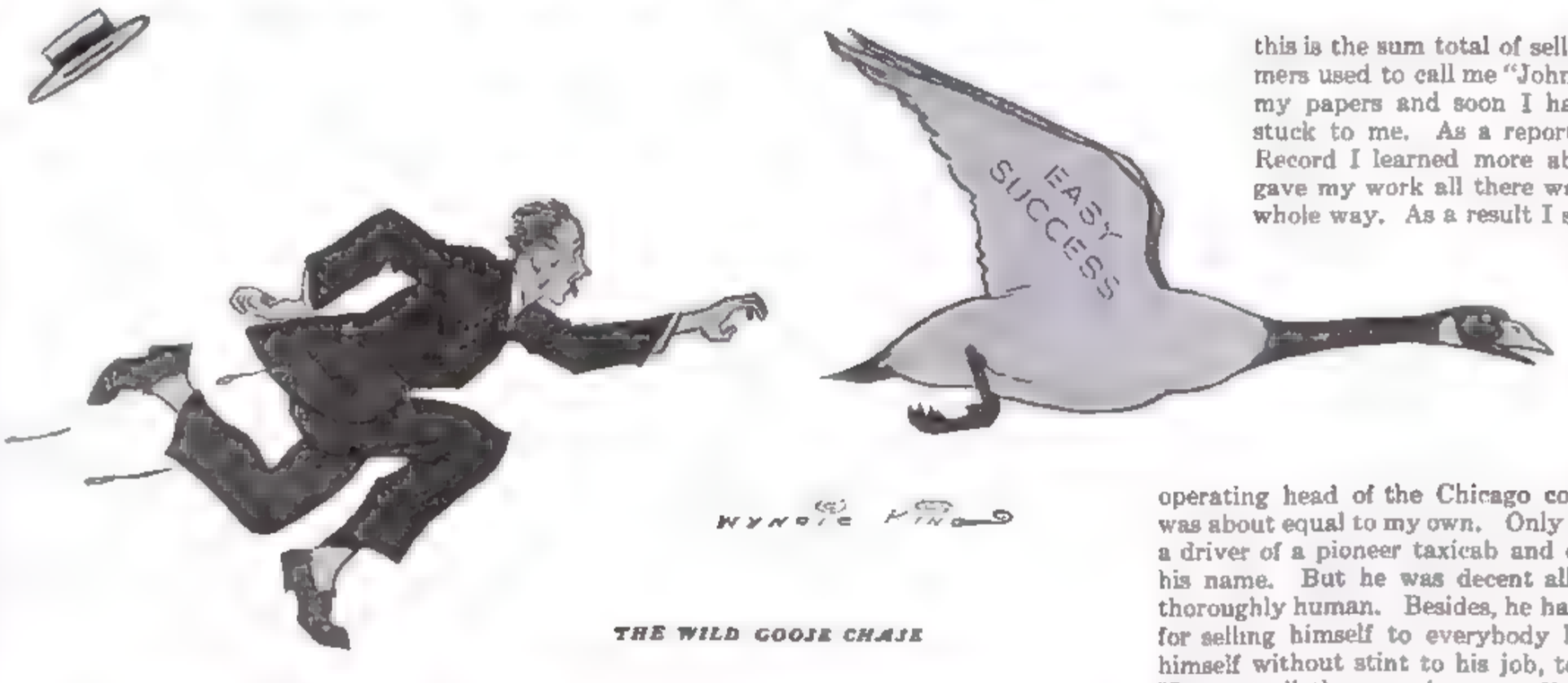
Sunbrite has still another distinctive advantage; it costs so little! And a United Profit Sharing coupon goes with every can.

Cut your cleansing work with this double action cleanser! In one process scour—and also sweeten. Destroy all clinging food odors and flavors from your kitchen utensils; keep your bathroom fixtures *sanitary* as well as spotless.

Swift & Company

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Dr. Howard King



THE WILD GOOSE CHASE

WHEN last month Dr. Howard King moved from the old Kurtz Block on Water Street to his new offices in our bank building it was, I knew, a sign that he had at last arrived at a degree of prosperity that his attainments warranted. Since establishing his practice in our town Doctor King has had rather a hard time of it; how hard I did not realize until a few days ago, when he confided to me the whole story.

Doctor King's troubles arose from a case of mistaken judgment on his part, the roots of which went back to his days at the medical school in New York City where he earned his surgeon's degree. At this school, it seems, there was a student whom all the boys admired on account of his big way of talking, and his predictions of what he was going to do after he should get into practice. At that time there was no exact term to describe the type of this young man, but now he would be known as a go-getter. His favorite theme in conversation with his fellow students was the great value of bluff in a business or professional career.

"If you want to make a hit with people," he would say, "soak them big prices. They won't think you're any good unless you do that. Remember, there's a sucker born every minute!"

Howard King was an impressionable young man, and these ideas seemed vastly sophisticated and wise. At the same time he was not by nature a go-getter; and it is likely he would have outgrown this trend of thought except for a peculiar situation arising out of almost his first professional case after he graduated and came to practice in our town. The patient, Willoughby K. Degenbaum, was a member of one of our old but decayed families who lived mainly on past prestige, and was, in banking parlance, entirely judgment proof; it was in fact because his family was already on the books of other physicians that Mr. Degenbaum sought the new practitioner. Young Doctor King found an operation was necessary, and performed it very successfully, Mr. Degenbaum being out on the streets again within a couple of weeks.

Meanwhile the doctor had looked up his patient's rating as compiled by the Retail Merchants' Association, and learning there was no likelihood of being paid anything for his services, he determined to charge a large fee and thus advertise himself as a practitioner of the first rank. So he mailed Mr. Degenbaum a bill for one thousand dollars.

This indeed proved an advertisement, but not of the profitable nature that Doctor King expected. Mr. Degenbaum professed to be vastly indignant over the amount of his bill, which he carried around in his pocket until it was quite worn out, showing it to his friends and saying he would have sent a check at once for a reasonable sum, but that Doctor King would have to get judgment in the courts before he would ever pay one thousand dollars.

Of course people knew Mr. Degenbaum would not have sent a check for any sum; but the impression got abroad that Doctor King was a high-priced specialist who might take it into his head at any time to charge another thousand-dollar fee. For months no other patient came to his office; and when in later years he began slowly to acquire a small following he had to be very careful to make his charges exceptionally low so as to correct the unfavorable impression that had become general.

"I have," Doctor King told me confidentially on the occasion of his visit, "been twelve years living down my mistaken idea that a man may bluff himself into prosperity. To this day people will come into my office, and before making arrangements to have work done will say nervously: 'You know, doctor, I am a person of very moderate means, and I can't afford to pay millionaire prices. About how much do you estimate this work is going to cost?'"

—J. R. SPRAGUE.

Selling Service

WHEN I hear anyone declare that the choice plums of opportunity have been picked by those who got in early and that competition is now so fierce that a lot of able young men are going to get left empty-handed through no fault of their own, I feel like telling them: The road of opportunity today is a broad, smooth, paved highway set with easy-reading signs and manned by traffic officers who know how to keep you moving on to material success at third speed with a heavy foot on the gas. When the successful men in middle life were finding their way, opportunity was an unblazed trail. But probably not many young men just out of college or high school today will believe this.

The supply of six-cylinder men is not now anywhere near equal to the demand—because business in America today is on an immensely expanded scale compared with a decade ago. I could place today twenty men in high-salaried executive positions if I could find those qualified to fill the jobs.

There is quite a considerable group of executives in our organization who are earning fifty thousand dollars or more a year—several who double that sum. This in a line of business which was virtually unknown when most of the young men now in colleges were born!

The greatest business development of this country in the past twenty years has been in the field of service. Until recently service as an article of merchandise was largely confined to the professions. Business dealt in physical commodities mainly. Of course the railroads sold service a decade ago, but in a quantity insignificant compared with today. My companies virtually sell nothing but service and the tools with which to render service of a sort not dreamed of twenty years ago. Yet these companies have a capital of more than seventy million dollars and employ more than twenty thousand men and women. I mention this only as one example of the expansion which lately has taken place in the merchandising of service—personal service to the individual American.

I believe that the American public pays more for service today than it paid for both physical commodities and service combined a decade ago. Anyhow the creation and merchandising of service have expanded by leaps and bounds within the last ten years—and are only fairly getting under way, as I see it. Most physical commodities can no longer be successfully merchandised without selling large quantities of service in the bargain.

Of course service could not command billions of dollars of the people's money excepting in a country like ours, where the real earnings of the workers—as expressed in the comforts and luxuries which they are able to buy—are high. Service is essentially a prosperity crop; this country is prosperous and, I think, will continue to be so almost indefinitely, using the term prosperous in comparison with conditions in European countries as they are today and will continue to be for many years to come.

In short, this country is destined to be the world's greatest service market and service is bound to top the list of articles of merchandise. A clear realization of this distinct trend of business is, I think, one of the biggest ideas any young man can have today. But that conviction can be only a vantage ground, a foothold from which to fight. I say fight because I have always had to fight. I had to fight my way to the schoolhouse, into the schoolroom and all the way home again after school day after day. And because I had to quit school from the fifth grade is no sign that the fighting stopped. It has continued ever since in varying forms.

I began to learn the merchandise value of service when I was six years old and sold papers at the old Northwestern Station. There I found that selling papers was only another name for selling myself. Later I came to realize that this is the sum total of selling service. My customers used to call me "Johnny-On-The-Spot" with my papers and soon I had a line of them who stuck to me. As a reporter on the old Chicago Record I learned more about selling service. I gave my work all there was in me and went the whole way. As a result I secured scoops and promotion. But I can best illustrate what qualities will win in selling service from the experiences of the executives of our cab companies.

Take Charlie Gray, vice president and operating head of the Chicago company. His schooling was about equal to my own. Only fifteen years ago he was a driver of a pioneer taxicab and didn't have a dollar to his name. But he was decent all the way through and thoroughly human. Besides, he had a marvelous capacity for selling himself to everybody he met. And he gave himself without stint to his job, to his fares, to his boss. He went all the way, in every direction, and never held back! It now takes six figures to indicate Charlie Gray's fortune.

Then there is John Ritchie, president of the Omnibus Corporation. Only a few years ago he was a freight handler at Freeport, Illinois. But he was human, square, dependable, and never held back in his work. Soon he became superintendent and the chief statistician of the Illinois Central. Then Mr. Shonts hired him as his assistant in selling service to the great New York strap-hanging public.

He sold himself to the men on the pay roll and together they sold service to the public. I saw a car bulletin to passengers which read: "Consider the employe. Help him to give you good service." John Ritchie, I learned, was responsible for it. After two years of negotiating he was put in charge of the Fifth Avenue Bus Line, in New York—then losing money. He made it pay the first year. Now he is the head of our bus and coach businesses in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

This former freight stevedore now gets a salary that President Coolidge might envy. Why? Because he is able to sell himself. He sells opportunity to our drivers and they sell service—real one hundred per cent service to the riding public.

There is one outstanding peculiarity about selling service which every employer and executive must recognize: It rests upon the foundation of selling real all-wool, yard-wide opportunity to the men who put it across with the ultimate consumers. They must be given a chance to make what they call real money. No half measures on this score will succeed, for selling service is a matter of individual attitude. The incentive must be strong and generous. There is no substitute for incentive in the pay envelope in this great modern job of selling service. I have found that it pays to give this generously—and then add many other things.

Opportunity? Our companies spend more than a million dollars a year in coaching our men to grab it. We train and groom them to win in the race as if they were so many race horses being fitted for the track. Their attitude must be whole-hearted or they can neither sell nor deliver service. The man who isn't ready to go all the way in selling service has no future in it; he'll go to the scrap heap.

—JOHN HERTZ.

Ideas at a Premium

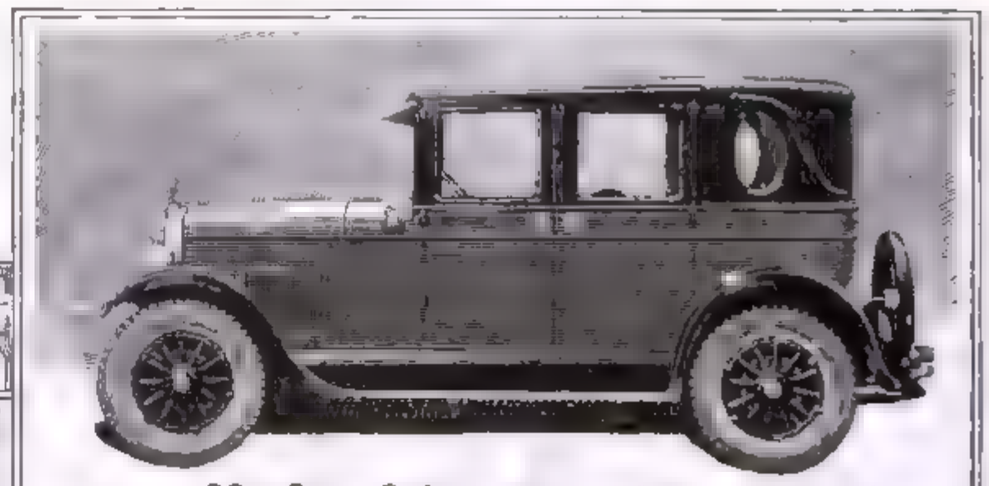
MORE than one hundred young men and many old ones are employed in the various departments of the bank of which I am president. I watch their development very closely, much more closely, indeed, than they suspect. This is partly because I want to see them get ahead, partly because it is my business to be on the watch for talent and put it to the best use.

In one respect, at least, these boys are more fortunately circumstanced than I was when I entered the banking business forty years ago. During that period there has been a great change in the attitude of executives toward their subordinates. When I was a youngster the juniors were supposed to do what they were told to do and hold their tongues. Nowadays we encourage them to speak out whenever they have anything worth saying. We try to teach them to think for themselves and to think for the bank.

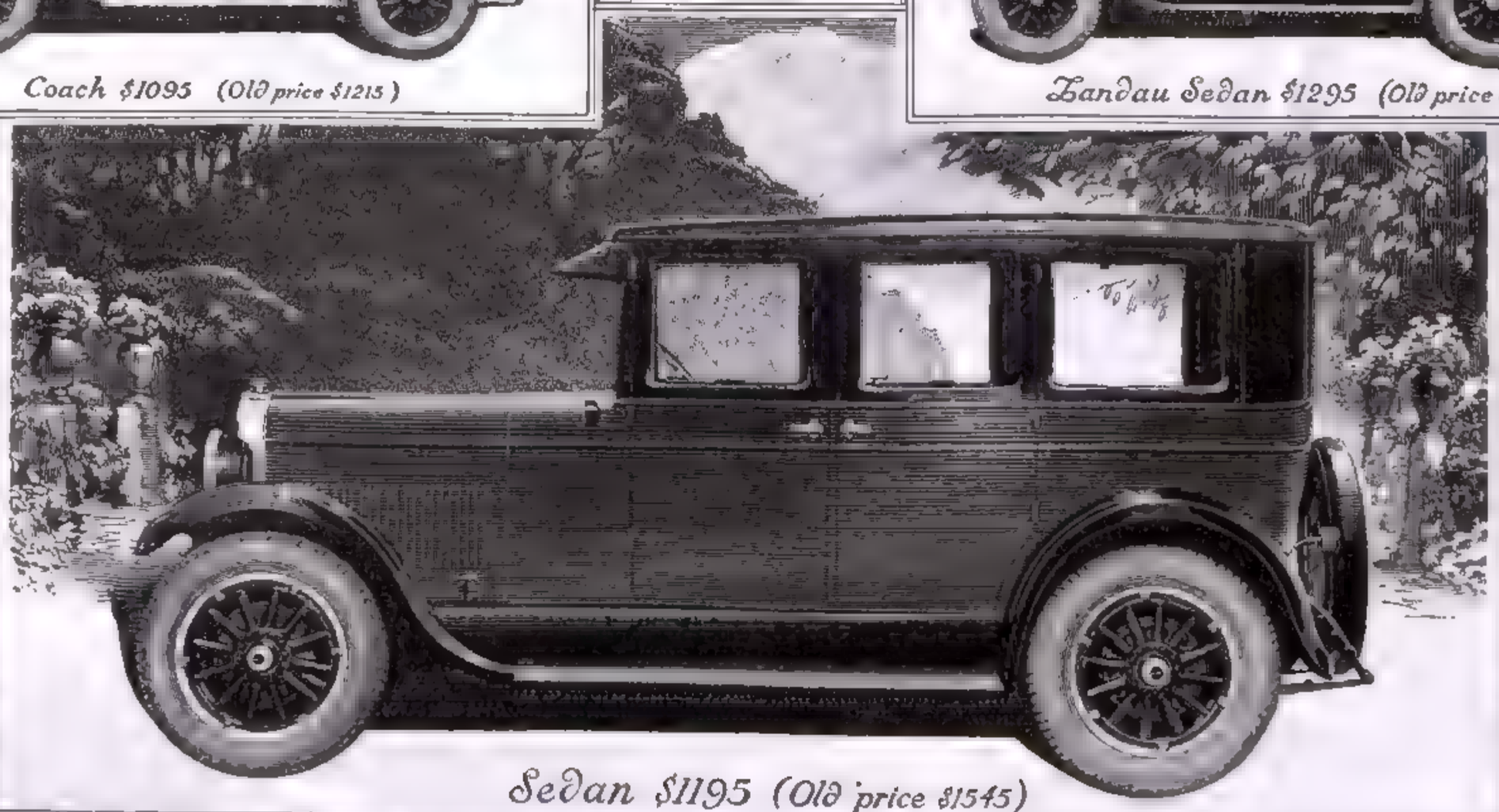
There is nothing that is so refreshing to me as to have one of my boys come to my desk and say: "We have always done such and such an operation thus and so. Could we not save time and expense and chances of error by doing it this way?"

(Continued on Page 114)

Coach $1095 (Old price $1213)

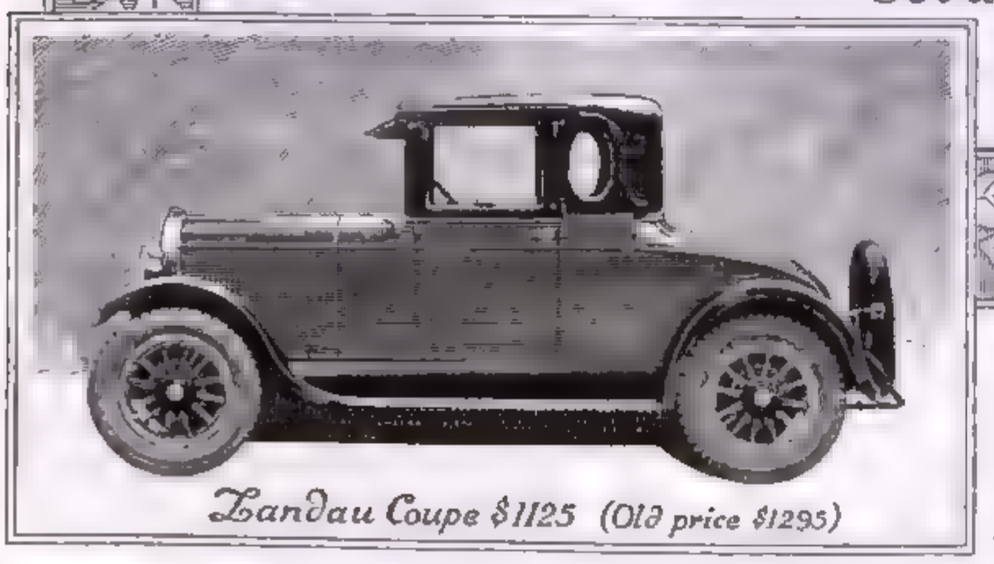


Landau Sedan $1295 (Old price $1645)



Sedan $1195 (Old price $1545)

All prices at Factory



Landau Coupe $1125 (Old price $1295)

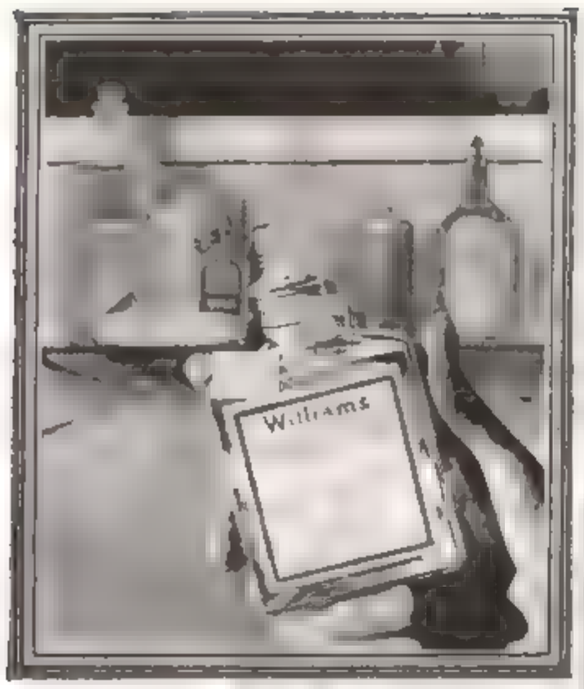
Touring $1025 (Old price $1095)

In these five new motor cars, striking beauty is combined with performance such as you have never experienced. Acceleration, power, speed, braking—all are a revelation. Too, a new thrill of unmatched freedom from vibration at all speeds is imparted by the Harmonic Balancer—an exclusive Oakland feature. Oakland has produced an even better Oakland Six—even further ahead of its field—then crowned this achievement by pricing its cars from $70 to $350 lower.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



After shaving...

no five things do all that this *one* does

ONE preparation called "good for after shaving" may heal cuts, another may end face-shine, but none gives your freshly-shaven skin the *complete* care that Aqua Velva gives.

Aqua Velva is made expressly for after-shaving use. A few drops keep the skin soft and velvety all day long just as it is after your shave with Williams Shaving Cream. Aqua Velva conserves the skin's moisture. Dry preparations rob the skin of its natural moisture. *A skin kept naturally moist cannot dry or sunburn—cannot become drawn and hard.*

Aqua Velva keeps your skin in perfect condition:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from sun and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Aqua Velva is totally unlike gummy lotions; it is a sparkling liquid, crystal clear. No hot towels needed; nothing to wipe off.

A 150-drop bottle free. Use coupon or postcard. The large 5-oz. bottle is 50c (60c in Canada). *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.* Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

SEND THIS FOR FREE 150-DROP BOTTLE

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 48-B, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada address The J. B. Williams Co., Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

_____

_____

THE NEW CONQUEST OF PERU

Continued from Page 17

with trade. This explains the predominance of Chinese, Japanese and Italian shopkeepers, and the control of the principal banks by British, North Americans, Germans and Italians. The railways and most public utilities are English owned. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule of Peruvian languor, the principal one being President Leguia, who thinks and acts like an Anglo-Saxon and whose motto is Do it Now.

One distinctive detail in Peru is the extensive bestowal of monopolies, which are more numerous than in France, Turkey or Japan. This is done primarily to secure the greatest possible revenue for the government from the monopoly trades and to maintain a strict supervision over their operations.

In a number of instances these monopolies have been granted in exchange for loans which are secured by the receipts from the monopoly involved.

The collection of most of the federal taxes is in the hands of a local company, Cia Recaudadora de Impuestos—Tax Collecting Company—and this company also administers the alcohol, tobacco, salt and playing-card monopolies. The production and sale of guano are monopolized by a British corporation.

The monopoly on the manufacture and sale of matches has a North American end, because 50 per cent of the stock is held by the Diamond Match Company, the remainder being in the hands of government and local interests. At the time of my visit to Peru, the Diamond Match Company was considering the sale of its shares to Scandinavian capitalists.

Wire and wireless telegraph are operated entirely by the British Marconi interests. Radio broadcasting and the importation or manufacture, as well as the sale of receiving sets, are considered as being included in the Marconi telegraph and wireless concession and have been turned over by them to a recently formed local company, the Peruvian Broadcasting Company, Ltd. The new company has stipulated, however, that at least 50 per cent of the receiving sets which it imports shall be from the United States.

The Yankee Stake in Peru

The monopoly on vanadium is owned by the American Vanadium Corporation, which discloses a new angle of our penetration. A concession has recently been granted to a firm composed of a North American and a Peruvian American to establish a municipal slaughterhouse in Lima that will have a monopoly on the sale of fresh meats in the Lima district.

Too much importance should not be attached to the Peruvian monopolies, because they have not interfered with the larger distribution of our goods and capital. They are mainly interesting as a side light on the present state of commercial development in the country.

This brings us to the Yankee stake in Peru. The total investment of foreign capital has increased steadily during the past five years, until it is now more than $300,000,000. On account of their large holdings in railroads and in guano, the British head the list with $125,000,000. A considerable block of John Bull's money is in the Anglo-South American Bank, which has big branches throughout Latin America. There is the usual number of London-owned import and export houses, many of them having been in operation on the west coast for more than half a century.

Our investments come second, with a total of $100,000,000, the largest being represented in the mining properties and railroad of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation, which has doubled its capital in Peru during the past three years. The firm of W. R. Grace & Co. ranks next, with its extensive holdings in sugar estates, textile mills and one of the most imposing trading establishments in all South America. Almost equal in importance are the Guggenheims, who have gold, silver and tin mines, and a smelter in the northern section.

Among other outstanding United States interests are the American Vanadium Corporation, the Santo Domingo Gold Mines in Southern Peru, the National City Bank, and Wessel, Duval & Co., a New York import and export firm which has just rounded out 100 years of activity. Various New York banking houses have loaned money from time to time to the Peruvian Government.

One North American interest that is exercising far-reaching influence over the life and health of Peru is incorporated in the work being carried out by the Foundation Company of New York. Its entrance into the country was through a contract for the erection of a housing system for the Cerro de Pasco employes at Oroya. Later it constructed a plant for the American Vanadium Corporation and built the eight-mile highway called the Avenida de Progresso between Callao and Lima. These were merely preliminary to a more significant undertaking.

Sanitation and Health Work

One of Peru's urgent needs is sanitation. No one has realized this more than President Leguia. It was through his efforts that the lamented General Gorgas, who converted the Panama pesthouse into a health paradise and made the canal possible, became chief sanitary engineer for the government. He was occupying this post when he died, but his work goes on.

With the proceeds of six separate loans negotiated in New York, the Foundation Company is carrying on a huge sanitation work. One section is a new water, sewage and paving system for Lima and suburbs. Other similar works are being installed at Cuzco, Ayacucho and Aréquipa.

The company is also purifying the irrigation water which supplies the numerous truck farms around Lima. With the coöperation of the Peruvian Government, which acted as real-estate agent, it has introduced the Yankee subdivision idea in the vicinity of the capital. A large area on the road to Miraflores has been urbanized. Every lot has been sold and the government has received a large return for land which was valued at a low figure before the concrete highway was laid down. So extensive are the operations of the Foundation Company in Peru that it has been obliged to construct its own cement plant.

The next six months will probably witness the inaugural of another enterprise which will add $10,000,000 to our investment in Peru. It is the construction of a whole new dock system at Callao. The present docks were built more than fifty years ago by the French. Since 1887 they have been owned by the Société Général of Paris. Both docks and equipment are out of date, and therefore inadequate to meet the growing requirements of the commerce of Central Peru.

Under the present system the ships in Callao harbor anchor out in the bay and discharge passengers in small motor launches and cargo in lighters. The new docks will provide ample facilities for the ships to come alongside.

In February last the Peruvian Government entered into a contract with C. L. Chester, of New York, under the terms of which a North American corporation is to take over the present docks at Callao, finance the construction of new docks of the most modern type with breakwater protection, and operate all the docks, new and old, in the port of Callao for a period of twenty-five years. North American engineers will do the engineering and construction and New York bankers will finance the work. It only remained for the Peruvian Congress to approve the deal when the Tacna-Arica decision broke in March. Peru regarded it as a reverse and there was anti-North American feeling. The matter therefore was deferred until late in the summer. President Leguia favors the project, which means that if he lives it will probably be carried out as originally planned.

To return to foreign investments, with the Italian employment of $50,000,000—the third largest—you reach the outpost of a commercial expansion in South America that is little appreciated by North Americans. Everywhere the Italian has run the British, the German and the Yankee a hard race. His is the largest foreign colony in Peru. The resources of its members are mainly employed in textile mills, banking and insurance, improved realty and miscellaneous mercantile enterprises.

Germany ranks fourth, with approximately $25,000,000, of which more than half is concentrated in the huge agricultural estates, principally sugar, of the Gildemeister family, who have lived in Peru for several generations and who also have an importing and exporting business in Lima. There is the usual German banking house, in this instance the Banco Alemán Transatlantico. The really important German investments in South America, however, are in Chile, Argentina and Brazil. Spanish, Japanese and Belgian investments in Peru are comparatively insignificant.

Generally speaking, Peru is an investment field which requires large resources and heavy initial expenditures before returns can be expected. Later on in this article, when you read the story of Cerro de Pasco, you will find that it took long faith and longer millions to put this property on the profit side of the ledger. Mining concessions are usually available, but they require expensive transportation facilities.

The extension of the livestock industry, especially with regard to woolgrowing, will probably attract investors in the near future. Smaller opportunities may be found in the establishment of industrial enterprises of various kinds. Additional cotton mills could be profitably operated in certain valleys which are large producers of the staple. Canning and glass factories, cement plants, the manufacture of rope and twine, and miscellaneous minor industries may be expected to materialize as the economic development of the country becomes more complex.

Assets in Our Favor

With these generalities out of the way, we can devote ourselves to a more specific examination of Yankee penetration in Peru. We have fastened our hooks for four reasons. The first is the good will that the Peruvians long had for us. I use the past tense because it got a terrific jolt when the Tacna-Arica decision was announced, and it will take some time to restore the old cordiality. In the end, economic necessity will be the leveler. The second lies in the fact that we have given the Peruvians what they wanted not only in credit terms but in merchandise. The ancient croak that the North American exporter does not live up to samples and does not consult the exact wishes of his customer is an echo. In other words, we have actually delivered the goods.

The third asset in our favor is that we have learned to buy overseas as well as to sell overseas. A steady stream of Peruvian products of various kinds—I have already enumerated them—flows into the United States. During the two-year period 1923–24 we imported Peruvian products amounting to between forty and fifty million dollars.

The remaining factor is that we are taking root in the country. Until the last few

(Continued on Page 36)

Below is shown a facsimile of the Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of each
Look for it.
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The neat wood-block pattern shown above is No. 386.

"Cleaned in a jiffy! What would I do without this Congoleum Rug?"

Can *you* look at your kitchen floor and smile—because it's so spotlessly clean? Not all housewives can. But a smile's habitual with the woman who has a Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rug in her kitchen.

Waterproof—Non-absorbent

These smooth-surfaced rugs are so easy to clean. They are absolutely waterproof and non-absorbent—dirt and spilled liquids cannot harm them. A damp mop or cloth—a few minutes—and they're spick and span!

Clean-cut wood-block or tile effects, very pretty floral designs, rich Oriental motifs—these easy-to-clean rugs come in styles suited to any room in the house. They lie perfectly flat without fastening of any kind.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs save you money as well as time and work. Their low cost, extreme durability, and our liberal money-back guarantee of satisfaction make them the greatest floor-covering value you can find anywhere.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

$100 Reward—There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the name "Congoleum" and be sure to look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy!

TUNG-SOL
Fixed Focus
TUNG-SOL Fixed Focus bulbs represent every noteworthy advancement in bulb design and construction.
The filaments are so accurately placed that when correct focus is once obtained, TUNG-SOL Fixed Focus bulbs can be renewed without refocusing.
A beam of driving light without glare which extends the courtesy of the road to others.
Why use ordinary bulbs, when it is so easy to obtain TUNG-SOL Fixed Focus from any reliable dealer? Ask for them by name.
The term Fixed Focus (Registered Trade Mark) designates a distinctive type of Tung-Sol bulb.
Tung-Sol Lamp Works
Newark New Jersey
Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

(Continued from Page 34)

years the Yankee trader, sales agent or otherwise, was a sort of fly-by-night individual who became easily discouraged and who usually quit before he even began to understand the peculiarities of local custom and temperament. Today he not only sets up shop but stays. In this permanency of residence lies one of the guaranties of overseas commerce.

You have only to look at the trade returns to see the advance we are making. In 1923 our exports to Peru, largely automobiles and accessories, cotton textiles, paper, boards and planks, structural steel, foodstuffs, glass, lard, hemp and freight cars, aggregated $19,775,789. Last year they had increased to $24,837,124, which was nearly 50 per cent of the total that came into the country. These are not impressive figures, but relatively they are significant. In analyzing them you must consider that Peru is not a major nation and the market is therefore small, as compared with that of Argentina or Brazil.

This trade turnover is only part of the picture of North America in Peru. To complete it we must turn to what might be called the fifth element in our penetration. It is the combination of our money, courage and capacity for the actual upbuilding of the country. The aliens who have made their impress overseas are those who increase productivity. Here you have one of the secrets of the British world-wide expansion. They have built railroads and financed industrial projects wherever the sun shines.

We have done likewise in Peru. We have not only conquered the Andes in one of the most stirring railroad achievements of all time, the Central of Peru, but far up amid the clouds that cap those forbidding peaks we are developing mining properties at Cerro de Pasco under conditions not experienced in any similar enterprise.

Let us consider the railroad first, because literally it is the approach to the mines. In other words, it is the only way to reach them save on mule back. The story of the Central of Peru is likewise the story of Henry Meiggs, or rather a considerable part of it. Put into a novel, it would be a genuine thriller.

Meiggs was born in the second decade of the last century up in that part of the Catskills in New York State forever associated with Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. There was none of the Rip quality about him, however. As a young man, he engaged in the lumber business in New York City. When gold was discovered in California in 1849 he loaded a schooner with timber, took it around the Horn and sold the cargo at San Francisco at a 3000 per cent profit. This transaction launched him as a lumber dealer and he was soon head of a considerable establishment.

The Meiggs Imagination

Meiggs was big of bulk, genial, and he naturally gravitated into politics, which proved to be his undoing. The mayor of San Francisco gave him a semi-official position which enabled him to have access to all the city warrants. During a panic in the 50's Meiggs employed many of these warrants to bolster up his battered finances, with the result that before long he found himself in to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars. He had to face the music or flee. He chose the latter and in original fashion.

He owned a small brig which he used to transport lumber. With his remaining money, he fitted it out, ostensibly for a pleasure trip up the Pacific Coast. Instead, he sailed for the South Seas. After several months of cruising he landed at Valparaiso, turned over the craft to the crew in lieu of wages and went ashore safe from extradition, but practically penniless. On the first day he pawned his watch to obtain food.

Meiggs was then at a time of life when most men in similar circumstance would be permanently down and out. Not so with him. He had the vision of the builder. For ten years he carried out various construction jobs in Chile and built a section of the railroad to Santiago. Then he went up to Peru, where he found his great opportunity.

At that time there was no railroad across the Andes. The mines which now comprise the Cerro de Pasco holdings had been worked by the early Spaniards, but so far as large commercial production was concerned, they did not exist. Beyond them lay the headwaters of the Amazon with all their lure and mystery. The Meiggs imagination was stirred.

Meiggs conceived the idea of spanning the Cordilleras, and in September, 1868, submitted proposals to the Peruvian Government for a preliminary survey for a railroad to cut the Andes. Meiggs himself directed the survey, which would have terrified most people. Moreover he was not a trained engineer. When you traverse the Central today you realize how difficult was the job. Meiggs persevered and in 1869 obtained the contract to build the road. Work was started early the following year. The financing was through bonds, which were almost entirely sold in England, and a government subsidy.

An Adventure in Altitude

All the material had to be landed at Callao, which Meiggs expected to make the seaboard terminal. A previous concession in force at that time prevented him from constructing a public railroad from that port to Lima. He therefore purchased for his own account the necessary land between the two points and built a private railroad, over which he hauled the construction supplies for the project.

For years Meiggs and his associates toiled on the rocky steeps of the Andes, battling with altitude, cold, landslides and disease. On a single section 7000 native laborers lost their lives from the dread verrugas. It was necessary to bore sixty-five tunnels and build sixty-seven bridges. So difficult is the going that there are eighteen sigzags to make a slight advance. No railroad anywhere offered such baffling problems.

In the construction of the Union Pacific the gallant Gen. Grenville Dodge fought Indians, but they were only an intermittent menace. Meiggs faced an enemy—Nature—which was on his flanks all the time. At one point the road is 15,665 feet above sea level at a tunnel which cuts through the continental divide. A branch reaches an altitude of 15,865 feet, the highest point on any railway.

Meiggs lived to see the road go over the top. Upon his death in the 70's the Central, as well as the Southern Railway of Peru, which was also a product of his genius and which pierces the Andes in the southern section of the republic, was turned over to the Peruvian Corporation, composed of the British bondholders, which now operates both properties. Long before his death Meiggs made good the entire amount of his shortage in California and with interest. Not only does the wharf at San Francisco which he built in the old days still bear his name but a peak in the Andes at the point that his road had attained when he died is called Mount Meiggs.

To reach the Cerro de Pasco mines I made a trip over the Central of Peru from Lima to Oroya, where begins the private railroad of the mining company to the mines. It was a real adventure in altitude. Neither the Alps nor the American or Canadian Rockies surpass the Andes in majesty of scenery. Many who make this journey suffer from soroche—mountain sickness. If pneumonia is contracted at these heights the patient must be removed immediately to sea level or death ensues.

It was on this expedition that I had my first sight of the llama, which in the days of the Incas was court property. The llama is a beast of burden with peculiar qualities. He will carry 100 pounds, but if an additional pound is added to his pack he lies down. Thus he is an animal scales.

The courage displayed by Henry Meiggs in overcoming the difficulties of railway construction in the Andes was duplicated in another way by the late James B. Haggin, who, with a few associates, dumped millions into the Cerro de Pasco mines before they turned the corner. Most people know Haggin as a picturesque figure in Montana, Utah and Mexican mining, and as a successful breeder of race horses. Few know that he was almost solely responsible for a unique Yankee development south of the equator.

Cerro de Pasco—the name is as musical as Mesopotamia—links modern enterprise with the vanished era of Spanish might and greed in the New World. Even the discovery had its element of the unusual. The old Peruvian chronicles relate that in 1630 a sheep herder was surprised one night by a violent storm nearly 15,000 feet up in the Andes. Stiff with cold, he left his flock, sought shelter in a cavern, where he built a fire, and went to sleep. The next morning he observed some lumps of melted silver among the smoking ashes of the fire. This cavern is now the center of a huge mining activity which, with its smelters, coal mines, private railroad and other subsidiary interests, represents an investment of more than $30,000,000 of North American money.

The Cerro de Pasco mines had many vicissitudes between the time of their discovery by that nomadic shepherd and today. Originally worked by the immediate descendants of the Spanish conquerors, they contributed some of the silver that went back to the mother country in the galleons that sailed the Caribbean. They helped to make the famed treasure of Peru possible. Curious to relate, for nearly 250 years the mines were worked only for silver, and the copper, which now forms the principal output, was thrown away. In the first two and a half centuries of operation 30,000,000 tons of silver ore were taken out; but due to the crude refining processes, they yielded only 15,000 tons of silver bars.

What is now the backbone of the Cerro de Pasco mineralized area was owned for many years by hundreds of individuals, none of whom carried on development on a large scale. The fame of the region as a source of wealth was widespread. On account of the complicated claims, as well as the inaccessibility, big operators hesitated to tackle the proposition. It remained for Haggin to turn the trick.

Seeking New Mines to Conquer

Haggin, who was born in Kentucky, and who was a lawyer by profession, went to California in the days of the Argonauts and later became associated as attorney with the Fair-Mackay-Flood group who made their stake in the Comstock lode. This got him into mining. He was one of the pioneers in the Montana copper domain and with Marcus Daly and Senator Hearst exploited the famous Anaconda property. He was equally successful at El Oro, in Mexico. In 1899 Haggin disposed of his interests in Anaconda and El Oro.

When he sold his Anaconda holdings one of the conditions barred him from further operations in copper in the United States. With millions of dollars in liquid capital at his disposal, and urged on by a restless energy, he looked about for new worlds to conquer. For years he had heard of the silver and copper deposits at Cerro de Pasco. In 1888 his old friend and associate John W. Mackay had sent engineers to Peru to examine the region. There was no question about the richness of the area, but the titles were so involved and transportation difficulties so numerous that he decided not to undertake the task.

In 1901 Haggin decided that he would take a chance in Peru. Accordingly he dispatched A. W. McCune and James Macfarlane, both seasoned mining men, to make a survey. Their report, which was favorable, intimated that an expenditure of

(Continued on Page 39)

Winged Engines

The high cost of less than Mobiloil protection

LET'S get straight on economy.

With less than Mobiloil protection motorists may easily run up an extra $100 worth of repairs in 5,000 miles of running.

This hundred dollars spread over 5,000 miles adds TWO CENTS *to the cost of every mile run.*

The price difference per mile between the cheapest oil and Mobiloil is infinitesimally small. But that hair's difference determines the size of your repair bills. Incorrect or poor lubrication is responsible for over half of all engine repair expense.

In lubricating value Mobiloil is unusually rich. This is due to:

(1) *specialization in lubrication;*

(2) selection of crude stocks entirely for *lubricating* value;

(3) refining methods which preserve intact the *lubricating* value so necessary to thorough protection of all frictional surfaces.

There are five times as many steps in refining Mobiloil as there are in the production of many lubricating oils. Those extra steps reduce the costs of running your car.

The sign to lowest cost per mile

Dealers who specialize in low-cost mileage

Mobiloil costs a few cents more per gallon—but less per mile. The dealer who recommends Mobiloil recommends low-cost mileage. With less than Mobiloil protection your cost per mile must certainly run higher. You can't save your oil pennies and your automobiling dollars at the same time.

Through low-cost mileage alone, five motorists now ask for Mobiloil to every one who asks for some other brand.

How to buy:

From Bulk, 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter	1922 Summer	1922 Winter
Auburn (6-66)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Auburn (6-66 Sedan)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet			A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chrysler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler (F B & T)							A	A
Chrysler (58)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler (70)	A	A	A	A				
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dixie	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Doretto	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Eckard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
6	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
8	A	Arc						
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett Knight	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett 6-72	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jordan	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Graham-Paige	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Graham-Paige (Sedan)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes 6			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel 6	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel 8	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Lexington	A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nash	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash (Sedan)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard (Sedan)							A	Arc
Paige	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow (Sedan)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo (Sedan)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Roamer	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rockne	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rockne (Sedan)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Star	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
Star Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Stearns	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stearns Knight								
Studebaker Big Six			A	A				
Studebaker Light Six	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 6	B	A	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Winton 6	A	Arc						

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only shown separately for convenience

Continental Red Seal	A	A						
Continental (other models)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lycoming	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lycoming (Sedan)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobil[illegible] ed by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAKE SAFETY YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

Where the nearest neighbor may be miles away

In remote and sparsely settled areas, the Ford Car is looked upon as almost a necessity today. It is both light and rugged—two vitally important qualities, especially where distances are great and roads receive but scant care.

The Ford has shown that it can stand up under such service, day-in-and-day-out, and it has proved its economy here as elsewhere—the economy that is born of Ford low prices and Ford quality of materials and workmanship.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY .·. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Runabout . . . $260	Coupe $520	Fordor $660
Touring $290	Tudor $580	*All Prices F. O. B. Detroit*

On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims $85.00 Extra
Full-Size Balloon Tires Optional at an extra cost of $25

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

(Continued from Page 38)

$7,000,000 was necessary for the purchase of claims and to put the property on a paying basis. Haggin therefore organized a syndicate which included H. McK. Twombly, H. C. Frick, D. O. Mills, J. Pierpont Morgan, W. D. Sloane and Mrs. George Hearst. These seven individuals put up $10,000,000. It was a close corporation and no stock was available for the public.

McCune and Macfarlane returned to Peru, and in circumstances that would have discouraged even the hardiest prospector bought the mines and got the wheels started. They were forced to combat altitude, ignorance of the language and customs of the country, bitter cold and primitive living conditions.

Since the Central of Peru ran only to Oroya, where a smelter was built at a cost of $2,000,000, it was necessary to construct a 100-mile private railroad to connect the smelter with the mines. This was done in 1904.

By 1905 the original $10,000,000 subscribed by the syndicate had been expended without a dollar of return. Some of Haggin's associates were for selling out to a London company, but Haggin said, "I believe in this property so firmly that I will personally advance $2,000,000 cash." On the spot he wrote out a check for the amount specified and handed it over. When this was exhausted, $5,000,000 more was raised on the personal guaranty of each member of the syndicate in proportion to the original subscription. This meant nearly $2,000,000 more from Haggin. Just about this time Haggin personally purchased the copper mines at Morococha, located about 100 miles from Cerro de Pasco, which were later incorporated with the original holdings at Cerro.

It was not until 1907 that the organization began to make a profit. This was never distributed in dividends, but was capitalized by the purchase of more mines and by extensive improvements, including a hydroelectric plant. During the World War, when the price of copper and silver soared, the corporation entered upon real prosperity, and in 1915 stock was offered to the public for the first time.

Thus after fourteen years of hard sledding the members of the original syndicate or their heirs recovered the initial principal subscribed.

I visited all the Cerro properties with the exception of the coal mines which provide fuel for the private railroad and the smelters. At Oroya I found a real Yankee community transplanted to the clouds. More than 250 North Americans are employed in the two vast camps; 15,000 natives work in the mines. Husky engineers who once handled the throttle on the Union Pacific, the St. Paul, the Pennsylvania and other North American railroads run the engines on the Cerro line. The railroad men have their own Masonic lodge.

Aerial Mine Operations

At Oroya there is a club, a golf course, tennis courts and schools for the English-speaking and Indian children. Only the acclimated risk violent exercise up in these altitudes. Even if you escape soroche, you must literally watch your step, because any violent exertion will tumble you over in a heap.

The Cerro de Pasco mines are not only the highest in the world but they have other distinctive features. There is so much gold and silver in the ore that the extraction of these two precious metals almost pays for the overhead cost of operation.

One final detail remains to be explained. The Peruvian Government exacts an export tax on all mineral products, based on the current prices. Since 1915, the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation has paid $3,803,590 in taxes on exported copper; $2,064,815 on exported silver and $333,333 on exported gold. The average annual export tax is nearly $700,000, a tidy revenue for a country of the size of Peru to receive from one corporation.

To the north, in the province of Libertad, is another imposing Yankee mining enterprise. It is the gold, silver and tin properties of the Northern Peru Mining and Smelting Company, which is a subsidiary of the American Smelting and Refining Company, one of the many Guggenheim interests, which in North America range from Alaska to Mexico.

These concessions cover an area nearly fifty kilometers in length and the average altitude is 10,000 feet. The smelter is 5000 feet above sea level. The outstanding feature is the longest aerial ore-handling tramway in the world. It extends for twenty-eight miles over gorge and valley, and eventually will be twenty miles longer. The construction of this tramway obviated the necessity for the construction of an expensive railroad.

Since Bolivia, which joins Peru on the east, will not be dealt with in this series, it may be well to dwell for a moment upon a Guggenheim undertaking there. It is the Caracoles tin mine, which runs the Cerro de Pasco a close second in altitude, since it is 14,000 feet up amid the glaciers. In order to develop this property a sixty-five-mile motor road had to be cut across the mountains.

With Peruvian ore mining must be linked the quest for petroleum. Here our association is somewhat roundabout, because the International Petroleum Company, which is the biggest producer by far in Peru, is a subsidiary of the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, which is in turn controlled by the Standard of New Jersey. Walter Teagle organized the International when he was president of the Imperial. The International Petroleum properties cover 1,000,000 acres in the northwestern coastal region of Peru. Talara is the port and it was here that I first set foot on South American soil.

Petroleum From Peru

Ten years ago it was a bleak and barren area. The original oil pioneers found it almost as Pizarro, who landed there, left it. The terrain was sun-baked sand, which was a handicap to all construction. Talara was a ramshackle town of native construction, with no sanitary provisions. Water for drinking had to be brought seven miles on mule back. The first petroleum driller—the London and Pacific Petroleum Company—made little progress.

When the International bought them out in 1914 an era of mighty transformation began. The desert began to bloom, not with flowers, but with an endless succession of derricks. Talara was converted into a real port with docks. A big refinery and tank farms were built. An Anglo-Saxon settlement, with a club, tennis courts, a golf course, gardens, waterworks and schools sprang up in and about Negritos, the center of the oil field, twelve miles away. A narrow-gauge railway connects these two points. What was once a scattered settlement of indigent natives has become a bustling and productive community of 15,000 souls.

As a result, the Talara field, as it is known, has put Peru into eighth place among the oil-producing countries of the world. She is not far behind India. The production averages 20,000 barrels of high-grade crude a day and the surface has not been scratched. Most of the output is sold in South America.

One detail of the evolution of Talara is significant, because it shows how the Anglo-Saxon overseas, and especially the oil man, transforms the wilds. Not only have those desert wastes been made into a land of plenty but the natives have developed into useful citizens under Yankee and Canadian direction. They have become trained boiler makers, carpenters, electricians, locomotive engineers, chauffeurs, storekeepers, clerks and laboratory assistants. To house them, as well as the army of laborers, the International Petroleum Company has constructed a model town, which replaced the shacks that were eyesores on the landscape. It has a unique form of commission government in that it is entirely administered by the natives themselves.

For the last, but by no means the least, chapter of this article I have reserved the story of a North American institution which in many respects is the most extensive and best known perhaps of all our South American interests, not only in Peru but throughout the whole west coast. I mean the house of Grace. Just as the Meiggs railroad opened up a new world of wealth, so has this firm, with its mills, banks, fleets, plantations and branches, been a tremendous factor in the development of commerce between the two Americas. So ramified are its connections that it is difficult to know where to begin an account of them.

The beginning was both romantic and picturesque. Back in the third decade of the nineteenth century James Grace, a well-to-do Irish landowner, lived with a considerable family at Queenstown, in the County Cork. His oldest son, William R., the future merchant prince, early evinced a keen interest in America. He got his first impression by consorting with Yankee sailors in the port of his home town. At the age of fourteen he ran away on a sailing vessel, but came back after a year at sea.

The chain of events which led to the establishment of what is today one of our greatest enterprises overseas began in 1851, when James Grace was invited to take an Irish colony to Peru to work on two large estates—Villagas and La Legua—situated between Lima and Callao. Irish immigrants were chosen and Grace sailed with 200, including most of his family. Among them was William R.

Farming in Peru was not what it was cracked up to be. Labor conditions were hard and fever and ague racked the colonists. In a few years the community was dissolved and most of the immigrants went home. Others, including the Graces, remained to try their fortune in the new land. At that time John Bryce, who had come out from Scotland, and who had established a shipping and supply business at Callao, became friendly with the Grace family and took William R. into his concern as employe. Previously the latter had set up shop for himself in a shanty.

William R. Grace was made a partner and when John Bryce returned to his native home the young Irishman was put in charge of the branch in Lima. The firm soon became Bryce, Grace & Co. Subsequently it was changed to Grace Brothers & Co., with the advent of Michael P. Grace, a brother of William, who had come out from Ireland.

Faith in the West Coast

The house of Grace was now launched. One of its specialties was ship supplies. Although William R. Grace was not then a United States citizen, he rendered the country of his future adoption a conspicuous service during our Civil War. Both the British and native business concerns in Peru refused to extend credit to the United States warships which stopped at Callao for supplies. Grace unreservedly placed the resources of his firm at the disposal of the United States Navy.

William R. Grace had unbounded faith in the future of the west coast and he translated that faith into action. Soon he had branch houses in Valparaiso, Santiago and Concepción. Before long the firm controlled a large share of foreign shipping on the Southern Pacific. In the late 60's it became agent for the guano islands, from which the Peruvian Government obtained a large portion of its revenue in the form of export taxes. This led the Graces into banking, which later became and continues to be an important end of their business. William R. Grace knew all there was to know about guano, because, as an employe of John Bryce, he had been stationed on a supply ship at Chincha Island, where immense guano deposits were located.

The guano business not only added to the fortunes of the house but indirectly provided William R. Grace with the romance

Watch This Column

CARL LAEMMLE

Universal has not become a part of any merger or combination because I can't see where it will benefit the great army of moving-picture fans. On the contrary, I believe it will operate distinctly to their disadvantage and eventually increase their cost of entertainment.

This is one industry which can't be organized into a trust without irreparable injury to its patrons and to the owners of moving-picture theatres. Keen competition is the very life-blood of entertainment, and the real inspiration to better pictures and the right kind of development.

I prefer that UNIVERSAL *shall be absolutely free from* "entangling alliances" so that it may devote all its energies to pleasing the people and helping the theatre-owner to improve his programs. If the formation of a trust would create better pictures and lower the cost to the public, I would be strong for it. But it can't—and won't—do these things, hence I prefer to be independent so that they can be done.

Ever since I have been producing moving-pictures, I have catered to the public at large, and by remaining entirely free, I can go on as before, *making the kind of pictures the people want*, charging only a reasonable profit and taking my cue from public opinion rather than from a group of men.

I want UNIVERSAL'S friends to know my position. I want the owners everywhere to feel that the help I have given them in the past will continue uninterruptedly. All the brains I have will be given to making better pictures, choosing the best stories from the best authors, selecting the best players and the best directors and adhering only to the small legitimate profit which has characterized UNIVERSAL from the beginning.

Am I right or wrong? A letter from YOU will be appreciated.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated booklet on our "White List" pictures, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Would you like to

SAVE

$5 to $20

On Your Batteries For Car or Radio?

Think of getting a 24 volt B battery like this for only $5 00. Delivered through your battery dealer anywhere in U. S. A. 12 cells in a one piece attractive, breakage-proof, leak-proof, hard rubber case. Neat—compact—unspillable. Rechargeable—good for years of service. Really a sensation in value, and at a money saving low price.

Mystery Out — Prices Down

There is no mystery in building a good storage battery for car or radio. Any well informed electrical engineer will tell you that basically the cost of producing storage batteries in any of the large and reliable battery factories in the U. S. is the same. Lead is the principal material used and its cost to the large producers is standard. NATIONAL prices are based upon quality materials and common sense manufacturing methods. All these savings are passed on to you in bigger values for less money

National "A" Batteries Guaranteed 18 Months

NATIONAL A Batteries are made with special one piece rubber container. Leak proof. Five sizes for radio. Backed with an iron clad guarantee of 18 months or more service. If at any time within the life of this guarantee should your battery fail to function properly, any National Battery Dealer will put it in proper condition without further cost to you. Compare this guarantee as well as NATIONAL quality and NATIONAL prices with any other battery offered. If you will make comparisons we are sure that you will use NATIONALS—and we know you will save money.

Ask Your Dealer or Write Us

Dealers: You'll make money with the NATIONAL Franchise. No freaks or [illegible] no mystery in construction. Just sound values —and money saving prices. Write us.

NATIONAL LEAD BATTERY CO.

General Offices, St. Paul, Minn.
Factories, St. Paul, Chicago, Kansas City
Branches: New York City; Dallas, Oakland; Atlanta, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles

NATIONAL BATTERIES

of his life. To the guano islands came a steady procession of ships from all over the world. Among the sailing craft that put in there was a stout bark owned and commanded by Capt. George W. Gilchrist, a downeaster from Thomaston, Maine. On one of his trips he was accompanied by his daughter Lillius.

Upon young Grace's return from his first visit to the Gilchrist vessel he said to an associate, "I have seen the only girl I will ever marry."

When William R. Grace set his mind to a task it was usually achieved. The young lady, though obviously impressed, made it plain that if her admirer was to become her husband it would be back in Maine and not in far-away Peru. She returned with her father. Shortly thereafter William R. Grace appeared on the home scene and wooed and won the girl of his choice, who afterward exerted a powerful influence in his life by reason of her character and judgment.

In those early days the drafts of the Grace house were ornamented with the figure of a woman printed in green ink. The standing of the house was such that, combined with its powerful connections in the United States and Europe, there was always a demand and unhesitating acceptance of the draft with the green lady in times of financial stress in Peru.

The War of the Pacific, waged between Peru and Bolivia on one hand and Chile on the other, left Peru in desperate circumstances. The Grace firm, whose interests were so closely interwoven with those of the national government, was swept clean and it became necessary to rebuild the structure almost from the foundation. The old connections existed and it was not many years before it was stronger than ever. It was about this time that Grace & Co. in Chile was established.

Taking Over a National Debt

Between 1866 and 1885 Peru incurred a bonded indebtedness, mainly with British security holders, aggregating, with interest, $200,000,000. Part of this debt grew out of the construction of the Central and Southern railways. Chaos for the country impended when, in 1887, the Grace firm was asked by the Peruvian Government to bring about a settlement.

M. P. Grace, who was then in charge in South America, formulated a plan by which the railroads were turned over to the bondholders in payment of the debt. In turn, his firm agreed to develop the railroads, mineral, chemical, guano and other resources of the country for a period of sixty-six years. The result was the formation of the Peruvian Corporation, with headquarters in London. On account of their connection with this transaction, it became necessary for the Graces to establish a branch in the British capital. The outstanding feature of this deal was that a private firm not only was called in to save the financial honor of the nation but the house itself, for all practical purposes, assumed the burden of a national debt that by this time amounted to $250,000,000.

Meanwhile William R. Grace had been compelled to go to New York for the benefit of his health. The sojourn marked the organization by him of W. R. Grace & Co., which became associated with the South American enterprises owned by the family. He also began to loom large in local and national politics. One of his first steps was to become an American citizen. He served two terms as mayor of New York and contributed largely to the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland as President. The favorite son of the Empire State originally was David B. Hill. Grace believed Cleveland had the better chance and canvassed the whole United States in his favor.

In Peru, which is still the nerve center of the business, the concern owns a sugar estate of 28,000 acres in the Chichima Valley and operates two cotton mills, where the native-grown cotton, an excellent staple, is spun, woven, bleached and dyed in a variety of cloths which find their way to consumption through the Grace merchandising organization.

The Grace organization in Chile is another network of trading houses, port operations, cotton, sugar and woolen mills. Among other innovations it established Chile's first chain of grocery stores at Santiago under the title of Almacenes Economicas, which means economical stores. A separate corporation, the International Machinery Company, staffed by American engineers, handles the more technical lines. It is teaching the Chilean how to do it electrically, which means an expanding market for our electrical supplies in a country which the Germans for years regarded as their pet preserve in this line.

The Grace firm not only functions as merchant in the shipment of nitrates—one of the two most important Chilean products—which are used as fertilizer and in the manufacture of explosives, but produces them as well. Its *oficina*, as the nitrate plant is called, is located not far from Iquique, near the first nitrate field to be operated commercially.

The Graces in Peru

As in Peru, the Graces have influenced Chilean railway construction, because in 1910 they completed the great line across the Cordilleras which is known as the Trans-Andes Railroad. This made a through system from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires possible.

The Grace marine interests require a section all their own; first, because through their port facilities—they have an organization in every port—you get a view of a characteristic phase of life and work on the west coast; second, because the lines that fly the house flag have influenced trade relations between the two continents.

Although the long even swell of the Pacific makes the ocean voyage to South America about as free from distressing motion as any journey in the world, the almost complete lack of natural harbors necessitates the loading and discharge of cargo by lighters. Instead of going alongside piers, as is the practice on other coasts, steamers moor to buoys, and barges tie up opposite each hatch.

Hence what is known as bay work is a highly specialized branch of the shipping business on the west coast. Directly a vessel comes to anchor the lighters are towed out and the discharge of cargo begins. Only the roughest seas are permitted to interfere with work. Except when so-called surf days are declared, the lighters persist on the job and cargo is handled under conditions which would seem impossible to those accustomed to load and discharge in landlocked harbors.

The freight is hoisted out of the hold and swung over the side and down into a lighter rising, falling and banging against the side of the ship in a manner which makes it seem uncertain whether the cargo will be dropped into the barge or into the sea. But there is little to fear. The marvel of it is that the small amount of breakage and loss compares very favorably with that where ships unload at a pier. During the war, when freight rates were so high, phenomenal records were made in the handling of nitrate and copper. Bulky heavy lifts of locomotives and machinery are handled with startling skill and safety. The Peruvian and Chilean *flateros*, or lightermen, corresponding to stevedores in other parts of the globe, have a much harder job than their counterparts in the United States. They are adept watermen.

Passengers must undergo the same experience as freight, which often makes debarkation at all ports except Valparaiso a real adventure. You use a launch or a rowboat in order to get ashore. If the sea is unruly, you must make a quick and certain step from the ship's ladder or you are liable to get an involuntary bath and also lose your hand luggage. At Mollendo, the gateway to Southern Peru, it is sometimes impossible for people to board the shore-going craft and they are hoisted from the ship in an aerial basket.

The first steamship line that flew the Grace flag from New York through the Strait of Magellan was back in the days when the only water route from Europe and the east coast of the United States to the west coast of South America lay that way. Most of these vessels went to the guano islands and to pick up Chilean nitrates.

After the experiment of chartering steam vessels, the Grace house decided in 1892 to build four steamers, which was something of a bold move, because the cargo possibilities of that day scarcely promised to support them. Aside from nitrates and guano, there was little homeward cargo in prospect. These four vessels were the nucleus of the present-day Grace lines which operate twenty-one steamers with a total tonnage of 160,000. This list does not include various chartered craft.

Saving Transportation Time

As American shipping laws made it practically impossible for Yankee ships successfully to compete with foreign lines, the vessels of the Grace fleet, like those of nearly every other North American shipping enterprise in the foreign trade, were first put under the British ensign. In the early days of the World War several were sunk by German submarines. As soon as our shipping regulations permitted, the Grace fleet was transferred to the American flag.

To meet the conditions created by the Panama Canal, which brought Peru and Chile closer in point of time to the United States, a Grace passenger line to the west coast was established. The contracts had been placed when the United States entered the war. Such construction as had been done was commandeered by the United States Shipping Board. Four ships were placed in service as military or naval transports, while the fifth was allowed to operate for Shipping Board account between New York and Valparaiso during the war, mainly to bring back the nitrates and copper so essential to munitions. This vessel was the first American passenger vessel in regular service from the United States to the ports of Chile and Peru.

To realize the revolution that has been brought about in trade intercourse with the once-remote west coast of South America, you need only recall that fifty years ago sailing vessels required from three to five months, according to conditions of wind and weather, to make the trip around the Horn. Even as late as 1914 the traveler from New York to Valparaiso via Panama would take one steamer to Panama, another to Callao and a third to Valparaiso. With intervening waits for boats, the journey often took as long as forty-five days.

Today the trip from New York to Valparaiso by way of the Panama Canal is nineteen days, and this includes stops at Callao and many other minor ports. The big point to be emphasized in connection with this annihilation of time is that our foreign trade on the west coast has been immensely stimulated. Moreover, the merchant, assured of regular deliveries of merchandise, is enabled to operate with smaller capital. Those who were formerly required to lay in a six months' stock can now, with a reliable freight service, carry on business with half the capital formerly required.

Incidentally, it is worth pointing out that from Buenos Aires across the South American continent by rail and thence to New York by sea is some 200 miles shorter than the direct route from the capital of Argentina to New York by water. This is due to the fact that nearly all the South American continent lies east of a line drawn from New York almost directly south to Valparaiso.

Though we have made our presence felt in the Republic of Peru, yet geographically and commercially it is merely the outpost of a larger advance elsewhere in South America which is now to be unfolded.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to Chile

650

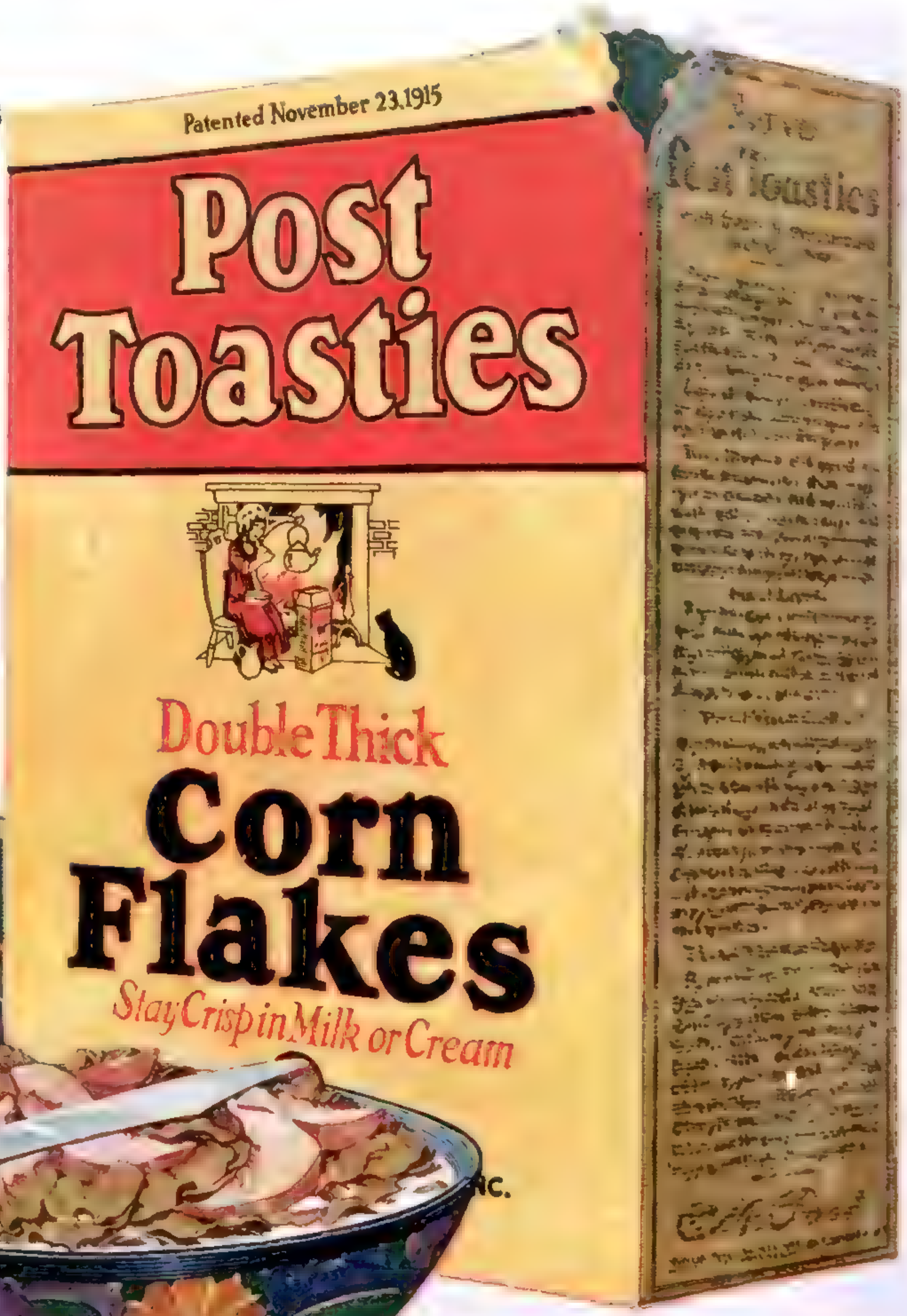
These are the Crisp Corn Flakes

The demand for Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)* is becoming greater every day. The Milk or Cream Test has convinced thousands that Post Toasties are crisper, better flavored Corn Flakes; that they are superior to any other kind. Ask your grocer to give you the genuine Post Toasties. Accept no imitation or substitute. You will know the genuine by the red and yellow, K.V.P. wax-wrapped package—wax-wrapped to keep the flavor and the crispness in.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, Dept. 8-8
Makers of Post Health Products
Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal and Instant Postum

Note—Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont

Send for free test package and make the Milk or Cream Test for Corn Flakes flavor and crispness.



A great combination—Post Toasties, Double-Thick Corn Flakes, with sliced peaches

Post Toasties
DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes
stay crisp in cream

© P. C. Co., 1915

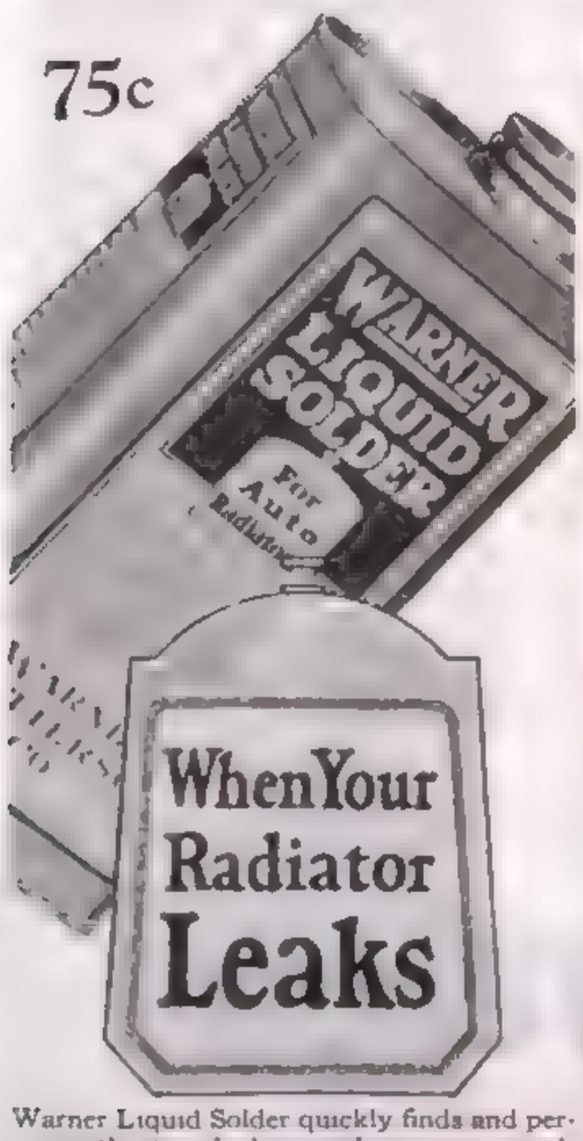
Perfect for Varnish Duco and Enamel Finish

Do It Yourself for 75c

Warner Auto-Polish cleans your car's body and fenders and polishes them like new. Results are almost unbelievable. Polishes with a high, dry lustre that will not collect dust. Guaranteed harmless. Warner Auto-Polish is not recommended for finishes that are hopelessly weather beaten or checked (cracked). At your dealer's or write us.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

75c



When Your Radiator Leaks

Warner Liquid Solder quickly finds and permanently stops leaks anywhere in your car's cooling system. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. It will not clog circulation or cause any other damage. Also prevents other leaks from developing. Over a million users endorse it. Your money refunded if it doesn't do all we claim.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PRINCELY HOSPITALITY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Quite the contrary has proved true," she declared. "If I can go out to dinner and sit next to a man who has started life as a coal miner or a street-car conductor and by his own efforts has made a great fortune, I can be sure of an interesting conversation. Provided," she amended quickly, "their wives are not near enough to scowl at them if they are natural and simple. Their wives are usually the ones who want to pretend they are aristocrats of the Old World type, and who employ genealogists to draw pretty family trees for them after the millions have been made."

"Yes," agreed her husband. "Do you remember the other day when we were lunching with that interesting man? My wife," he explained, "had just succeeded in getting him to tell us some very entertaining stories about the pioneer days and his work in the mines, when suddenly his wife gave him a most dreadful look, and he shut up, as one says, like a clam."

"Women are responsible for most pretentiousness," said the only man whose wife was not present. "Moreover, most women lack the true spirit of hospitality."

He went on to expand his theory. "What, for example, does the average woman think about when she's giving a party? Let's say she's decided to invite twelve people to dinner—informally, as she says. First of all, does she invite any of them because she really wants them? Probably not. She'll say, 'We really must ask the Count and Countess of —— We've dined there twice this winter since they've come here. I know they're bores, but we must do it. No, I won't ask Lady B—— again. She gave a large luncheon the other day, and although she was indebted to me, she didn't ask me.' And so it goes. Finally, however, they are all invited, in this perfunctory and inhospitable way. And what then is her concern? To see that the flowers are well arranged and there are several out-of-season delicacies on the menu, and that the drawing-rooms are dusted. Now none of these things have to do with true hospitality. They might be permissible if they were incidental, but treated seriously they destroy the real purpose of entertaining."

"What do you think—what do most men think—this purpose should be?"

An Atmosphere of Relaxation

"To produce a comfortable, relaxing atmosphere," he answered promptly. "Whether the tablecloth is of damask or lace or the terrapin is served before or after the roast is of no particular consequence. That's why the best housekeepers are often the worst hostesses. On the other hand, the casual informal housekeepers often give the most successful parties."

His dissertation provoked a spontaneous chorus of approval from the other men, and more reluctant assent from their wives. In the ensuing discussions, the two types of successful hosts were delineated.

As he said, nothing is more fatal to the pleasure of one's guests than too strict attention to the material details of entertainment. Good food correctly served may be a pleasant accompaniment of any dinner, but if instead of being an accompaniment it is intended to be its real purpose, the party is doomed to failure. This is the reason bachelors' parties are often so successful.

A man of my acquaintance, whose dinners are internationally famous, is always amused when he hears his women guests say, "Isn't it wonderful how well he entertains in spite of being a bachelor?"

Another man, who enjoys the informal companionship of congenial friends, usually entertains most successfully when his wife is on her annual trip to a certain European spa. His wife, who is an excellent housekeeper, but an inept hostess, was particularly astonished by one party which he gave recently during her absence. He had invited several very distinguished people, including a minor royalty and a famous officeholder, and several women whose names are synonymous with smart society.

"You had ten people for Sunday luncheon and used the kitchen china!" she questioned, aghast.

"Nobody knew the difference!" he declared. "I asked ——, the pianist, and he happened to feel like playing, so we had the piano moved into the dining room. They came at half-past one and stayed until six o'clock."

Many women are also able to produce an atmosphere of informality and relaxation, but the first requisite disqualifies many others. It demands that the hostess herself be relaxed and at ease. If guests are late in arriving, or for some reason the butler does not announce dinner as soon as she thinks he should, or the cocktails are too warm and the soup too cold, she must appear to take no notice. If she apologizes or explains or even casts an anxious glance toward the servants, her self-consciousness is apt to spread to her guests and that awful chill descend upon those gathered together presumably for pleasant companionship. On the other hand, if the hosts, whether they are kings or queens or just Mr. and Mrs. Smith, seem to be enjoying themselves, almost any guest will fall in line.

One Test of a Successful Party

In addition to using this method of creating a pleasant, unstrained atmosphere, there are hostesses who have become famous by initiating the conversation and drawing out their guests by positive means.

To perfect this technic, however, requires such skill that it is fraught with dangers. Two women who have achieved distinction through this method, one in a European capital and the other in an American city, happen to be friends of mine.

One of these two had by chance been thrown for many years in the society of unusually prominent people. Due to her husband's achievements she had been hostess to countless men in public life—diplomats, artists, literary men, minor royalty, scientists. And she says that she gradually evolved a system by which she would ask only one or two eminent persons at a time, and then fill in with a few good listeners. She tried never to have more than ten guests in all, so that there might be general conversation. Then after the first few minutes of preliminaries she would ask the guest, around whom the party centered, a carefully thought-out question designed to stimulate him to talk of his own accomplishments. Such was her skill that she never failed. Her parties became famous, for both the celebrities and the listeners came away feeling they had had an unusually delightful privilege.

After her husband's death, however, she ceased being in official life, and the character of her guests changed. She had less and less opportunity to entertain people of public importance. Nevertheless, she had grown so accustomed to this manner of being hostess that she kept it up even when the achievements of the people whom she tried to draw out were not of great consequence. Unless her guests were arrant egotists, they were embarrassed by her desire to make them monopolize the conversation; the other guests, moreover, had no interest in listening to the recital of mediocre accomplishments. Her parties, which had once been so brilliant, finally became tiresome, through exactly the same process. For she had forgotten that the *sine qua non* of this procedure was a guest of honor who could talk entertainingly on affairs of general interest.

The other hostess, to whose delightful house in Europe throng people of various nationalities and diversified interests, accomplishes the more difficult feat of drawing out reserved and inexpressive guests rather than the professional conversationalist. This she does, not of course by direct questions, nor in fact by any apparent desire to make them talk, but by launching topics of interest, which are often in the form of hypothetical questions regarding human conduct. In this way even the guests who are usually shy sometimes become so excited by the ensuing controversy that they forget themselves entirely.

"My test of a successful party," she declares, "is that everybody will talk—all at one time, if possible, and say things they've never said before, and tell things they thought they'd never tell anyone."

Her method depends largely upon her great skill and tact, but its success hinges somewhat upon her choice of guests. For although it is generally acknowledged that entertaining is an art, it is sometimes forgotten that there is also an art in being entertained. One guest who does not fit in has sometimes spoiled the pleasure of a dozen other congenial people. Sometimes the jarring note is struck through social inexperience. A newcomer who is out of touch with the interests of a group into which he or she is thrown will sometimes feel that he has nothing to contribute, not realizing that the first requisite to good conversation is an eager listener. Sometimes it happens that when the other guests are gay and amusing, one person—usually a woman—will remain austere and disapproving, chillingly aloof from the others.

"But to me the most annoying of all guests is the aggressive egotist," declared an English hostess of much experience. "I mean the sort of person who insists upon monopolizing the conversation and resents any interruptions."

"Yes, yes, and the professional story teller," her husband agreed. "I must say the one thing I found fault with in your American hospitality—delightful as it was in every other respect—was the habit among your men of relating stories and anecdotes, many of which one had heard before. And then the other men were scarcely able to wait until the speaker had finished so that they could tell another story which would cap the first."

The Perfect Guest

"That's not conversation," said the Englishwoman firmly, "and no one, I venture to say, enjoys it, except the speaker."

Once a guest has seized the reins of conversation and is galloping away with it, it requires great finesse on the part of the host to maneuver him into relinquishing it. Sometimes it cannot be done, no matter what resourcefulness is brought to bear.

A woman of my acquaintance, who has a minor official position in a European capital, is so much in demand as a dinner guest that many people have wondered as to the reason. Other women, not so sought after, are as attractive looking and as well dressed, and many others have higher titles and more sparkling conversation. Yet all manner of people invite her, weeks ahead, in order to insure her presence at parties, large or small. Not long ago we happened to be dining at the same embassy, and afterward our hostess, who takes entertaining quite seriously, explained her invaluable gifts.

"She is the most satisfactory guest I know," she declared, looking across the long drawing-room to the corner near the open fire where the object of our conversation was talking to the most difficult of the woman guests. "No matter where I put her, nor whom she sits next to, she always adapts herself. Everyone likes to talk to her. I've heard her talk boat racing with a college boy as if she lived for nothing else, and then turn the next moment and discuss modern French poets with the man on the other side with equal enthusiasm. She has a genius for knowing what people enjoy talking about."

(Continued on Page 44)

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

New Low Prices

The **Coupe ... $675** —former price $715

The **Coach ... $695** —former price $735

The **Sedan ... $775** —former price $825

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Increased demand has made it possible to improve the quality and lower the price.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

QUALITY AT LOW COST

THE • CHOICE • OF • AMERICAN • BUSINESS

Out of every two firms—

one still pays excessive filing costs

L. B.'s Indexing Service frequently saves as much as 30% of filing expense

ON any street—in any city—in any line of business—over 50% of all firms are still paying excessive filing costs. In thousands of otherwise efficient offices—perhaps in your own—the filing department is costing more than it should because of these facts:

Over 90% of files are insufficiently or incorrectly guided: Experienced file operators and department heads recognize this as the most frequent cause of lost correspondence and wasted time.

Over 75% of files waste space—square feet of floor space—a vital loss in these days of high rentals.

Why even run the risk of such losses in your business?

To many firms, L. B. filing systems have brought space-economies ranging upwards of 30%; and reduced by 10%, 20% and even 30% the number of file clerks required.

Put your filing problems in the hands of our Indexing Service Department. We will gladly assume full responsibility for bringing about economical operation of your filing department. We usually revolutionize results but we seldom revolutionize equipment or personnel.

A request to the nearest of our 54 salesrooms will bring full information regarding this unique L.B. service.

Six Big Divisions of L. B. Service to Business

1. Card Record Systems
Vertical and visible systems for every card record requirement.

2. Filing Systems
L. B. Automatic Index, Alphabetic, Geographic, Numeric, Subject and the Russell Index

3. Equipment, wood and steel
Card and Filing cabinets, card record desks and record safes.

4. Cards and Filing Supplies
Cards, Guides, and Folders for every card and filing system.

5. Specialized Departments
Bank, Insurance, Public Records, Library and Educational

6. Special Services
Analysis, Indexing, Statistical.

Home Offices: 230 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. Salesrooms: 54 principal cities of United States, France and England. Factories: Cambridge, New York, Chicago, Ilion, N. Y., New Orleans and London, England

Library Bureau

Founded 1876

Indexing Service for every need of every business

(Continued from Page 42)

The hostess sighed. "It seems obvious that guests should adapt themselves to their neighbors, I suppose; but how few of them do it! I had a dinner last week that I'm still furious about. I had asked only ten people and I had planned a nice, informal party. But at the last moment my husband asked me to include a man who was here on some important business matter. And, my dear, he insisted upon discussing politics with the woman next him, and he got really angry! The whole atmosphere was electric, and do what I could I could never entirely straighten it out. Everyone felt uncomfortable."

In addition to the dull guests and the aggressive guests who may mar the most carefully planned hospitality, there are also in every group, in all parts of the world, the guests who make a habit of being late. Their lateness, moreover, eventually becomes a source of pride to them, due to that curious twisted egoism which causes some women to boast that they cannot add or multiply. Another phenomenon of habitual unpunctuality is that it is rarely indulged in by the guests of distinction.

At an official dinner of thirty people, for instance, twenty-eight will arrive within a few minutes of each other. Then, varying from twenty to forty-five minutes, the last, and very often the most obscure of the guests, will come in. Often they give no excuse; if they do, they show little originality, and usually say their motor has broken down or that they misunderstood the hour

When invitations are given by telephone, as they often are now even for quite large parties—although not, of course, official ones—there is always a chance of real misunderstanding. In England a note or sometimes a post card is usually sent a day or two before the event, headed "To remind," with the hour and date clearly stated. To this is added the information so often desired as to whether the men shall wear formal evening dress or dinner jackets. Only they substitute the terser phrases, "white tie" or "black tie."

Guests Who are Always Late

A good many hostesses who entertain frequently deliberately state a different hour to each group of guests. I remember a large party in Washington given by a highly successful hostess, who had set her dinner hour at half-past eight. After a good many experiences she had finally determined to try a new system. The invitations of the most unpunctual of her guests stated eight o'clock. Those who were always a few minutes behind time were told quarter-past eight, and only to those who were sure to be prompt was the real hour divulged. As a result of her plan, everyone arrived at the same hour, and the dinner could be served promptly, for the first time, she declared, for several years.

It is not only that the actual dinner or luncheon may be marred by half an hour's delay, but that the period of waiting which the punctual guests are forced to undergo is rarely more than a perfunctory and rather stilted interchange. The hosts cannot help feeling annoyance and perhaps anxiety as to whether the missing guests have misunderstood the date or the hour; the guests regret their own efforts to be on time, and when the professional late-comers finally arrive, the atmosphere is sometimes overstrained. The only remedy, if the guests are known to make a habit of lateness, is either to follow the plan of the Washington hostess and tell them an earlier hour, or not to wait for them. If this latter method were carried out a few times, unpunctuality as a deliberate practice would wane. Guests of unusual attractiveness have sometimes been deliberately removed from the lists of strict hostesses who have been offended by their lateness.

"Never be late for luncheon and never be early for dinner," is a social maxim which suggests another habit sometimes distressing to the plans of the host.

"At every large party we have ever given," Lord Curzon said one evening when we were discussing the technic of official entertaining, "someone has arrived at least half an hour before the time stated in the invitation. But after many years of experience I have learned to expect it, and so I am always prepared. In my London house I have a good many pictures of interest and various souvenirs which people enjoy seeing, so I usually show these things to the early guests and thus avoid the stilted conversation of most hosts whose eyes are inevitably fixed upon the door."

This reminded me of an amusing experience at our embassy in Rome, which occurred at our first large reception. As four or five hundred people were expected, it had been necessary to work out a system by which they would spread themselves comfortably through the several rooms and not remain crowded in the first reception room. We suggested to the members of the official staff, who were assisting us, that one good device to further this end would be to convey the idea to the guests who did not move on from the receiving line, that it might interest them to see the beautiful Greek marble head which was at the far end of the third room.

The plan seemed to work admirably. But when the reception was almost at an end and only a handful of people remained, we perceived a woman standing alone in the large drawing-room.

To Talk or to Eat

Thinking that she might just have arrived, I went over to her and asked if she would have tea.

"Oh, I've had my tea," she answered.

As she still stood there, I determined to try the scheme of moving her. "Wouldn't you like to see the lovely Greek head in the gallery?"

She looked at me and shook her head firmly. "No, thank you!" she said. "Seven different people have taken me in to see that Greek head!"

Another theory held by Lord Curzon, who was an excellent host and equally skillful as a guest, concerned the duty of people to talk to their dinner or luncheon partners, regardless of whether or not they found them interesting. On this same occasion he looked across his table and viewed with disapproval a man and a woman seated next each other who were busily eating their excellent food and not speaking one word to each other. The man was an Oriental diplomat and the girl a delightful person, usually full of sparkling conversation.

"He ought to be talking to her even if he speaks Chinese and she answers in Bulgarian and neither can understand a word the other says!" declared the host.

This is the point of view held, I believe, more by the English and Americans than by any other people. Generally speaking, we maintain that people are asked to dine or lunch not so much to eat as in order to talk together.

A Frenchman said, apropos of this theory, "Certainly in England, where the food is so execrable, they must have lively conversation in order not to think of the food or wine. In France we like an opportunity to appreciate our cuisine. Yes, we enjoy talking together—there are no people who enjoy it more—but not necessarily at the moment we are savoring some famous dish or tasting some wine of rare vintage."

It is true that people who care for food as such pay much less attention to our conventional idea that if guests do not talk every moment during a meal they are failing in enjoyment. In fact, I know Continental hostesses who resent incessant chatter while their chefs' efforts are ignored and the distinguished products of their wine cellars are gulped down between sentences as if they were commonplace.

The difficulties of eating and talking wisely at one and the same time are so obvious that some men in public life who

(Continued on Page 46)

The Car of Youth

The Packard Six Five-Passenger Sedan is illustrated—$2585 at Detroit

THERE are those who will appreciate the significance of this—

that, in voting on a number of questions, the members of this year's senior class at Princeton have chosen Packard as the car they hope to own.

Truly, Packard is the car of youth.

Few there are who deliberately court the company of Father Time, helping him onward by adopting the garments of age.

Let those who want to grow old select old fashioned motor cars—the others will drive

the Packard Six and the Packard Eight.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. Packard owners welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of from capital.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

He stropped a new blade and it changed his whole idea about shaving

LIKE many men he had always said "Why should I bother to strop my blades when new blades are so cheap?"

To him a new blade meant a good shave. To be sure the second, third and fourth shaves were not so good, but he got by.

One day on a Pullman he got out a new blade, and was unwrapping it when his friend Putney showed him his Twinplex and offered to strop the new blade.

That first shave with a new blade, Twinplexed, was an eye opener to him. He admitted to Putney that never before had he had such a wonderful shave with a new blade.

Of course he bought a Twinplex when he got home, and now every shave is like that first one—caressingly smooth.

To his surprise and delight he finds that a blade when stropped regularly on Twinplex holds its original keenness for weeks and weeks. He shaves in less time, has a cleaner shave and has more than saved the cost of his Twinplex.

If you want to know the joy of a real shave get a Twinplex. The best stores all over the world sell Twinplex. Guaranteed to give 10 years of wonderful shaving.

Stropped Blade Free

Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a new blade Twinplexed. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1608 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

(Continued from Page 44)

attend dinners or luncheons of official or business importance, where their words will be sharply considered, make a practice of eating before they go. In this way they are able to center their entire attention upon the conversation.

This idea was carried to a picturesque extreme in Japan under the shogunate. Men invited to a dinner party—and of course only men were invited—always dined at home first. At the house of their host they sat and talked, with no mention of food, until such hour as it was considered proper to leave. At the door, as they donned their outer wraps, each guest was presented with a series of charming boxes, fastened together. In these boxes were rare and delicate dishes, prepared with a view to being consumed the next day at home by the guest and his wife and children!

In this way each dinner gave pleasure for two days, and the families of the guests bidden to dine must have rejoiced in the popularity of their male representatives. In fact this probably furnishes the only example in history of men's dinners of which their wives really approved.

Another Oriental custom based upon much the same theory, though differently applied, is that of having professional entertainers—singers or dancers or players upon the samisen—perform while the meal is being served. In this way the guests are freed from the necessity of trying to talk and eat at the same time.

On the other hand, particularly among people who are normally restrained rather than voluble, it is helpful to have some mechanical process such as eating, which tends to make them less self-conscious. For this purpose the institution of tea is ideal. Except in England, where it is merely one of the four meals of a routine day, people are not usually seriously concerned with eating and drinking on this occasion, yet it furnishes a pleasant and often stimulating basis for fluid conversation.

"If I were running courts," a young embassy secretary said after a few experiences in attending receptions at one, "I'd have the queen pour tea with her own hands for each person she has to receive in private audience. Maybe my suggestion would be lese majesty, but if it could be carried out it certainly would help to break the ice!"

He said that he spoke of this idea to the queen's son, when the latter was complaining of the difficulty royalty had when they wanted informal human contacts with the outside world.

Punishing the Young Prince

"It began when I first went away to school," said the young prince. "Most of the boys of the sort I liked seemed to avoid me. One of the things they apparently resented was that no matter what I did I was never punished. Finally the head master wrote my father and asked him what he should do with me. My father telegraphed back, 'Beat him whenever he needs it.' After that I was much more popular with the master and the boys too.

"Since I've left school," he went on, "I've felt most of the time as if a thousand pairs of eyes were upon me, no matter what I did. If I go to a ball and dance with any girl more than once, just because she's a good dancer or unusually pretty, all the gossips begin to say I'm going to marry her. If I don't dance with anyone, they say I am spoiled. No matter what I do someone notices it and talks about it."

One of our diplomats accredited to a European court became very popular with the children of the royal household.

"What's the secret of their fondness for you?" someone asked him.

"I treat them just the way I treat ordinary children," he answered.

As a matter of fact he was also very much liked by the king and queen.

"Because he regards us as human beings and not as puppets," the queen said to someone. "If you only knew how refreshing that was!"

Apparently in some courts the rebellion felt by the younger members of the royal family dulls as they grow older, and as a result of being always on parade they acquire a formal and ceremonious manner which becomes second nature. They learn that the average audience prefers elegance to simplicity, and this they furnish. Graciousness may be part of hauteur, and the two form the storybook conception of regal bearing.

Conversation of royalty must perforce become stilted, too, in the endless brief and meaningless contacts their position demands they shall have with the outside world.

Moreover, as they have learned, the merest word they utter is apt to be quoted and misquoted, so it is not strange that unless they are talking to tested friends they keep firmly to the weather and other topics of safe banality.

Who has not known the person who rushes excitedly away from a brief interview with royalty, eager to repeat to anyone who will listen every word uttered?

They begin in a lowered voice, "The king said to me in confidence, 'I think we'll have an early spring.'"

The Queen's Blunder

An amusing story about current royalty concerns a young princess who was lunching with the queen of another country. There had been, of course, other formal occasions on which they had met, but on this particular one Her Majesty had asked the girl to lunch *en famille*.

The dining room in the palace was large. The table seemed vast and the spaces between the four or five people were wide. Many servants in livery were in constant attention. The princess was shy.

During the first course they talked of the weather. During the entrée they spoke of the picture galleries and other places of decorous amusement. Then conversation began to lag.

The queen said lightly, "And how is your mother now?"

As she had asked the princess this question on each of the other occasions they had been together, there was no novelty in the answer that her mother was well.

Nevertheless, the royal hostess went automatically through the family list, and the guest answered again concerning the health and activities of each one.

Suddenly the princess had an idea. She remembered a letter she had received that day from her grandmother, a charming, vigorous person who had sent messages to the queen.

"My grandmother ——" she began, but the queen interrupted her.

"Ah, yes, your poor grandmother. Let me see . . . just how long is it since the dear old lady died?"

The princess declared afterward that this inexcusable blunder on the part of the queen had been the only bright spot in the long-drawn-out luncheon.

Her grandmother, to whom of course she gleefully repeated the incident, was greatly incensed—not, she declared, simply because her existence had so plainly ceased to matter to the queen, but because it proved that the royal hostess had taken no real interest in her guest. Her hospitality had been mechanical and not personal.

This is the keynote of the failure of many entertainments which have settings of great brilliance, but which nevertheless give little real pleasure to anyone. Wealth alone may produce great banks of hothouse flowers, orchestras hired at fabulous prices, gold plate used as covers for a hundred dinner guests, and almost as many servants in livery who serve in bewildering succession rare foods and wines. Yet the guests often go away scarcely remembering the faces of their hosts, discussing chiefly the amount of champagne consumed and the probable cost of the magnificent decorations. The newspapers announce the next day that the hosts have again dispensed their princely hospitality.

But so impersonal and hotel-like may this sort of entertaining become that I know people of more than ordinarily good manners who do not even attempt to say good night to their hosts after such occasions.

"They probably don't even remember whether I've come or not!" a woman said one night as we were putting on our wraps in the luxurious dressing room of a large house where we had dined. "I've heard that our hostess has alphabetical lists, and that when she wants to have a big dinner she simply tells her social secretary how many guests are needed, and invitations are sent to every fifth person on the list. Then the next time the alternate names are used. And for my part," she added, "I don't yet know whether our host was at the table or not! He certainly wasn't in the drawing-room when I came in, and as I sat in the middle of the table, I couldn't possibly see over the flowers and things to the end where I supposed he was. I asked several other people, and nobody seemed to know or to care. Nobody seemed to connect him with the party at all."

Really successful hospitality is always connected with the personality of its donors, and curiously enough, this is usually best accomplished when the hosts themselves are concerned with the desires and tastes of the guests.

Of a pleasantly wide range of hospitality which I happen to have enjoyed, one of the most vivid memories is of a luncheon in Tokio given us by a charming old Japanese baron.

A few days before the date fixed in his invitation, his son-in-law asked my husband to lunch with him. Their conversation covered a wide range of subjects and contained among other things, the casual question as to which things in Japan interested us most. My husband answered that I had wanted to see the tea ceremony performed, not as it was done for the tourist, but as a part of the daily customs of the country. He spoke, too, as he recalled later, of our enjoyment of the various stringed instruments.

The Art of Hospitality

When we arrived at the beautiful grounds of our host on the outskirts of the city, we were welcomed most cordially, and I was escorted by the daughter of the house, whose English was excellent, to a delightful room, Europeanized for the comfort of foreign guests, with hairpins and powder displayed on the dressing table. We were then taken out into the gardens to a tea house where the other daughters in the most exquisite of Japanese kimonos gave us tea. That is, with the fewest possible movements of their long slim fingers, they prepared our tea and served us with delightful grace. It was a stately ceremony, and it is said that its strict rules were prescribed centuries ago, but nevertheless their execution of it made it in this particular case a warmly personal interchange.

When we went back to the house for luncheon we all sat down on chairs which we termed comfortable, even though this radical change from habitual sitting on mats on the floor may have seemed anything but comfortable to our hosts. The food, too, consisted of Europeanized dishes, for foreigners rarely enjoy Japanese food.

After we had talked and eaten for some time, and luncheon was drawing to a close, two servants went quietly over to a screen of matting which separated this room from the next. This they rolled noiselessly away and revealed on a low platform the most famous performers in all Tokio—one a blind singer and the other a player upon a stringed instrument.

The wistful, beautiful music they produced still lingers after eight years, but the face of our host, when he realized our enjoyment, is even more vivid. Of the three arts, the art of hospitality which he has perfected is perhaps destined to give the greatest pleasure.

For Teas and Parties

Orange Tea Biscuits with Orange Pekoe Tea—Oh, what an afternoon!

One of the many delicious Betty Crocker recipes constantly created in the Gold Medal Kitchen (see above). Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested flour—perfect results every time you bake! Send for these recipes. Read Miss Crocker's offer

Kitchen-tested

A new phrase with a vital new meaning to every woman

Half of baking success lies in your flour—how it acts in your oven. Too often the *same* brand of flour may not always *act* the same

MORE than one-half of all baking failures are directly due to the flour. Because it may not always act in the same way in the oven.

Often the same brand of flour may act differently from time to time. You've no doubt noticed this in making certain recipes. This does not mean a flour is bad. But simply that flour may be exactly the same chemically—yet still give you *different* baking results.

So the only way a miller can be sure that his flour will bake the same every time for you, is to Kitchen-test a sample of every batch. By baking with it himself before he allows it to enter your home.

But the Gold Medal Kitchen-test on every batch of flour guarantees you uniform results

And that is exactly why the Gold Medal Kitchen-test is given to every batch of Gold Medal Flour before it leaves the mills.

What the Kitchen-test does to make your baking perfect

In our own sunny kitchen are trained women—all cooking experts—who do nothing but bake all day long. Biscuits, cookies, doughnuts, pastries of every kind—everything.

Every morning from every one of the huge Gold Medal mills come in samples of each batch of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before.

If a sample does not bake exactly right—that flour is not allowed to go out from the mill. Every sample must give *perfect* baking results.

This is the secret of the unusual and unvarying goodness of Gold Medal Flour. This is the reason you can *always* so easily and so surely achieve with it perfect baking results. It always acts right.

The Gold Medal unqualified guarantee to you

Order a sack of Gold Medal Flour from your grocer and try it out as much as you please.

If it is not the best flour that you have ever tried and if it does not produce the most uniform good results, you may at any time return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer. He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him.

Eventually—every woman will use only Kitchen-tested flour. It is the one way you can be sure that every sack will always act the same way in your oven. *Why not now?*

Eventually

Why Not Now?

My Special Offer of Kitchen-tested Recipes

AS we test the flour in our kitchen, we are also creating and testing delightful new recipes. We have printed all these *Kitchen-tested* recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. A quick ready index of recipes and cooking suggestions.

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. *And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.* Just think—new *Kitchen-tested* recipes constantly!

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Check the coupon for whichever you desire—the sample recipes or the complete Gold Medal Home Service box.

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you

Betty Crocker

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Washburn Crosby Company, Dept. 105
Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Enclosed find 70c for your Gold Medal Home Service box of Kitchen-tested recipes. (It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed.)

☐ Enclosed find 10c for selected samples of Kitchen-tested recipes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

©W C Co.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—*Kitchen-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF THE GOLD MEDAL KITCHEN-TESTED CAKE FLOUR, PANCAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters) St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also

WCCO GOLD MEDAL STATION 416.4

cooking talks for women, 10:45 each morning. By Miss Crocker, Home Service Department

"Service to the Northwest"

RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 21)

which contrasted—to my mind, painfully—with hair the color of a Victoria plum. Her face, which boasted good features, was carefully prepared with a groundwork of chalky white, her high cheek bones and the point of her chin being picked out with dabs of Chinese-lantern pink. A certain nobility of carriage and grace of movement, particularly in the disposition of her hands, which glittered with rings, rescued her appearance from the charge of being grotesque.

I decided at my first quick estimate that Mrs. Nunez-Hunter was funny without being vulgar; was exaggerated, but not entirely ridiculous. Her manner of approach was so smooth as almost to suggest skating. Indeed, I would not have been surprised if, through lack of a brake, she had gone right past me and run into the wire fence surrounding the court. This, however, did not befall, for motion ceased as she came abreast of Philida.

"My dear," she said, "how rash to be in the sun without a hat! Apart from danger of a stroke, there is the greater danger to one's complexion."

Philida said nothing, which later I found out was her usual reply. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter did not require aid in the matter of conversation. She did her own talking, having little or no interest in the remarks of others.

"And who," she asked, "might this young gentleman be? I don't think we've met—no—but I dare say you've mentioned his name and I've forgotten it."

"This is Mr. Nigel Praed."

She repeated the name "Praed" as if to determine what it tasted like.

"There are no Praeds that I can remember, although I suppose there must have been Praeds, or Praed Street would never have been so called. However, that hardly matters."

"I don't know," said Philida. "It's pleasant for him to get his origin sorted out. Perhaps the name is assumed."

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter reproved her with a touch.

"You see," she explained, "I've traveled a great deal, Mr. Praed, and abroad one meets more or less everyone." I bowed. It was the only thing to do. "My husband, General Hunter, was in India for a number of years and we were very much in with the viceregal set. Although of course," she added, "that was before Lord Reading's time. Then naturally, my husband, the Count Huerta Nunez, being in the diplomatic service, one met a number of people. You would not have been to Seville—no? Our house overlooked the Alcázar."

"I have heard," I said gravely, "they entertain a great many visitors there."

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter looked at me in pity.

"The Alcázar is no longer a residence, but a show place for tourists."

I affected contrition for my ignorance.

"Travel," she added, "is a great broadener of the mind."

I think Philida had had as much of this as she could stand. She said, "Mr. Praed has been all over the world. He only came back from the Congo a few days ago."

"The Congo! What a very strange place to select! There is practically no society there but more or less degenerate Belgians and persons on remittance. Now in South Africa—— But I don't suppose you would know Cape Town."

"But casually," I replied. "I was there at the end of the Boer War and later for a few days, which I mostly spent dragging round the docks looking for a steamer to work a passage home in."

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter looked at me with a quick, searching glance; but it was long enough to prove that she was not entirely the vapid Colonial Society snob her conversation suggested. Underlying the veneer were a certain shrewdness and comprehension of other people's minds. I realized that she was not deceived by my apparent stupidity.

"In those circumstances," she said coldly, "you would not have met the people with whom I was acquainted—no." Then turning to Philida as though I no longer existed—"Make haste, dear, and get ready. Mr. Boas will be calling in his car in half an hour."

I did not mean to allow myself to be swept aside.

"Miss Prothero," I said, "has promised to join me in a bathe."

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter did not even look at me.

"No," she said with simple finality.

It was then Philida showed the stuff she was made of.

"I won't be two minutes. Entertain Mrs. Hunter till I come down."

She ran into the house, leaving Mrs. Nunez-Hunter and me alone.

It was evident that opposition was highly disagreeable to the lady, and she looked at me as though in expectation that I would withdraw my claim. I, however, made no such move, but instead remarked how exceedingly fortunate we were in the matter of weather.

The subject was briefly short-circuited by the pronouncement:

"In Northern Europe there is no weather."

"One generally hears there is too much," I replied breezily.

"There is only too much talk about it, Mr. Praed. I have not been informed how you and Miss Prothero came to be acquainted."

"We met in a railway carriage."

She shivered.

"That is hardly an introduction."

"But it was from Salisbury to Waterloo," I pleaded. "Quite a respectable line."

"You are pleased to be humorous, but for my part I can see nothing funny in the affair."

"Nor I, Mrs. Hunter; I can see only a matter for self-congratulation."

There was a silent interval, then ——

"You may not be aware that Philida is the daughter of General Sir Francis Prothero, who is the military governor of Ponta Rico."

"Indeed, yes," I said. "I am hoping to make his acquaintance before long."

"That is hardly likely. The general rarely leaves the island."

"At the island," I amended.

"You are then proposing to visit ——"

"Almost at once."

"I am afraid there is little at Ponta Rico to amuse you."

"I shall have my work."

"Your work?" She looked at me critically. "And that is?"

"Unhappily I am not in a position to discuss it."

It was clear she was not accustomed to refusal.

"There is very little mercantile marine at Ponta Rico," she said.

I laughed, for I enjoy good scoring even against myself. This was evidently a riposte to my ill-timed jest about the Cape Town docks.

"The general, Mr. Praed, is most particular as to his daughter's friends. You will understand that Philida's position on the island is very different from the position she adopts when traveling. Practically, since the general's wife is dead, Philida is Her Excellency."

"She is indeed," I agreed.

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter frowned agedly under her paint.

"Although nothing is actually announced, the general favors a union between Philida and Mr. Leland Boas."

Before that my good humor broke down.

"Mrs. Hunter," I said, "if nothing has been announced, are you justified in informing a complete stranger of so intimate a fact?"

"Young man," she exclaimed, "you are impertinent!"

"In that case I apologize; but I felt that our acquaintance was too short to entitle me to a confidence which even Miss Philida herself has not been asked to share."

That one fairly sent the bails flying. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter rose and dug her parasol into the ground.

"I gave you the information, Mr. Praed, in the hope you would have the grace to act accordingly—in other words, to retire."

"Retire from what, Mrs. Hunter?"

"From where your attentions can only be regarded as unwelcome."

"But why do you imagine I have attempted to advance?"

"An hour ago you and Philida were talking in the garden."

"Well?"

"My bathroom adjoins that part of the garden."

She made the announcement without shame, as though eavesdropping were at once the most natural and creditable of occupations.

I picked up my towel from the chair back over which it had been thrown.

"In that case you know my sentiments as well as I know them myself."

"I shall feel it my duty to write, informing the general of what has taken place."

"Why bother?" I said. "Very shortly I shall be doing that myself."

"If you imagine for a moment that he is likely to consent ——"

"I shall not ask him. There is only one person's consent necessary in a matter of that kind."

"We shall see."

Philida's voice sounded from the veranda.

"Ready!"

I took my leave, ceremoniously bowing over an extended hand which Mrs. Hunter ignored.

"What's up?" said Philida as we marched down the road. "You look different—excited—pleased about something—warhorsy."

"Rivers to cross," I answered. "Perhaps even a small Everest to climb. Who knows?"

"Can't you be less symbolic?"

"Mrs. Nunez-Hunter has declared war. It appears that accidentally she overheard us talking, through her bathroom window."

Philida's mouth shut tight on a long silence.

Presently she said, "Accidentally! She had her bath before you arrived."

I was not surprised.

"What's going to happen?"

"A letter to your father tonight."

"That'll cheer things up."

"Did you know," I asked, "that he has given his consent to Leland Boas to become engaged to you?"

She stopped short.

"Father has!"

I nodded.

"How do you know?" I gave my sources of information. "That's merely silly," she said. "That can easily be answered."

"I can think of a way by which it could be answered with terrible effect."

She looked at me and shook her head.

"Not yet, Nigel. I'm like a dog with a bone that I want to keep between my forepaws and look at."

"Seems to me," said I, "it's likely to be a bone of contention."

"But you like contention; you said so."

"I like a fight."

"P'raps you'll get it."

I nodded. An idea flashed into my head.

"Philida, when is that shore-land part of the town coming under the hammer?"

"Shore land?" she repeated. "Oh, I know—at Ponta Rico. About six weeks, I believe."

I looked at my watch—a silly habit of mine when thinking of time or dates.

"Six weeks! That isn't too long. I must hustle. Let's have that bathe, after which I shall clear out straightway."

"Where are you going?"

"Sheffield first, then Ponta Rico; though I may stop in town a day or two and knock at a few doors in Whitehall."

"And do we meet again?" she asked

"I shall do myself the honor of calling on Your Excellency at Ponta Rico."

She smiled and replied in the same vein.

"A white waistcoat, please, and miniature medals."

We bathed long and luxuriously; and it was, as I told her, a very wonderful thing to be in the same sea with a girl like Philida. Afterward we walked back to the villa, and there shook hands in the most ordinary fashion and bade each other farewell. A car was standing before the house, and as we stood talking Leland Boas came down the steps. Seeing Philida, he took off his hat with the gallantry of an eighteenth-century beau.

"Unkind," he said reproachfully. "I had promised myself the pleasure of giving you a drive."

"As a consolation prize you shall drive me back to lunch," said I. "We shall get into hot water with Marian if we are late."

Boas shook his head.

"He is thinking of those charming young ladies he has been neglecting so shamefully. Why is it, Miss Philida, the man from the wilds attracts so much affection? Well, hop in, old fellow. Au revoir, Miss Philida. We shall meet again on the island."

"Aren't you tired of Ponta Rico?" she queried.

"I have hardly begun to enjoy its charms. I must leave here this afternoon and am returning by the first boat."

He possessed himself of her hand and bowed to kiss it. He would have achieved his object, too, had not Philida flicked her forefinger against the second so that the nail struck smartly against his pursed lips. For a moment he became rigid, then straightened himself and laughed, with the intention no doubt of concealing from me what had happened.

"Good-by, Nigel," said Philida, and went into the house.

"Such a nice girl, that," he said as he occupied the driving seat. "Mrs. Hunter was telling me the amusing way you came to meet each other."

"Was that all she told you?"

He made no immediate reply and for fifty yards we drove in silence.

Then—"No, that was not all."

"Ah!" said I.

With his left hand he touched me on the knee.

"You're a man of good sense, I imagine, and as such should not be above taking advice."

"Go ahead."

"I understand you are thinking of paying a visit to Ponta Rico."

"I am."

"I wouldn't," he said.

"Indeed?"

"You are hardly likely to be popular there."

"I was not going in search of popularity, Boas."

"Let me put it this way: Mrs. Nunez-Hunter has a great deal of influence on the island and she does not like you. And if it comes to that, I don't like you, either, Praed."

"D'you know," I replied, "I don't care twopence whether you do or not."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That's a schoolboy answer."

"Schoolboys have a way of letting you know what they mean."

"Then let me tell you what I mean. Stop away or you'll regret it."

I leaned forward and switched off the engine so that the car came to a standstill.

"Boas," I said, "I don't like men who make dark and stupid threats. If you've anything to say, say it with your coat off. I'll answer it in the same way."

"Do you want a scrap?" said he.

(Continued on Page 53

"There's an easy way now to cut these repair bills····*why don't you do it?*"

Any garageman will tell you that 80% of repairs are now needless. Ask him about this new way to cut operating costs on your car

YOUR garageman can tell you how to cut repair bills in half. And lower the cost of running your car as much as 15% or 20%. This is why:

80% of all repairs on moving parts come from one cause—now easily avoided. It is nothing but faulty lubrication, neglect!

Repair men know this. Neglected lubrication is also the cause of most low resale values. It often cuts $100 to $150 from the value of a $1500 car of standard make.

It's the hard-wearing, dust-exposed chassis bearings that are most abused. Easy to forget, and, until recently, hard to lubricate properly. Repair bills on these parts often amount to as much as $150 after 10,000 miles of driving. Solely due to faulty lubrication.

Now you have an easy way to save these repairs. Most cars come equipped with Alemite High Pressure Lubrication (now on over 7,000,000 cars). With this system you can lubricate the dust-exposed bearings under your car almost as easily as you put oil in your engine. And the high pressure cleans out all old, grit-laden grease, *as it lubricates.*

Use Alemite every 500 miles. You'll never have another big repair bill. Take a lesson from fleet owners. They have actually cut operating costs as much as 1¾c per mile by methodical use of Alemite. Not in repairs alone. But also in longer life for tires, easier riding, lessened strain on other parts of your car.

If you don't care to do it yourself, there's an Alemite Service Station near you. Just drive on the rack where you see the sign, for expert lubrication while you wait.

If Alemite is not on your car it will pay you to have it installed. It costs only $5 to $20. (Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk for Fords, $6.50. *Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of Rockies.*) You'll save the price many times over in a single season. THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO., 2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

ALEMITE

Products of The BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ALEMITE-ZERK

Service for cars with either system at any Alemite Station.

© T. B. M. Co.

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High Pressure Lubrication

© T B M Co.

Now —

Greater Beauty
Finer Performance
Lower Price

Not one -- But All Three

OLDSMOBILE HAS gone far beyond all existing standards to give to the public in this latest Oldsmobile Six—beauty, performance and value absolutely new in the Oldsmobile price field. Careful refinements in body, engine and chassis lift the already sound and proved Oldsmobile to an even higher plane of quality, just as the new reduced prices strongly emphasize its value.

Greater Beauty is one impressive feature—imparted by longer, lower, smarter bodies; by an attractive double bead moulding; by handsome two-tone color combinations in enduring Duco and by wood wheels with big balloon tires—all combining to present an appearance smart, youthful, distinctive.

Finer Performance too, has been achieved—through the introduction of vital engineering improvements resulting in swifter acceleration, superior braking, easier steering, greater economy and in a smooth, flexible power range which makes it possible to throttle down to a slow walk or quickly step up the speed to forty—fifty—or more miles per hour.

Lower Prices also are announced—and it is a striking, dominant tribute to the better organization of Oldsmobile's vast resources that this company has succeeded in effecting in this, its latest Six, a still lower scale of prices with a strong advancement in Oldsmobile's great value.

A New Standard Is Set Even though the price is lower the quality is higher. You can't afford to buy any automobile at or near Oldsmobile's new low price without first acquainting yourself with this car's combination of greater beauty, finer performance, lower price—not one but all three. By all means go to the nearest Oldsmobile dealer's showroom today and see this car.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN · OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONT.

OLDSMOBILE

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

OBILE

Why Spark Plugs Should Be Changed and When

THERE is no use making carburetor adjustments, ignition changes or other engine repairs without first being sure that the spark plugs are delivering the full spark to ignite the compressed gas mixture.

This is the easiest and should be the first step in the process of elimination.

After many months of driving, depending on the mileage covered, a motor does not perform as well as it once did. This condition is brought about by excessive oil and by certain fuel combinations which, when aggravated by the use of the choker, make the combustion chamber comparable to a carbonizing furnace, so that regardless of the quality of the insulator and sparking points, a carbon coating will be formed. Even if the plugs do not short-circuit altogether, enough surface leakage will be induced to cause a weak spark at the gap.

This carbonizing condition also attacks the sparking points and so weakens the structure of the metal that they will not only burn away more rapidly but the electrical resistance between the points becomes greater, with the result that electrodes in this condition cannot deliver the full spark.

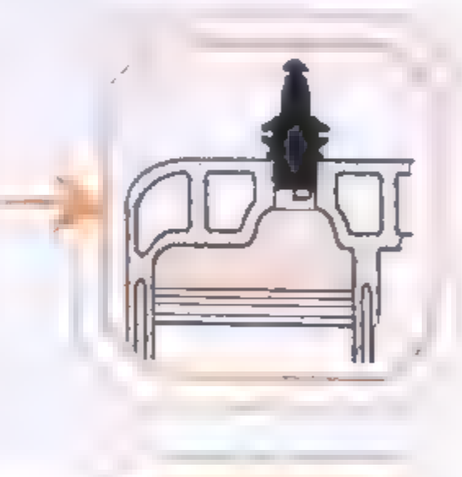
If the insulators are coated or badly discolored and the sparking points in bad condition, which naturally follow after many months of driving, the safest and best thing to do is to install new plugs.

Another Reason Why a Motor Does Not Perform at Its Best

A short plug will not give good motor performance where a long plug is needed, or vice versa, for instance—

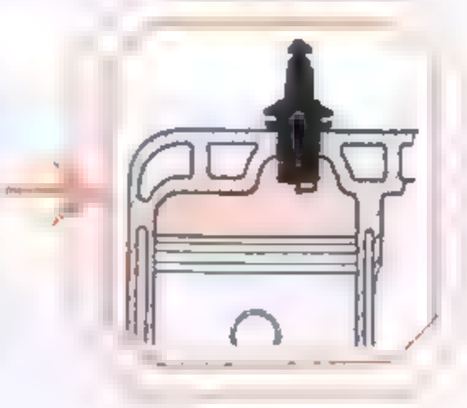
When Too Short a Plug Is Used:

The sparking points are in a pocket, from which the burned gases are not entirely scavenged during the exhaust stroke. This dead gas prevents the proper firing of the fresh incoming gas. When the spark occurs the fresh gas burns too slowly, this delayed burning causing overheating of the engine, the same as would result from a retarded spark. There is not only loss of power and of fuel, but the engine becomes sluggish, hard to start and accelerates slowly.



When Too Long a Plug Is Used:

Good engine performance demands that the sparking points of the plug do not become too hot. When a long plug is used, the lower end extends too far into the firing chamber, where it is exposed to the full heat of explosion. This excessive temperature causes the sparking points to become red hot, resulting in pre-ignition, with violent knocking, general loss of power, missing and backfiring.



When the proper size and type of plug are used the result is full power, maximum fuel economy, easy starting, quick acceleration and good performance under most exacting conditions.

Automobile manufacturers use AC's year after year because they have found them to be best. They have determined by careful tests the particular type of AC Spark Plug that gives the best service in the cars they build.

That's why more than 80% of all the cars produced in this country, Fords excluded, are AC-equipped.

There is a size and type of AC Spark Plug for every motor—your dealer has an AC size chart and can give you the correct plugs for your motor.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1, 216,130, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC-OLEO
Levallois-Perret
FRANCE

(Continued from Page 49)

"I think so," I answered. "I think you're the sort of man I'd enjoy hitting."

He seemed to be deliberating whether or no to take up the challenge. Presently he shook his head, switched on the engine and touched the self-starter.

"Not now," said he. "It would be uncivil to our hostess to turn up with black eyes at the luncheon table. Perhaps a little later on, Praed."

We finished the drive in silence.

IX

THAT afternoon I managed to get Marshall to myself. I told him I wanted advice, and though he groaned at the prospect he eventually consented.

"You're an unfriendly brute, Nigel. I promised to take the kids prawning. Well, come on, what is it? Be as quick as you can."

Briefly as possible, I told him Ribault's scheme for a daily Anglo-American aeroplane service, with Ponta Rico as a fuel station.

"H'm! Well, what of it?"

"I wanted to sound the government's views. You call yourself a business government and this is a business scheme."

"You seem to forget our government has been knocked out," he retorted, "and it's by no means certain we shall be returned at the election."

"Assuming you are returned."

His reply was oblique, but practical.

"What's the government to get out of it?"

"Payment for the ground and a large yearly figure for the right of using the island as a port."

"But this scheme is in direct opposition to the existing steamship lines, in which an enormous amount of private and public capital is involved."

"It could hardly affect 'em for some years."

"Yes; but it's the thin edge of the wedge and that means opposition. Opposition means lost votes."

"It would mean the difference between solvency and insolvency so far as Ponta Rico is concerned."

"Perhaps. But the man in the street doesn't care whether Ponta Rico pays or loses. It's too small, too remote to enter into his calculation. You must tickle imagination with a stiffer feather, Nigel, if you want government support."

"You mean the formation of a national Monte Carlo is more attractive?"

"Obviously. The element of chance gets everybody's money. It has a magnetic quality."

"Now look here, Marshall," I said, "you won't tell me Great Britain is going to turn down a sound commercial scheme for the sake of setting up a tin-pot gambling hell. It's up against the whole spirit of the constitution."

Marshall shook his head wearily.

"My dear boy, you don't begin to understand the spirit of our postwar constitution. Nobody is taking anything seriously. Commercial values have faded into insignificance beside entertainment values. That's why we've put the army back into red coats; that's why we have gigantic empire exhibitions; that's why we employ one of the best princes this country has ever known to trot round the world and make himself amusing. This empire is being run by showmanship, illuminated signs and catchphrase politics. Sound commercial principles may, and doubtless do exist beneath the surface; but unless you stick sequins and the pantomime tinsel onto that surface, they haven't a chance of success."

"Meaning, that if I'm to pull this through, I must look for a headline?"

"Exactly."

"Marshall," I said, putting a paper in his hand, "that paper sets out the naval expenditure in ships, time and money that it cost Great Britain to police the Atlantic trade routes during the war."

He tossed it aside.

"I know it by heart."

"Imagine what the difference would have been if that work had been carried out by aerial craft from a Central Atlantic base." He looked at me and whistled. "Suppose," I continued, "we construct a huge aerodrome at Ponta Rico which in the event of hostilities is immediately handed over to the air force."

"Yes," said Marshall, "that's pretty. There is imagination in that. Armaments are not fashionable at the moment and you'd never squeeze a penny from the exchequer for new ones. But if a private company ——" He stopped and shook his head. "But this is all rot, Nigel. There's not a level acre on the island. It's as knobbly as a rock cake."

"Except where the old town now stands."

Marshall rose and slapped me on the shoulder.

"Nigel," he said, "you're a bright lad. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Give me a letter to Sir Horace Phillimore, of the air force." He sat down and wrote it. "And to the First Sea Lord and to the Colonial Secretary."

He wrote both.

"Now what?" said he.

"Now," I returned, "I wish you joy of your prawning. I'm going back to England tonight."

He made a long face.

"Marian won't like that. I think I shall mizzle off before the news spreads."

"If from time to time it's needed, I shall count on your support," I warned him.

"If we come back to power it's yours," said he.

Surrounded by children of various sizes and ages, he marched up the road, a net across his shoulder. I turned toward a hammock in the garden to make my excuses to Marian.

X

MARSHALL'S letters of recommendation, although valuable in the initial stages, did not encourage the great ones of land, air and water to linger over me and my affairs.

The exception to the rule was Sir Horace Phillimore, which was natural, as he had the most to gain.

"Something for nothing appeals to any man," he said. "Go ahead and build your aerodrome and we'll look at it when you've done."

"But what I want from you," I told him, "is a letter to the governor urging the adoption of the scheme."

His eyes twinkled.

"You can have it; but mind, it will merely be an unofficial opinion." He chortled outright and added, "I doubt if it'll be any use to you. Frankie Prothero has no affection for other branches of the service."

I had met that warning wherever I went.

"It'll be up to me to find a leverage," said I.

He thumped down the licked flap of an envelope and wished me luck. The interview, so far as it went, was satisfactory, as also was one I had at the Admiralty. At the Colonial Office I met with little enthusiasm.

"Ponta Rico is more trouble than it's worth," I was told. "The island has been fitted out with a governor and a garrison, and so far as this country is concerned he can do what he likes with it. If it were swallowed up by the sea no one would care a hoot."

I was rash enough to mention Helgoland, which brought the interview to a close.

"The two cases are not parallel. Talk to Sir Francis Prothero. We shall act on his recommendation, and I have no doubt the same will apply to any government that may succeed us."

Ribault, who had come down from Sheffield to save me a journey north, expressed satisfaction at the progress I had made. We dined together nightly at his favorite restaurant, the only one he would condescend to visit, declaring that nowhere else could he get enough to eat.

"A fine attack, m'dear," he said, "and I'll stake my reputation you'll bring it off."

To guard against optimism, I gave him details of my forty-eight-hour visit to France. He looked a little glum at first, but later cheered up.

"Not sure," he said, "that the incentive you have to make a success of it doesn't outweigh a few enemies. What's your friend's name, again?"

"Leland Boas."

A waiter who was in the act of setting down two tankards of beer upon our table looked at me questioningly.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Is Mr. Boas a friend of yours?"

"Eh—what's that?"—from Ribault.

"The gentleman was here a minute ago, sir, sitting the other side of the screen here. You was back to back, as you may say. You've been dining back to back the last three nights, sir."

When the waiter had gone I looked at Ribault. He humped his huge shoulders.

"Some men," he said, "would call that a coincidence. I wonder how much he heard."

"For the sake of argument, we'll assume everything."

"Had you any idea you were being followed?"

"Never crossed my mind."

"I wonder now," said he, "whether this accounts for a letter I received this morning."

He pulled a crumpled sheet of business note paper from his pocket and tossed it over the table to me. It was marked "Private and Confidential" and bore the address of the head offices, Cameliard-Smith Steam Navigation Company. The letter briefly stated that having been informed that Ribault, Zealer & Palatine contemplated in the near future launching a new transport scheme, the Cameliard-Smith Steam Navigation Company would be glad of an opportunity of purchasing shares to the extent of 55 per cent of the total issue. Failing acceptance of this proposal, they urged the chairman of Ribault, Zealer & Palatine to meet the chairman of Cameliard-Smith and discuss the matter before further steps were taken.

"They want a controlling interest."

Ribault nodded.

"It's a lesson never to sit with a curtain behind me."

"Have you replied to this?"

"Yes—to the effect that we were running a lorry service from Land's End to John O'Groat's and should be delighted to let 'em have any shares they want—at a slight premium. I imagine there will be more correspondence of a similar kind in the course of the next week or two. Get your passage fixed for Friday?"

"I wired this morning."

"I'll walk with you to your hotel."

I bought a paper in the Strand to see how the horses had done. As usual, I had backed the wrong 'uns and I was about to toss it away when a headline caught my eye.

"The Peril of the Air," it ran, and in smaller type, "Dangers of Civil Aviation." Followed a list of casualties sustained during passenger flights over a period of twelve months. There was also a footnote: "We propose to publish a series of articles on this subject, warning the public against the danger of aerial transport. Look out for More Haste Less Speed from the pen of Sir James Lasko in tomorrow's issue."

I handed the paper to Ribault.

"Is that coincidence or propaganda?"

He glanced at the article with squinnied eyes.

"Quite so, my dear, quite so. Looks like we shall have some fun."

In my pigeonhole at the hotel was a letter from the shipping agents. They regretted they would be unable to book me a passage to Ponta Rico on the twenty-second—"We expect to have a few vacancies on the Buckingham, which sails on the thirtieth prox."

I read it aloud and it was the first time I saw Ribault angry.

"Give that to me," he said. "I'll break those offices tomorrow morning. They can't do it; it's dead against the law."

(Continued on Page 55)

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS
PHILADELPHIA

Does Your Office Look the Part?

Is your office a comfortable, cheerful, convenient place to work in? Or is "five o'clock and quitting time" the best thing about it?

Is the appearance of your office an asset or a liability when a visitor enters it?

In other words, is yours a modern, efficient, convenient office that looks like what it is—the brain center of a prosperous and progressive enterprise?

As a beginning, let's look at your chairs. If they are Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs you have nothing further to worry about in that regard. For if they are "Sikes," they are comfortable. And their comfort promotes concentration and productive effort on the part of your entire staff.

And as to that other essential of office furniture—appearance? If they are Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs, theirs is a beauty and dignity that cannot come from surface finish alone, but only from the combination of selected woods and master craftsmanship and design.

If your office is not Sikes-equipped, there is a Sikes dealer nearby. Let us give you his name.

Sikes

No. 391

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

Boys and Girls

Write a letter to the TEENIE WEENIE General and he will send you a copy of the TEENIE WEENIE Pickle Booklet.

What do you think of the Teenie Weenie General's idea of luring Mr. Squirrel to help fill the Pickle Barrels? Do you think this is a good plan? Do you think Mr Squirrel's salary is too high? Can you think of a *better* way or a *quicker* way to fill the barrels?

The Teenie Weenie General wants to know what you think about this. If you have a better plan, just write and tell him about it. Address your letter to the Teenie Weenie General, care of Reid, Murdoch & Co., P O Box R M., Chicago

At Your Grocer's

Have you seen the Monarch Teenie Weenie Sweets in the tiny casks? Independent retail grocers all over the United States have them, but they are not sold in Chain Stores.

Monarch Teenie Weenie Sweets are put up also in 8-ounce glass jars, so you don't have to buy a whole barrel to try them

After you have tasted them you will agree that the Teenie Weenies put up the finest sweet pickles you ever ate

The Teenie Weenie barrels are about 7½ inches high and hold about 200 sweet pickles, and can be refilled time and time again by the grocery man

If your grocer has no Monarch Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles in stock, please send us his name or tell him to write to

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
P. O. Box R. M.,
Chicago, U. S. A.

"Quality for 70 Years"

JIM DONAHEY

How the TEENIE WEENIES fill the Pickle Barrels

For weeks and weeks the Teenie Weenies hammered and sawed with their tiny tools. They worked from early morning until dark, every single day but Sunday, for it takes a lot of work to build strong barrels seven and a half inches high, especially when the men who build them are only two and a half to three inches tall.

Row after row of the handsome little barrels with their shining silvered hoops stood under a certain thicket of low hanging bushes and all the little folks felt mighty proud of their work.

"What are you going to put into those lovely little barrels?" asked a curious sparrow one evening as the General walked out from under the bush where the men were working.

"They're to be filled with Teenie Weenie Pickles," answered the General.

"How interesting," chirped the sparrow, "little bitsie ones?"

"Yes, only about two inches long," smiled the General.

"And they're the nicest, crispest pickles you ever tasted," shouted the Dunce, who happened to be passing by.

"A pickle a day keeps you happy and gay," sang the Dunce as he hurried on.

After a great many barrels had been made the General decided it was about time to commence filling them with pickles.

The little cucumbers had been picked more than a year before, and had been cured, and processed, and sorted, and preserved, and spiced until they were just right—full-flavored and delicious, and yet so crisp that they would break before they would bend.

The dainty Lady of Fashion made it her duty to see that all the men who handled the pickles kept themselves neat and clean.

She made every Teenie Weenie wash his hands and then she carefully manicured his tiny finger nails.

"Teenie Weenie Pickles are not only to be the best pickles on the market—they are also to be the cleanest," said the little lady.

It took a great deal of work to fill one of the sturdy barrels, for each one held over two hundred pickles, and one pickle was quite all one Teenie Weenie could carry.

All day long the little men carried the tiny pickles from the pickling vat to the barrel, where they were dropped into a big bucket.

When the bucket was full it was hoisted up and emptied into the top of the barrel.

A squirrel had been hired by the Teenie Weenies for the task of hoisting the pickles, and he did the work very well, although he demanded rather high wages.

He received a hickory nut an hour with ten minutes off every hour to eat the nut.

The work of filling the barrel went along smoothly until one day something happened that made a lot of extra work for the Teenie Weenies, but it also gave them a lot of amusement.

The Dunce fell into a pickle barrel. He was helping to lift the heavy wooden stopper, which fits tightly into the opening on top of the barrel, when he slipped, and down he went into the barrel with a great splash among the pickles.

Fortunately he was not hurt and the little folks quickly let down a rope and pulled him out.

The Teenie Weenies enjoyed a good laugh at the Dunce's expense, but they had to pay for their laugh, for the Lady of Fashion insisted that the barrel should be emptied, washed out and refilled with fresh pickles.

"That will take a lot of work," growled the Old Soldier.

"Of course it will," said the Lady of Fashion, "but who wants to eat pickles after the Dunce has wallowed around among them."

"W-W-W-Why, I-I-I had a b-b-bath this morning," stuttered the dripping Dunce.

"That doesn't make a bit of difference," answered the Lady of Fashion, "that barrel has got to be thoroughly cleaned."

"No one will know that I fell in," argued the Dunce, who was just a little lazy at times and didn't quite like the idea of doing his share of the work at cleaning the barrel.

"No, the person who buys the barrel will not know that you fell in," said the Lady of Fashion, "but we will know it and we are not going to sell pickles that you have fallen into."

So the barrel was emptied, thoroughly washed out and refilled with fresh pickles. And that is one reason why Teenie Weenie Sweets are so good—they're exceedingly clean.

(Continued from Page 53)

"Just a moment," I said. "Don't let's be in a hurry. It's clearly evident Boas wants to keep us out till his scheme has gone through. He relies on putting it through in the next six weeks. It's further evident that the steamship companies will give him all the support they can."

"You're going to travel on Friday's boat if I have to set fire to Pall Mall and Cockspur Street to get you aboard."

I shook my head.

"Nothing of the kind. I am going to accept their offer of a passage on the thirtieth of next month."

"By which time we shall have missed the bus."

"Not at all. I shall go north as conspicuously as possible with a pair of guns and an Irish red setter. At Crewe you will send someone to meet me, who'll take possession of the setter and the guns and continue the journey. Meanwhile I'll come south as inconspicuously as possible, cross the Channel in a pleasure steamer, get left behind, make my way to Portugal, get aboard a tramp from Lisbon to the Azores and make Ponta Rico as best I can."

Ribault looked at me with humorous appreciation.

"It's a round-the-corner way of doing business," he said, "but I dare say you're right. We may be up against larger forces than I'd bargained for. In the meantime I'll try to find out a bit more about Boas."

After that we discussed details.

Next morning I walked down to the shipping offices in Pall Mall to practice the first of the deceptions and incidentally to discover that my movements were closely shadowed. In that respect I rather admired Leland Boas' strategy, for at the hotel there was no one suspicious. He had guessed rightly that my first destination would be Pall Mall, and there, sure enough, his man was posted. I flatter myself I gave rather a sound performance of anger and irritation at being unable to book a passage until so late a date. I even demanded to see the passenger list, which I found most elaborately in order. I was, however, struck by the fact that the majority of the bookings had been made simultaneously; which is to say, they were all entered in the same hand, and those at the top of the plan had dried dark while those below were in pale characters, where the wet ink had been absorbed by the blotting paper. After that I marched to the post office in St. James's Street—my faithful sleuth in attendance. Here I wrote two telegrams in the most villainous hand imaginable.

"I am very sorry," said the girl behind the grille, "but I can't read these."

I affected the very exact tones of an irritable man.

"Ribault, Effingham, Sheffield. Cannot obtain passage before thirtieth proximo. Praed. Yes. A. E. D."

"And the other?" she asked.

"Angus Conrad, Interlochie, Aberdeenshire. Delighted to accept invitation to shoot. Expect me Friday. Nigel."

Angus would be surprised to receive that wire, as to the best of my knowledge he was unaware of my return to England. It would be necessary to take him to some extent into my confidence, for I intended that someone answering to my description should be shooting grouse on his moors after I had vanished into the blue. In the last twenty-four hours my respect for Boas had substantially increased. He was a man who did not leave much to chance. Several morning newspapers had commented on the overnight article in regard to passenger planes and one or two had flown to leaders on the subject. It looked like the beginning of a campaign. Leland Boas meant to be first to influence public opinion. He was a man to be taken seriously.

After leaving the post office I walked to one of my clubs, where I sent a second wire to Angus Conrad explaining the first and put through a trunk call to Ribault, who had returned to Sheffield overnight.

"We must be thorough," I said, "or I shall find myself waylaid."

I heard his grunt of assent and the objection, "But where are we going to find a chap who looks like you, m'dear? Your peculiarly rare beauty don't blossom on every bush."

I had thought of that.

"You must rout out my Cousin Harvey Praed, Old Farm, Inner Stoke, Chester. He's the chap for this job. Apart from the joke of the thing, he'll enjoy the shooting. We're supposed to be much of a muchness to look at, and anyway he has my walk. Tell him he's to wear the clothes I send and tell him to be in the inner buffet on the center platform at Crewe at 10:50 P.M. on Friday. Tell him, moreover, that he's to act on a signal from me, as it's unlikely I shall have a chance to speak to him."

"You love this secret-service stuff, don't you?" chuckled Ribault. "All right, m'dear."

Outside the club, Boas' bloodhound was still waiting. He had made a few minor changes in his appearance. When first I had seen him he was clean-shaven, whereas now, thanks to the adhesive properties of diachylon, he wore a neat little mustache with upturned ends, and he carried his raincoat instead of wearing it. The fellow was an artist and took pride in his work. I decided to give him a bit of color to add to his report. Accordingly I went to a gun store and ordered them to send round my guns, which they had in keeping, to the hotel. Then I drifted into St. James's Park, where I wasted half an hour taking sights with a walking stick at duck as they rose and wheeled over the lake. Still further to the character of a man about to indulge his sporting propensities, I marched off to a clothier's in the Haymarket, where I bought a shooting suit, off the peg, a reversible tweed, and rainproof coat and a tweed hat. Having placed my order, I instructed the assistant to repeat it unto the uttermost detail.

"But surely, sir, you don't want the same material twice over."

"That's exactly what I do want; even the stockings must be alike."

I gave him two addresses—my own at the hotel and my Cousin Harvey's near Chester—and told him to be sure the package for the latter was posted straightway.

"Incidentally," I added, "if anyone should ask you questions, forget that the order was repeated. Understand?" He looked mystified. "A practical joke," I said darkly.

I had rightly guessed that my follower would not venture inside the shop. He had disposed himself round the corner in Orange Street, satisfying his curiosity by occasional peeps at me through the plate-glass window. As I came out, under cover of lighting a cigarette he half concealed his face with cupped hands. To obtain a closer view of him I stopped and begged the favor of a match. His hand was perfectly steady as he offered it. I noticed a white scar beneath his thumb nail and also that he had the thick pudgy hands of a pugilist. This information might be of value if he proposed to vary his face fittings while engaged in keeping me under observation.

Having planned the meeting for my benefit rather than for his, I kept my head down beneath the brim of my hat while accepting the light. He volunteered the information that it was grand weather, to which I assented with a nod.

The man was no fool, for he made no further attempt to follow me. He must have argued that had he done so my suspicions would be aroused. The way he wished me good morning and marched off in the opposite direction had a certain expertness about it that appealed to my love of technic. Doubtless he counted on being able to pick me up again at will. I quite missed his gentle attentions and for the rest of the day drifted about the West End in a kind of bored inactivity.

I returned to my hotel about 6:30 to find a wire from Ribault which read, "Everything arranged." This was good news. It meant that Harvey had agreed. There was also a note which had been left by hand:

"*Dear old Nigel:* Just heard from Palatine that you're back. Splendid news; we must forgather. I'm tied up for the early part of the evening with a duty dinner. If you're free, let's meet at the night club in Blank Street at twelve o'clock. It's quite a cheery joint for folks who don't want to go to bed early. Heaps to talk about, so do roll up. I'll be standing by.

"Ever to a cinder,

"CHARLIE MEARS."

I had the devil of a business to decipher the scrawl, for Charlie wrote as he lived—crazily, and all over the place. I had known Charlie intimately during the war as a fellow who feared nobody and nothing; a scatterbrained, jolly fellow. It was he who piloted the machine which dropped me on German soil some fifty miles behind the lines. Two months later he had picked me up again in the same place as casually as an omnibus conductor picks up a passenger from the curb.

The thought of seeing him again offered a pleasant diversion, and although I knew nothing of the club to which he had invited me, I made up my mind to turn up at the appointed hour. I tucked the card of admission he had inclosed into my pocket before going down to dinner.

The evening passed dully enough. I did a show, had a couple of drinks at the club and strolled round to keep my appointment a little after midnight.

The house was dingy and unprepossessing, although some effort to enliven its appearance had been made by the addition of floral window boxes and colored blinds. It struck me that the entertainment offered behind those grubby walls would hardly be of a character to appeal to any but the shoddy-minded.

The door was opened by a mincing type of manservant, smooth and smiling, who looked as if he wanted kicking. He examined my card, told me to come in and asked me to sign my name in the visitors' register. Chiefly because I disliked the fellow, I refused; although in any case I doubt if I would have done so, having no great ambition to feature in the archives of such a miserable establishment. He told me it was a strict rule that visitors should write their names in the book, but that like other rules of the club, it might be broken at the whim of the visitor.

"Everyone pleethe himthelf here," he added.

This, I thought, was unlikely, and asked if Captain Mears had arrived.

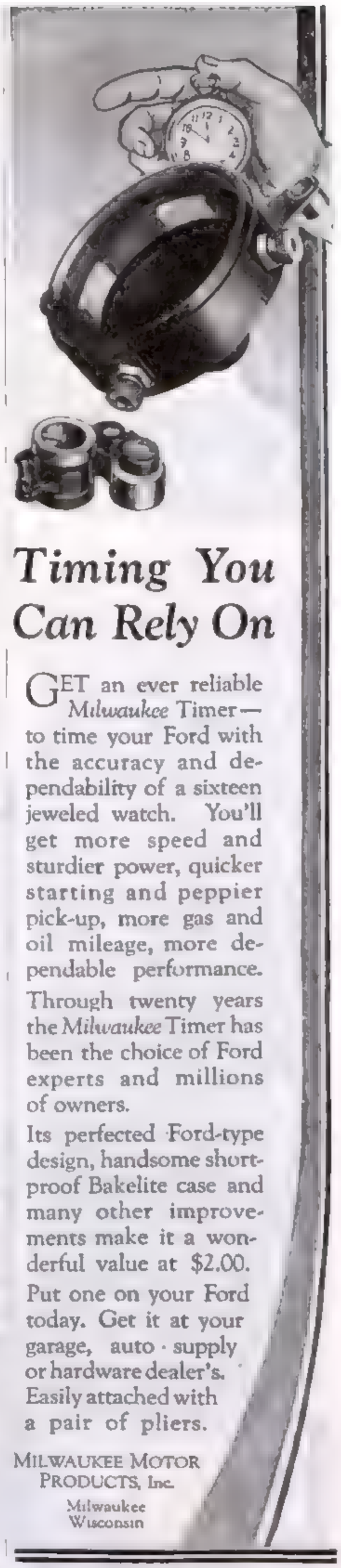
I don't think the fellow knew one member from another, for he shook his head, smiled and nodded and replied, "Thure to be here thomewhere. Walk thtraight through the curtainth."

This I did, and found myself in a room about the size of a small gymnasium. It was full of tables, and the thick atmosphere reeked of cigarette smoke and cheap perfumes.

Although after hours, there was plenty of drink about; evidence of its potency being revealed in the shrill, senseless laughter and loose, lolling attitudes of many who had partaken too freely thereof.

It did not need a half glance to size up the quality of the company. This was no haunt of the exuberant young man about town in search of thrill and gayety, but appealed to an altogether lower stratum of life. It was a mucky affair and the faces of the habitués were debauched and vicious and mercenary—the men being to my mind worse than the women, upon whom, I hazarded, they depended for livelihood. Among them was a sprinkling of negroes with shiny silk hats and paste studs and a mouthy way of talking. I have always hated hearing fluent English spoken by black men, and the sight of them in close proximity to white women loosens my temper quicker than most things.

I thought Charlie Mears must have altered pretty considerably with the passing of time if this were the kind of dive in which



Timing You Can Rely On

GET an ever reliable *Milwaukee* Timer—to time your Ford with the accuracy and dependability of a sixteen jeweled watch. You'll get more speed and sturdier power, quicker starting and peppier pick-up, more gas and oil mileage, more dependable performance.

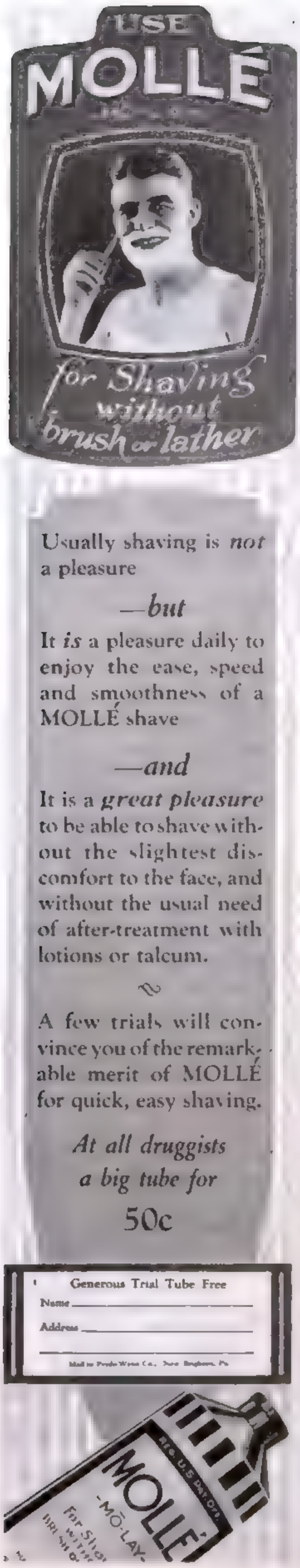
Through twenty years the *Milwaukee* Timer has been the choice of Ford experts and millions of owners.

Its perfected Ford-type design, handsome shockproof Bakelite case and many other improvements make it a wonderful value at $2.00. Put one on your Ford today. Get it at your garage, auto · supply or hardware dealer's. Easily attached with a pair of pliers.

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, Inc.
Milwaukee
Wisconsin

MILWAUKEE
TIMER for FORD

$2.00
($2.75 in Canada)


USE
MOLLÉ
for Shaving
without
brush or lather
Usually shaving is *not* a pleasure
—*but*
It *is* a pleasure daily to enjoy the ease, speed and smoothness of a MOLLÉ shave
—*and*
It is a *great pleasure* to be able to shave without the slightest discomfort to the face, and without the usual need of after-treatment with lotions or talcum.
A few trials will convince you of the remarkable merit of MOLLÉ for quick, easy shaving.
At all druggists a big tube for
50c
Generous Trial Tube Free
Name
Address
MOLLÉ
-MŌ-LAY-

he entertained his friends. I promised myself the pleasure of telling him so when he turned up, for, as far as I could see, he had not yet arrived.

I was standing in the doorway, looking about me, when a woman glided to my side.

"Hullo, boy," she said. "Looking for someone?"

"Yes, a friend."

She came a little closer.

"Oh, come, we're all friends here, you know."

I did not want to be rude, although I imagine that she would not have noticed it. Her features wore the unmistakable look of one who had lost the ability to be offended by anything.

"I am sure you are," I answered, "but I'm a stranger here."

"It's your fault if you stay so," she retorted. "I'm dying for a drink. Won't you buy me one?"

I sat down at a vacant table and told her to order what she liked.

"I knew you were a sport," she said. "I guessed it d'rectly I saw you. Will it run to cham?"

She got hold of a waiter and ordered a bottle quickly, afraid, perhaps, that I should change my mind. While waiting its arrival she beguiled me with small talk, cheap praises, little bits of vanity and astonishing asides on the difficulty of the life she led.

This was well enough in its way, and I have no doubt had I been engaged in writing a book she would have provided valuable copy. This, however, was not my intention. I had come to meet a pal, and, failing his presence, would have been better pleased to get back to bed. Indeed, I had already made up my mind to go and leave the unpunctual Charlie to extract what pleasure he could from the willing devotees of the place, when an imperative knocking at the street door brought everyone to his feet.

It did not call for much imagination to divine the authorship of that knock. It was as unmistakably official as the creak of a policeman's boots. Had I needed further assurance, it was supplied by the expression on the faces and the sudden activity of the company. The woman at my table had sprung to her feet and stood with twitching features.

"Rozzers!" cried a voice. "Back door, boys!"

A party of five who had been engaged in a card game of sorts rolled up the cloth with cards, counters and cigarette ends and bundled it out of sight into a big Benares bowl. This done, they vanished through a baize curtain at the far end of the room. Others were following suit with a professional aptitude for flight one could hardly fail to admire. Some of the less experienced were shilly-shallying this way and that with no set purpose. A girl started to whimper—a man cursed her—waiters were flinging bottles full and empty through a service hatch into a void beyond. There was crashing confusion and silly snarling oaths. The hammering at the street door had ceased, and instead came the sound of straining woodwork and the dull thud of men's shoulders rammed against panels. The woman for whom I had bought a drink had already gone, with a word flung over shoulder advising me to do likewise.

Every instinct rebelled against joining that vulgar rabble in a scuttle for safety over dustbins and back walls, but on the other hand I had no desire to figure in the police court on a charge of frequenting illegal night clubs. The newspapers dearly love writing up such matter, and although I was obscure enough, I was confident that in relation to the rest my name would come in for unwelcome notoriety. Pocketing my pride, I hit out for the back exit as hard as I could go. Nor was I too soon, for as the curtains closed behind me and I plunged into the obscurity of a narrow passage I heard the front door come down with a crash.

The passage ended in a flight of wooden stairs down which I ran three at a time. There was a stone floor in the basement with a glass-paneled door at the farther end. This was standing ajar, but as I raced toward it, it was slammed by somebody from inside. For a second I saw a silhouette of a man's head and shoulders.

Then a voice said, "No, you don't!"

It must have been an extra sense made me duck, as I did, so I heard something whiz through the air above my head. Then I struck out. It was stone dark, but I judged that my hidden assailant could not be far off, and I had the satisfaction of feeling my right fist sink spongily into a man's paunch. He collapsed against me like a burst balloon, bringing me to the ground beneath his weight. A fat hand groped upward toward my throat and next instant the lights were up, the police were upon us and I was dragged to my feet.

"Fighting, was you?" said a mountainous constable. "It'll all go down on the charge sheet, my lad. Here, Harry"—this to a second constable—"lay 'old of the other one and warn him."

My late assailant's face was hidden from me, but as he struggled to his feet he put a hand against the wall to steady himself. Beneath his thumb nail was a white scar. So that was that—and this was this—and it looked as if Mr. Leland Boas had scored some pretty heavy points in the game. It was not enough that I should be denied a passage to Ponta Rico. My reputation was to be attacked into the bargain.

The sudden thought of spicy newspaper cuttings, which I had no doubt Boas would faithfully deliver to Philida, sent the blood to my head and made me behave like a lunatic. The constable in charge of me felt too secure in his enormous bulk to expect opposition from a lightweight.

From time immemorial the police force have stuck to a belief that a man with collar and sleeve gripped is a man caught. It was a Japanese who disproved that theory. I knew a bit of jiujitsu and had used it with advantage on previous occasions. Ducking my head, I made a complete circle inward toward my captor, imposing a strain on his finger joints which Nature has supplied no muscular power to resist.

"Yaou!" he cried, and I was through the back door and had slammed and bolted it before he knew what had happened. I think I knew there would be a bolt on the outside of that back door. People who use back doors for purposes of flight also use them for the purpose of obstructing pursuit.

The yard in which I found myself was littered with straw and bottles. At the far end was a low wall with fresh scratches in the brickwork indicating where it had been used as the path of retreat by those who had gone before me. The wall ran east and west, and from the fact that to the west there was a division between two houses about thirty yards away, I had little doubt that this was the exit by which the habitués of the club had made their escape.

I was about to follow suit when a sure conviction came over me that this was the exact point at which the police would have set a trap. It remained to discover an alternative. Facing me was the back of a block of flats. The lighted windows of a staircase well faintly illuminated the yard in which I stood. The second-floor window was open, and braced to the wall beside it was an iron fire ladder, its last section drawn up about twenty feet clear of the ground. If one could reach the lower rung of that ladder escape was simple. But how to reach it was another matter. I scrambled up onto the wall and along a short one that traversed it and brought me to the side of the flats themselves.

I was now nearer the ladder by some seven feet, but seven feet plus my own height from a standing jump did not encourage much hope of success. Already there were batterings at the door I had bolted and heads were appearing at windows. Time was short. In the yard belonging to the flats was a great galvanized-iron dustbin full to the brim with unspeakable rubbish. It was not a very agreeable task for a man in a dress suit to seize the thing, empty out its filthy contents and stand it the wrong way up on a seven-foot wall. But this was not the moment for particularity. I'll guarantee I made a quicker job of it than a professional dustman would have done.

The bin rocked perilously as I scrambled to the top of it, crouched and sprang. My fingers closed on the lowest rung of the ladder with barely a joint to spare. After that the business was simple. I nipped up that ladder like a monkey and rolled in at the open window. Peeping over the sill, I saw the police pouring through the doorway I had bolted; what is more, I caught a glimpse of helmets in the narrow alleyway which I had so nearly chosen as my line of flight.

As good luck would have it, the night porter was not on duty in the hall of the flats. The office was deserted and I seized the opportunity of borrowing a clothes brush before turning the latch and letting myself out into the street.

I was free, and consciousness of the fact filled me with elation. The nimble plot to plaster my name with a sticky kind of dirt had failed. I knew now the precise nature of my adversary. One of these days we would see what we could do about it. It may have been curiosity or sheer cockiness that encouraged me to turn and mix with the crowd which had assembled to watch the police go by with the odds and ends of humanity collected in the raid. The chances of being recognized were negligible, for I had kept my head averted when the constable arrested me. A large motor car was standing at the curb, its interior lit by an electric bulb. There was only one occupant—a man, who was leaning forward watching the procession with interest. It was Leland Boas, anxious no doubt to assure himself of the success of his operation. At first sight of him a surge of anger went to my head, but a second later I was rocked by the humor of it all. It was essentially comic that he should be sitting there waiting to see me dragged along by a copper.

I pushed through the crowd and drummed my knuckles against the window glass. He turned sharply and his face, when he saw me, was a study in the suppression of disappointment.

"Hullo, Boas," said I. "Thought you were in Ponta Rico. What's all the fuss about?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," he answered slowly.

"But you look worried, Boas. I hope the police have not been interfering with any of your friends."

He ignored me, and leaning forward gave an order to his chauffeur.

"Well, well," said I, "I dare say I'll see all about it in tomorrow's papers."

The big car moved silently away. The entertainment, as far as it concerned Leland Boas, provided no further interest.

I dropped into my club for a drink before going to bed. There was a man there who knew Charlie Mears intimately.

To my enquiry, "Is he in town?" he replied, "No—Abyssinia."

"Aha!" said I. "I just wondered."

XI

IN THE morning papers next day the attack on civil aviation had grown to important proportions. A lot of rubbish was being written. It was clear, however, that the traducers of passenger planes were not to have it all their own way. A counter blast was launched by the British United Transcontinental Airways, Ltd., in which I recognized the energies of old James Ribault. I had expected something of the kind, for no one threw the gage to James Ribault without him blundering into the fray to pick it up and pitch it back again. The man was a born fighter and he fought with every ounce of his weight—which was considerable. Fresh proof of the thoroughness of Leland Boas was contained in a paragraph dealing with government waste. Among the various charges cited was the case of the island of Ponta Rico. A formidable list of figures was published, showing the heavy burden the maintenance of the

(Continued on Page 58)

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

Its exceptional comfort is commented on by everyone who drives it.

Doctors, tourists, salesmen, and all who find it necessary to spend eight, ten and twelve hours on the road at a time, are particularly emphatic in their praise.

The fact is, that with its admirable spring suspension, deep seats and generous lounging room, the Type-B Sedan delights the most exacting seeker after restful transportation.

Profit *for* Stores

in

FINNELL-Cleaned Floors

INCREASED patronage! Repeat sales! Better satisfied customers! More efficient clerks! These are profits derived from clean floors in stores scrubbed by the FINNELL SYSTEM.

FINNELL scrubbed floors are incomparably cleaner than floors scrubbed by any other method. The atmosphere of greater cleanliness and service is an invitation to come in and to come *often*. It discourages slovenly work and stimulates activity and courtesy.

The FINNELL SYSTEM of Electric Scrubbing also waxes and polishes. It cuts cost to as low as *seven and a half cents per hundred square feet*. Merchants who use it would no more do without it than they would discard their cash registers.

Office buildings, banks, factories, hotels, hospitals, schools—buildings of all kinds—use FINNELL SYSTEM at a profit. There are several models,—a right size for any building, be its floor area a thousand square feet or a million.

Free Booklet! Get unbiased opinions of those who use this system. Send for and read our new booklet, "Your Questions Answered by Users." Address

FINNELL SYSTEM, INC.
108 Collier St., Hannibal, Mo.
POWER SCRUBBING HEADQUARTERS FOR NINETEEN YEARS

FINNELL SYSTEM
of ELECTRIC SCRUBBING

(Continued from Page 56)

island placed on the shoulders of the British taxpayer.

"The economic conditions of this country," it stated, "are such as to render it criminal for wastage of this kind to pursue its course unchecked. Ponta Rico, as it stands, is about as much use to Great Britain as the sunken German battle fleet in the Scapa Flow. The time is ripe for a practical scheme to be put forward to place Ponta Rico on a commercial basis."

At lunch time I bought the afternoon papers and read the report of the police-court proceedings which followed last night's raid. According to the sergeant who gave evidence, the night club was the resort of some of the most disreputable characters in the West End. The paper published a complete list of the names of persons who had been arrested. If anything could have successfully quashed my mission, featuring in that list would have done it. I resolved to watch my step pretty thoroughly until I had given the slip to Boas and his confederates.

The man I had hit at the night club was not on duty that day. His place was taken by an unobtrusive little fellow with soft and pleading eyes, who pattered round after me like a faithful dog. He must have found the job dull and wearisome. I gave him little opportunity for studying my features but ample opportunity to study my walk. I must have walked ten miles between 2:30 P. M. and six o'clock. I walked partly for exercise and partly to be annoying. In this I succeeded, for he presented an exhausted appearance when I turned into the club for a game of bridge. Through the window I saw him clinging to the railings for support.

It was this that gave me an idea which next day, the one on which I was to go north, I put into operation. I determined to bring him to such a state of bodily fatigue that when the change between Harvey and myself was made at Crewe he would be too tired and stupid to use his faculties.

I went to bed early and rose at 7:30, put on flannel bags and a sweater and walked round Hyde Park. That made a nice beginning. After breakfast I changed into more respectable clothing and started off again. This time I walked to Barnes, where I collected the red Labrador gun dog from a friend who lived there. The dog was called Rover—a name that suited him. Together we roamed tremendously all over Barnes Common and up Sheen Lane to Richmond Park. In Richmond Park we played races and covered much ground. We emerged at Robin Hood Gate, where I bought some victuals from a stall on wheels. These I put in my pocket and munched them as I walked along.

I took the road which leads over Wimbledon Common and cityward through the slums of Clapham and Battersea. We arrived at the hotel about four. By this time I was a bit tired myself and beginning to have qualms of sympathy for the poor unfortunate who had been dragging along in my wake. He had stuck to his job like a good 'un, but he was almost a dead man. He must have been half crazy for want of food, drink and somewhere to sit down; but it was no part of my scheme to provide him with luxuries or repose. I meant him to eat in the train and fall asleep from sheer exhaustion.

But the train did not leave until 7:30 and it was up to me to keep him occupied until I was ready to go. At first I feared I should be driven to take another little stroll, but a charmingly simple and effective alternative suggested itself. I caused the porter to put my baggage and guns on the hotel steps, with the dog Rover in charge. This could hardly fail to suggest that I was on the point of departure. The arrangement was perfectly agreeable to Rover, who would gladly have sat till eternity beside a gun case. It was agreeable to me, too, since it gave me leisure for a Turkish bath, a couple of drinks and half an hour's stretch in a long chair. My taxi to Euston was closely followed by a second, and in the queue at the booking office the wreckage of my small pursuer was close behind me.

It was too late to book a sleeper; but, thanks to a tip to the guard, Rover and I were given a compartment to ourselves. I took a voucher for the second service of dinner and on my way along the corridors to the refreshment car I had the satisfaction of seeing my friend fast asleep with his head against the windowpane.

We arrived at Crewe at eleven P.M. and I was halfway down the platform before the door of his compartment flew open and he hopped out. I saw him throw a hasty glance through my carriage windows, then look up and down the platform. He spotted me as I turned into the buffet. I had fifty yards' start, but there was not much time. Hurrying past the long bar, I darted through the swing doors of the coffee room. At first I thought Harvey had failed me, until I saw him with his back to the wall that adjoined the door. He sprang to his feet as I came in. His clothes were identical to my own.

I said, "The carriage with a red dog in it—second coach."

"Right!" he replied, and I was gone.

He was leaning against the bar ordering a cup of coffee when the little man staggered in. This I saw through the gauze blind of the glass door panel. He looked tremendously relieved to see Harvey. I changed my reversible coat from the rainproof side outermost to the tweed. Also I took off the hat I was wearing and put on a cap.

Three minutes later the train with Harvey and the little man aboard steamed slowly out of the station. I wonder to this day what the dog Rover thought about it.

XII

THERE was, at this time of year, a fairly regular service of tramp steamers engaged in the fruit trade between Portugal and the Azores, upon one of which I hoped to obtain a passage. But since they varied their ports of call in accordance with cargoes likely to be collected, there was no guaranty I should be able to reach Ponta Rico by a specified date. By the normal passenger route it would have taken me three days, but by the route I proposed to follow it might well take the better part of three weeks.

I crossed the Channel, unobtrusively enough, on an excursion steamer, arriving at Boulogne in the early afternoon. On landing, I walked to the Hotel Bristol, rich in war memories, whither, some three days before, my luggage had been forwarded. The Paris express, which had no connection with pleasure boats, had left the station a few minutes before I landed. The next was not due to start until seven o'clock. I had four hours to wait—and Philida was but a few miles away. It was out of the question to go over to Hardelot and hail her forth and expose myself to the risk of encountering Mrs. Hunter; on the other hand, it was equally out of the question to be so near and yet have no word with her. Something would have to be done. I bethought me of Marian and the telephone. Kindly Providence decreed that Marian should be at home. Her voice answered my ring—a voice that trembled with instant excitement on recognizing mine.

"I'm incognito," I warned her; "hiding at the Bristol Hotel."

"What do you want?"

"Where's your imagination?"

"Philida?"

"Terribly," I replied.

"Divine person," she purred, "and I've been accusing you as the rottenest lover a girl ever had. All right, stand by. I'll fix it."

"Can you get hold of her?"

"Idiot! I've never let her go since you so shamelessly vanished. We adore each other. I've even endured that appalling Nunez-Hunter woman on your account. You see, I'm the only person Philida can talk to about you."

"And does she?" I asked.

"Don't be a fool!" said Marian, and rang off.

It seemed ages that I stood with my nose flattened against a windowpane. At long last the car came bouncing over the pave. Marian was driving, and beside her sat Philida. She must have known I should be on the watch, for her eyes flashed a kind of general greeting at the hotel façade. They came to rest by the window at which I stood, with a smile that I could no more describe than forget.

I bolted for the stairs and we almost crashed into one another in the empty hall below. Marian was flushing like a sunset, for there was nothing in the world she enjoyed so much as maneuvering people's love affairs.

"Go on, kiss her!" she cried. "She'll be furious if you don't."

But I kissed Marian's hand instead.

"Marian, you're a darling," I said, "and you can tell Marshall I told you so."

She turned hopelessly to Philida.

"This man's no use; he's afraid of you. . . . Well, well, when am I to come back?

I said, "My train doesn't go for two hours, but you can't possibly ——"

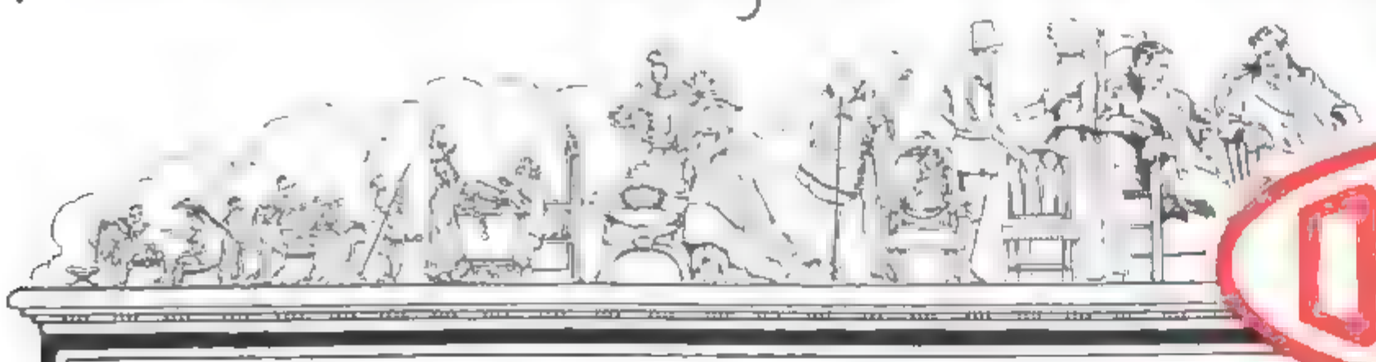
"Rubbish! Of course I can! You don't imagine I'm here to make a threesome, do you?"

(Continued on Page 60)

Nova Scotia Fishing Schooners Off for the Banks

The NEW DUCO-PERIOD in FURNITURE

in which the design and materials no longer outlast the Finish



DU PONT DUCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Du Pont Duco marks the period of Life-long Furniture Finish

In the store and in the future . . . . life-long newness

Moments of pleasure in selecting a new period piece; hours of waiting until it arrives; and, then, years and years of enjoyment of its lasting beauty.

So goes the story of Duco-Period furniture. For DUCO, the life-long finish, is proof against the daily use which formerly made furniture grow shabby.

Protected by DUCO, the furniture you buy to-day lives on in its original beauty . . . a cherished heirloom of many to-morrows.

DUCO is unlike anything else . . . it is a finish of satiny smoothness and life-long durability, created and made only by du Pont. It is waterproof; easily cleaned; unaffected by steam or boiling liquids; does not chip, crack, check, print or get tacky. Some of the manufacturers of furniture now using genuine DUCO are listed below. Ask your dealer. Complete information regarding DUCO will be sent upon request. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., or Everett, Mass.; Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Active Furniture Co.
Allegan Furniture Shops
Art Metal Construction Co.
Baker & Company
S. Bent & Bros.
Bombayreed Willow Furn. Co.
Brookwood Brass Co.
Hart Brothers
Caravan Manufacturing Co
Colonial Furniture Co.
High Point, N. C.

Colonial Mfg. Co
Zeeland, Mich
Dave Bang Table Co
Decorators Furniture Co
Frank A. Hall & Sons
Hanson Furn. Co.

F. S. Harmon & Co.
Lewis Furniture Co.

DU PONT

Lincoln Chair Co.
Meier Brothers
Newark Chair Co.
Schirmer Furniture Co.

F. O. Schoedinger
Swarts & Fults
Wilhelm Furniture Co.

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

Breakfast Now Ready

in 3 to 5 minutes

QUICK QUAKER—Rich, flavory, wonderful.
Ready before the coffee—quicker than plain toast!

"HOT oats and milk"—doctors and dieticians now urge us to start the day in that way, children and grown-ups.

So here are oats richly delicious, smooth and luscious, cooked and ready in 3 to 5 minutes.

Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. We perfected them for busy mothers who might serve hot vigor breakfasts too seldom.

You can cook them while the fruit is being served—while arranging the table for breakfast. No trouble, no bother—you will be delighted.

All that rare Quaker flavor is retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

We urge you to try this new Quaker dish.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

The new Quaker Cook Book is ready

Send for it. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts—oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1660, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1½ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quaker Oats

The kind you have always known

Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

(Continued from Page 58)

"Yes, but ——"

"When Marshall was courting me he used to take any intruder, male or female, by the ear and throw 'em out. Mother used to say he was the most painful fiancé I ever had. Buck up, you two, I'll be back in an hour and three-quarters."

With that she melted like a rainbow. I led the way to a public reading room on the first floor. Its only occupant was a small bearded Frenchman with a round belly and a copy of the Echo de Paris. With the natural gallantry of his race, he sprang to his feet, bowed and hurried out. As the door closed I took Philida's hand in mine.

"We're getting a lot of help," she said, "from strangers as well as friends."

I raised her hand and kissed it over and over again.

"That's nice," she said; "I like you to do that. I've got awfully fond of you since you've been away."

"You marvel, do you mean that?"

She nodded.

"Of course, or I wouldn't have said it."

"And I—I'm simply eaten up with love of you. Wherever I've been these last few days you've been dancing along ahead of me. Yesterday I walked thirty miles with you as my pilot."

I drew her down on a wretched little sofa which one day I shall buy and preserve in spirits of wine.

Her marvelous black hair with the red glint was brushing my cheek electrically. I put my arms round her and turned her face toward me.

"Marian was right," she said. "I want to be kissed—I want to give you something I've given no one else, ever."

She was so light; it was like holding nothing and everything in one's arms.

After a while she pushed me gently away, rose, stood by the window, came back, and putting a hand over mine, sat beside me again.

"I think I can be sensible now, Nigel; before, I could only be sensitive. When you left I was awfully proud of the way you left—just shaking hands and going like that. It seemed to me so good and civilized. Then when I thought about it, something in me said no, and I began to resent—I've been resenting ever since. Not you but myself. I haven't been fair to my emotions. I'd cheated them. That wasn't brave. No, don't interrupt; feelings must be righter than habits. I felt like someone who'd made herself hungry on olives and then never even got a sandwich."

The gravity of her tone made me laugh.

"I won't be patronized, Nigel. I'm liking you well enough to tell you all that goes on inside my head. When a woman's in love she analyzes what she's got. A man tots up what he means to take. A jolly lot of thinking you've let me in for, Nigel."

"Happy thinking?"

"The best I've ever had." She was utterly, fearlessly frank. "For no reason that I can see, I've thought you into a hero. It's a frightful responsibility for you, but I can't help it."

"Philida," I said, "I worship you."

"No," she said, shaking her head; "I'm not going to be kissed for the praises I give."

"Then for what?"

"Only for absolute musts."

"This is an absolute must."

"Is it? Well, perhaps."

After that she tucked her head defensively into my shoulder.

"Now," she said, "I've told you all I've thought—or enough to go on with—and you must tell me everything you've done, which is a proper and usual division of labor between men and women."

So I told her all that had happened since I left Hardelot. When I came to my escape from the police over the dustbins of the night club she sat up and listened with dancing eyes.

"And you actually saw the brute afterward!"

"He was sitting in his car in the pious hope of seeing me dragged off to the station."

"Oh, what a splendid, splendid sell! What would have happened if you'd missed that ladder when you jumped?"

"I should have abandoned myself to the laws of gravity."

"Did you hit that man in the passage very hard?"

"Not so hard as I hope one of these days to hit Boas."

Her fingers closed round the muscles of my upper arm.

"I'm a frightful kid at heart," she confessed, "although I behave grown-up. I am a kid. I love the idea of people being strong and bashing each other about. It's an awful confession, but I do."

"The soldier's daughter," I laughed "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

"Um—all that sort of thing. I'd love to be fought for—a real titanic struggle for my sake—mortal combat."

"Tell me where the dragon lives."

"I say, what awful rot we're talking! If it wasn't for what's at the back of it, it would be rot too. Do all people like us talk this way?"

"There are no others quite like us," I replied inanely.

"It'd be nice to believe that. Nigel, are you satisfied we are going to be enough for each other? I've my idea. I'm asking you."

"I was never more absolutely certain of anything."

She looked at me for a long while without speaking. Then—"But have you given yourself a chance to know? There are all those girls of Marian's, for instance, and heaps of others much easier—much less tiresome than I am. I wouldn't mind a bit if you cared for them a little—made a fuss of them—even made love to them, if it 'ud help you to be absolutely sure. I'm not jealous that way; not a bit jealous of experiment; but I think I know I'd be terribly, terribly jealous of certainty. Once you had declared, I should want you to be so positively—so inflexibly sure."

"Positively and inflexibly, I am sure."

"That's a tremendous thing to say."

Something else troubled her.

"I wouldn't like you to be in love with me out of an obstinate determination—just because you'd told yourself you were. Oh, Nigel, what a ghastly thing a dutiful affection would be! Going on and on and wearing a little thinner every day, but sticking to its guns—that's a morbid thought, if you like."

"Philida," I said, "I can't make head or tail of half you are saying. You scare me, rather, because I don't seem to have found a way to convince you that what I feel is only a beginning of feelings which —— Oh, you know what I mean!"

She rubbed a cheek against my shoulder and nodded comfortably.

"I know what you mean, and you mustn't be scared, and you mustn't mind if I'm making the most of it all. This is my first being in love and you want it to be my last. It's all rather astonishing and head spinning; I'm out of breath from it. But because of that I don't want to miss a single part of it. I want to keep every little bit packed and stored in my heart for remembering."

"Please God, I shall make them happy memories, my dear."

"They'll be good if they aren't all happy," she said. "There's a sea of trouble ahead and we're for it, Nigel. I've instincts and they tell me so." One of her arms crooked about my neck and drew my head down to hers. "But I don't mind troubles and you don't, Nigel. So what's it matter?"

A church clock struck the quarter. Philida sprang to her feet and tugged the creases out of her frock.

"That's over," she said. "Marian'll be waiting and you've the Paris train to catch Goodest of good luck, old man."

I took her hands and held them.

"Happy?" I queried.

"Wildly," she nodded.

From the street below came an insistent hooting from a motor horn.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

You Wouldn't Drive With a Retarded Spark

You wouldn't think of driving steadily with a retarded spark.

Yet, if your spark plugs have been used more than 10,000 miles, you are in effect keeping the spark retarded all the time.

Spark plugs lose their efficiency so gradually that you do not realize it.

But a complete new set of spark plugs will instantly reveal a very marked improvement.

Engine sluggishness disappears. Power is increased. Acceleration faster. Starting much easier.

The actual saving in gasoline and oil will pay for the new spark plugs in a very short time as you can immediately set your carburetor on a leaner mixture.

If you have used your plugs for more than 10,000 miles, you will find it real economy to put in a full set of dependable Champions right away.

Seven out of ten drivers use Champions because they know that Champion is the better spark plug and will give better service for a longer time.

The seven Champion types provide correct spark plugs for every engine.

Buy Champions from any one of more than 95,000 dealers. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents). Champions are fully guaranteed. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

To Executives Who Must Conserve Time—

Precious hours have a habit of slipping by almost unnoticed. Too much business detail is often the cause, consuming time that should be devoted to bigger things.

How to conserve time—that is every busy executive's problem. Cyclone Fence, enclosing industrial property, is a step in this direction. Cyclone Fence promotes order, helps to establish system, prevents outside interference, trespass, theft, vandalism. Thus, it eliminates many annoying, time-consuming problems in administration.

Cyclone Nation-Wide Service—
Complete Responsibility

From the time your order is placed until fence is erected, the Cyclone Fence Company assumes complete responsibility for every detail of the manufacture and installation of Cyclone Fence. *Phone, wire or write for complete information.*

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices
Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Tex.
Pacific Coast Distributors Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Calif.
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.

Cyclone Fence
"Galv-After" Chain Link

We also manufacture Wrought Iron Fence for industrial uses

Branch offices in principal cities. Look in your telephone book for our local address.

The Mark of Quality Fence and Service

Property Protection Pays

THE CHILD

Continued from Page 13

hair off her smooth white forehead. "First Peggy broke your ribs and then she asked you to marry her."

"Yes."

"And you accepted?"

"Yes. It seemed so sensible. In fact, we were both frightfully keen about it, and the day they let me out of the hospital, we drove downtown to the Municipal Building and were married, just to have it over with, you know."

Sylvia Martin leaned back and lighted a cigarette.

"And then," she said, "you broke the news to father?"

"Yes. I expected him to understand. He's a business man, so I tried to make him see how practical it was. I put it to him in his own terms, in his own language. 'You see,' I said, 'by marrying Peggy I've insured myself against the possibility of ever having to earn my own living.'"

"You said that!" exclaimed Sylvia, almost with admiration. "You said that to Peggy's father?"

"Why, yes, it was the truth."

"But Peggy —— Was she satisfied? I mean, didn't she care whether you loved her?"

"Oh, but I did—I do love her! Passionately. That's the marvelous part of it," sighed Richard, finishing the last of the soufflé. "I fell madly in love with her."

"When?"

"On the way down to the Municipal Building. It was wonderful. Really it was! We were riding along in her car, and somehow our hands touched. And all at once I had the most extraordinary sensation. Horrible and beautiful at the same time. I felt ravenous. I felt cannibalistic! I wanted to eat her."

"How sweet!" murmured Sylvia.

"Yes, wasn't it? Well, I told her I felt like a cannibal, and she said, 'It's love, Richard. It must be love.' And I said, 'Yes, I'm sure it's love.' It couldn't have been just hunger. We'd been to luncheon, you see. At Sherry's. Peggy paid for it. And then I took her in my arms and kissed her!"

Here young Mr. Gaylord jumped up and began to pace restlessly about the dining room. "I'm not happy unless I'm near her. Every other moment is a torture to me. I can't write. I can't think. It's frightful. And it's all that old fathead's fault."

"Didn't you tell him that you loved his daughter?"

"I hadn't time. I got only as far as the first sentence when he crouched and sprang."

"Sprang?"

"Yes. Like a wild beast. A lion or something. He went straight up into the air and came down roaring. There was no need to roar. I was sitting not three feet away. He shouted that he'd see Peggy in her grave before she'd ever get a penny of his money to support a fortune hunter like me."

"And you ——"

"I shouted back. I had to. But it didn't do any good, so after a while I left."

"Left the house?"

"Yes."

"Did Peggy go with you?"

"No. You see, I'd given up my room—I used to have a room in Eighth Street—so we'd no place to go. I was all right. I've a friend who's janitor of an apartment house. He lets me sleep in a furniture closet off the furnace room. But I couldn't ask Peggy to share the furniture closet with me. She wanted to, but I wouldn't let her."

"What about food?" asked Sylvia, now breathless with interest. "Have you any family?"

"No. But I've a few friends. And Peggy feeds me all she can. She puts up cold lunches in paper bags and we meet in the park. We met today, but I didn't eat the sandwiches she brought me because I was having luncheon with you. I thought I'd save them—the sandwiches, I mean for supper."

"But you can't go on living like this!" Sylvia cried, torn between genuine sympathy and a desire to shout with laughter.

"No," admitted Richard. "We can't go on living like this. It's impossible. It's incredible! But as long as old Cartwright sticks to his ultimatum ——"

He stopped abruptly. The lady opposite him suddenly had given a little cry; she had turned pale and grown stiff in her chair. He stared at her in amazement, in alarm.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Cartwright!" she gasped. "Did you say Cartwright?"

"Why, yes."

"Howard Cartwright?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

Sylvia sat looking into the boy's eyes. There was a moment of silence, of mutual bewilderment.

Then she smiled vaguely.

"I was married to Mr. Cartwright," she said, "for a matter of three years—once upon a time."

"Married to him? Married to —— My sainted grandmother!" said Richard, and grinned foolishly, and then burst out, with the enthusiasm of a true dramatist: "I say! That's wonderful—I mean the way it's all cleared up in my mind. I know who you are now. You're Sylvia Martin! Of course! Jack Hall has told me all about you. I've even read some of your books. I liked them. Really! I thought they were awfully gay and nice—as though you were giggling at life."

"Yes, I have giggled," interrupted Sylvia. "But I'm not giggling now. I don't dare giggle, for fear I'll become hysterical."

"But "

"No, wait, wait!" she commanded. "We've got to clear up this mystery. In the first place, how do you happen to know Jack Hall?"

"Oh, he's been interested in my work for some time. Saw one of my plays in a magazine and was awfully nice about it. Asked me to come and see him. And then, after I'd married Peggy I found that she knew him too. It seems that her father was an old friend of Jack's, and ——"

"Wait!" said Sylvia. "Stop there. It's Peggy—Peggy who makes the mystery. I must know about Peggy. Will you please tell me how my divorced husband, whose first and only marriage occurred ten years ago, happens to be in possession of a twenty-year-old daughter?"

"Why, Peggy's an adopted daughter. Didn't I say that?"

"No, you did not say that. You most certainly did not say ——"

"She's really his niece, you know. His older brother's child."

"But her name was ——" Here Sylvia paused, looked steadily at Richard for a moment, and then gave a quick, high-pitched laugh. "Margaret! Of course. Her name was Margaret, I remember now, Margaret—Peggy! Peggy—Margaret! Oh, yes, yes, yes. Now it's all clear. But how funny it is! How f-f-f-funny ——" And to young Mr. Gaylord's horror his hostess—that beautiful, kind lady who had given him such an excellent luncheon—began to have hysterics.

"Miss Martin!" he pleaded. "Oh, please, please don't do that. Good Lord! Shall I call the maid? Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, no. I'll be all right in a minute. I'm just giggling. Giggling at life."

"And to think," said Richard wonderingly, "that you were once married to that fat—I mean to old Cartwright!"

"Old!" flared up Sylvia. "He's not old. He's just exactly forty. And if you dare to say it's a small world," she wailed, "I'll never speak to you again." And with that she got up and walked rapidly into the living room.

Continued on Page 65

The best tire Kelly ever built

THE tests to which Kelly Balloons have been subjected for the past two years, not only by car-owners but by professional drivers like Cannon Ball Baker, who has broken a dozen speed records on them over sandy desert and rough mountain roads, have demonstrated beyond any question their consistent dependability. The Kelly Balloon takes its place beside the Kelly Flexible Cord as the best tire Kelly ever built.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

All Tires Now Cost More per Wheel —These Cost Less per Mile

THE bigness of this great country is never more impressive than it is when figured in terms of its motor cars.

Tires, for instance, cost the motor car owner only a few pennies a day;

Yet the total tire bill of the whole country is about **two million dollars per day.**

When, as recently, the cost of rubber doubles and re-doubles,—for every dollar of advance in the price of tires, the country's total tire bill increases a **hundred thousand dollars a day.**

These conditions emphasize the service to those who profit by it, of the great Hardware Wholesalers of the Country in making possible a higher standard of tire quality—mileage way beyond the accepted expectation.

Every day, thousands of motor car owners are turning to Mansfields as the solution of the higher cost of tires.

Every day since tire prices increased, the demand for Mansfield Tires has been thousands more than ever before at the same season.

The lower cost of distribution effected by the country's great Hardware Wholesalers enables us to build into Mansfields the additional mileage which largely offsets the general advance in tire prices.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers

(Continued from Page 62)

The boy followed her. "But, Miss Martin—dear Miss Martin—I assure you I hadn't the slightest intention of saying——"

She turned on him with venom. "You had! I could see it in your eye."

"You do me an injustice," he protested stiffly. "I should never say anything so obvious." Then he laughed, and held out his hand. "Dear Miss Martin! Don't let's quarrel. After all, you're my ex-stepmother-in-law—or something of the sort. Aren't you?"

"How silly!" murmured Sylvia, giving him her hand; then: "You are a sweet boy. And an extremely foolish one."

"But you like me?"

"I do. I like foolish people."

"And you're going to help me—help us?"

"Help you?"

"To make that old fat—I mean, to make Mr. Cartwright see that I'm really a suitable husband for Peggy?"

Sylvia made a gesture almost violent.

"No, no, no! Not a bit of it, I can't. How can I? I haven't seen him or spoken to him—or even written to him—for seven years. He probably hates me. He——"

At this moment the maid entered the room.

"Excuse me, Miss Martin. There's a young lady to see you."

"A young lady? Who is it?"

"She didn't give her name. But she said it was important."

"Important? Very well. Ask her to come in."

"Yes, miss."

The maid disappeared. A moment later into Sylvia's living room rushed a pretty young woman in a fur coat, with a fur toque on her head and a brilliant—an extraordinarily brilliant—light in her eyes.

"Richard!" she sang out. "I simply had to!"

Richard said "Peggy!" and made as though to take her in his arms. But she gave him merely a pat, a little caressing stroke of her hand, and went straight up to Sylvia.

"Oh," she cried, standing still and looking at the older woman, "how beautiful you are!"

"My dear——" began Sylvia; but the other plunged on: "So it really was you Richard was having lunch with! I'm so glad. I'm so happy. Because I know you can help us."

"Just a moment, if you please," begged Sylvia, smiling into the girl's eager, brightly flattering eyes. "Let me catch my breath——"

"Oh! Of course. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come bursting in like this. Especially as you don't know who I am."

"But I do," said Sylvia; and added with a rather detached air: "Peggy. Peggy Cartwright."

"Peggy Gaylord," corrected that young woman's husband, with dignity. Whereupon the two women laughed spontaneously, and Peggy cried, "Don't be silly!" and kissed him. Then turning again to Sylvia: "You see," she said, "I was dying to know who it was Richard was having lunch with. He told me that you were beautiful, and he told me where you lived—he had the address written down on his cuff."

"Fortunately," said Sylvia.

"I confessed," explained Richard.

"But he didn't know your name," rattled on Peggy. "Couldn't remember it to save his soul. Well! After I'd had my luncheon I drove back here to meet him, and while I was waiting I thought: 'I'll just have a look at the letter boxes in the entrance hall,' and so I hopped out of the car and into the foyer, and there on the box marked Four-B I found your name. Sylvia Martin!"

"Clever," remarked Sylvia.

"Oh, she is!" agreed Richard. "She is!"

"Of course," said Peggy, fluttering her gloved hands, "I was thrilled. And so upset I almost died. Because there you were—the one person on earth who could help us—and there was Richard having lunch with you, and not even knowing your name. So I came up. I couldn't stand it. I just had to come."

"I'm glad you did," said Sylvia. "I'm really very glad, my dear. But I don't know why you should think I can help you."

"Has Richard told you about us?" inquired Peggy, with one of her impetuous, charming gestures.

"Everything," said Richard, and Sylvia nodded.

"Then you know," said the girl, "how badly father has acted."

There was a little silence, which Sylvia broke by saying, in a rather blurred voice, "Do you—call him—father?"

"Yes. Always. And I adore him. I really do. That's what makes it so terribly difficult. Because I don't want to hurt him, and yet—I love Richard more than anything else on earth."

"Darling!" cried Richard ecstatically.

"I suppose it was wrong of us to dash off and get married as we did," continued Peggy with an unexpected sob. "But I was so afraid something would happen to prevent it. I was in a perfect panic—and I loved him so—and——" Here she turned to Sylvia the face of a pleading angel. "Oh, Miss Martin—Sylvia Martin—you will help us, won't you?"

"My dear," replied the other woman, gently, "I'd be only too happy to help you, but——"

"You're the only human being who can!"

"Why," asked Sylvia, still very gently, "do you keep saying that?"

"Because you know father so well."

"Know him? I? I know—— My dear child, do you realize that I haven't seen your—your father—for seven years, that we've been divorced that long, that our separation was caused by a fundamental misunderstanding?"

The girl said: "Yes, I realize all that. But just the same, you know him better than anyone else on earth. You must! He told me so."

Sylvia's hand went quickly to her breast; her fingers curled and clenched in a manner that Richard, the dramatist, made note to remember.

"What," she asked quietly, "did Howard—did he—tell you?"

"It was years ago," said Peggy, subdued by Sylvia's quietness, "when I first came to him. But I've never forgotten it. You had just got your divorce—I remember the talk about that—and he had sent for me to come and live with him after my own father's death. We were alone one evening, in his room. I can remember feeling that something very solemn and important was going to happen. And then he went to his desk and took out your photograph."

"Mine!"

"Yes, and showed it to me. And he said: 'You've come to take her place, Peggy. To keep me from being lonely. I hope you'll grow up to be as beautiful as she was'—he said 'was,' as though you had died—'because she was very beautiful.'"

"Oh!" breathed Sylvia.

"After that," Peggy went on, "he didn't say anything for a long time. Just sat looking at your picture. Then he said to himself, 'Sylvia.' And then, 'She knows my secret. She's the only living person who does—or who ever will.'"

"His secret!" repeated Sylvia. "His secret?"

"Yes."

"But I—— But I don't know—I haven't the slightest notion what——"

She stopped there and looked at Peggy. Then she turned abruptly and walked to the end of the living room, to one of the front windows, where she stood with her back toward them, a still figure with a faint light on her hair.

There was a long silence, during which no one moved or spoke. Then Peggy took hold of Richard's sleeve and tugged it.

"We must go."

"Go?"

"Yes. Now. We can come back later—tomorrow."

"I see," he muttered. "Of course. We must go. Come on."

When they were in the hall, waiting for the elevator, he discovered to his amazement that Peggy was crying.

"Darling! What's the matter?"

"I shouldn't have plumped out with it like that," wept Peggy. "It was perfectly horrid of me. I should have given her time to prepare for it—led up to it gradually."

"You mean the story about the photograph? But I thought you did it beautifully. I thought it was frightfully dramatic. Really," said the young playwright, putting his arm around her, "it couldn't have been better if I'd written it out for you."

And then, to complete her assurance of his high regard, he kissed her.

"Down!" said the elevator man.

II

THE more she thought about what Peggy had told her, the more confused Sylvia became. His secret—Howard's secret! If she knew what it was, the knowledge was hidden so deep in her mind that she could not find it. It was as good as lost. Yet she sensed its importance. She had a feeling that if she could dig up this secret she would have in her hands the key to the whole situation.

And what was the situation? Was it merely a matter concerning these two charming, headlong children, Peggy and her hungry young husband? Or did it also concern herself? That is to say, were her own emotions involved?

She, too, had a hunger. And suddenly she cried out to the ridiculous pagoda in the park opposite her window, "I must see him!" and then she was frightened. But her fear was delicious. It made her reckless. She turned and went quickly to the telephone, found the number she wanted and called it.

Ten minutes later she was hurrying out of the apartment house quite breathless; and half an hour after that she was saying to the manager of a famous dress shop: "But I must have it tonight. It's absolutely essential. And there's not much to be done to it. Only this fullness in the skirt."

"Fortunately madame has a figure," said the manager.

"But one can't stop at that," muttered Sylvia; then, "You'll have it ready by six?"

"If you insist, madame."

"I do."

She walked out of the shop feeling joyous and giddy. She had just spent a small fortune on a dinner gown, a simple thing of black chiffon velvet over which one wore a cloud of gold net. She would look well tonight. She would look very well indeed.

Howard would see that she hadn't changed a bit. Her figure still was perfect—the manager of the dress shop had said so, bless him! And her hair was the same. Thank heaven for her hair!

Howard would be a trifle gray at the temples. There would be a line or two in his face—about the corners of his mouth, for instance.

Oh, how silly to guess! She'd be seeing him tonight at eight.

She was right, it proved, about the lines at the corners of his mouth. But she was wrong about his hair. It was as black as it ever had been, and as carefully brushed. He was a carefully groomed man, was Howard Cartwright. In his dinner coat he looked modeled; he looked fitted to a form. But his eyes offered a contradiction; they were curiously alight and roving; restless, as if within its shell the spirit of this man brooded, groping for some certainty in the pattern he himself had created.

"Sylvia," he said, taking her hand; and added at once, "I see no reason why we shouldn't be friends."

"Oh—— That's nice of you!" she answered quickly. "I was a little doubtful. You've no idea how much courage it took to telephone you."

"Your voice," he said, and hesitated. "Your voice sounded—natural."

"And how do I look?"

"Beautiful, as always. More beautiful than ever."

"It's a new dress," she confided. "I've never worn it before. I shouldn't tell you that! But the truth is, I bought it in your honor."

He smiled.

"I think I understand. After all, the occasion demands a little ceremony. Seven years, isn't it? And then, you've become famous."

"I promise you," she said, "that I won't try to impress you with my fame."

He said simply, "You know I never thought much of that."

"Well, then," she replied, "I'll tell you something. I don't think so much of it myself."

He looked at her and nodded. "I suppose you mean that nothing turns out quite as fine as you expect it to. But I'm glad you've—succeeded."

"And you?" she said. "I understand that your accomplishments are fabulous."

He smiled then so queerly that she hastened to get back on safe ground. Evidently he did not think so much of his accomplishments either.

"Please make yourself comfortable. There'll be coffee in a moment. I've not had mine."

They sat down in two large chairs before a toy fireplace in which real logs crackled a trifle ostentatiously. The maid brought in coffee; served it and went out again. They looked at each other over tiny cups embroidered with silver.

"You've something you want to talk to me about," he said, reminding her of their telephone conversation earlier in the day.

"Yes," answered Sylvia. But she was so long beginning that he mistook her silence for embarrassment.

"If it's money——" he ventured with a kind of gruff timidity.

But she said, "Oh, no! Nothing like that. I've all the money I need."

"Well, then——"

"It's something that concerns you personally. I don't quite know how to begin, because I've a horror of meddling—of having you think me a meddler. And I'm not at all sure how near I shall come to striking at your heart. You see, I've met Peggy."

"Peggy!"

"She was here today. In my apartment. She came to meet her husband—that boy! He was having lunch with me."

"I don't understand," said Howard quietly. "Please explain."

She glanced at him and thought, "Now I know how he looked when Richard broke the news to him."

For the man opposite her had changed subtly into an antagonist; he had grown tense in his chair. There was in his eyes the hard gleam of an accustomed anger; the anger of a man who has no other weapon against emotional attack.

She began rapidly and simply to tell him how it had happened. She told him how she had met young Gaylord at Jack Hall's tea, and how the rest had followed. "I was involved," she said, "before I knew it. And being involved—even casually—I decided that it would be much better to tell you the whole story. Because, you see, they asked me to help them."

"What did you say to that?" he demanded sharply.

"I don't—quite—remember," answered Sylvia truthfully. "But of course it's impossible."

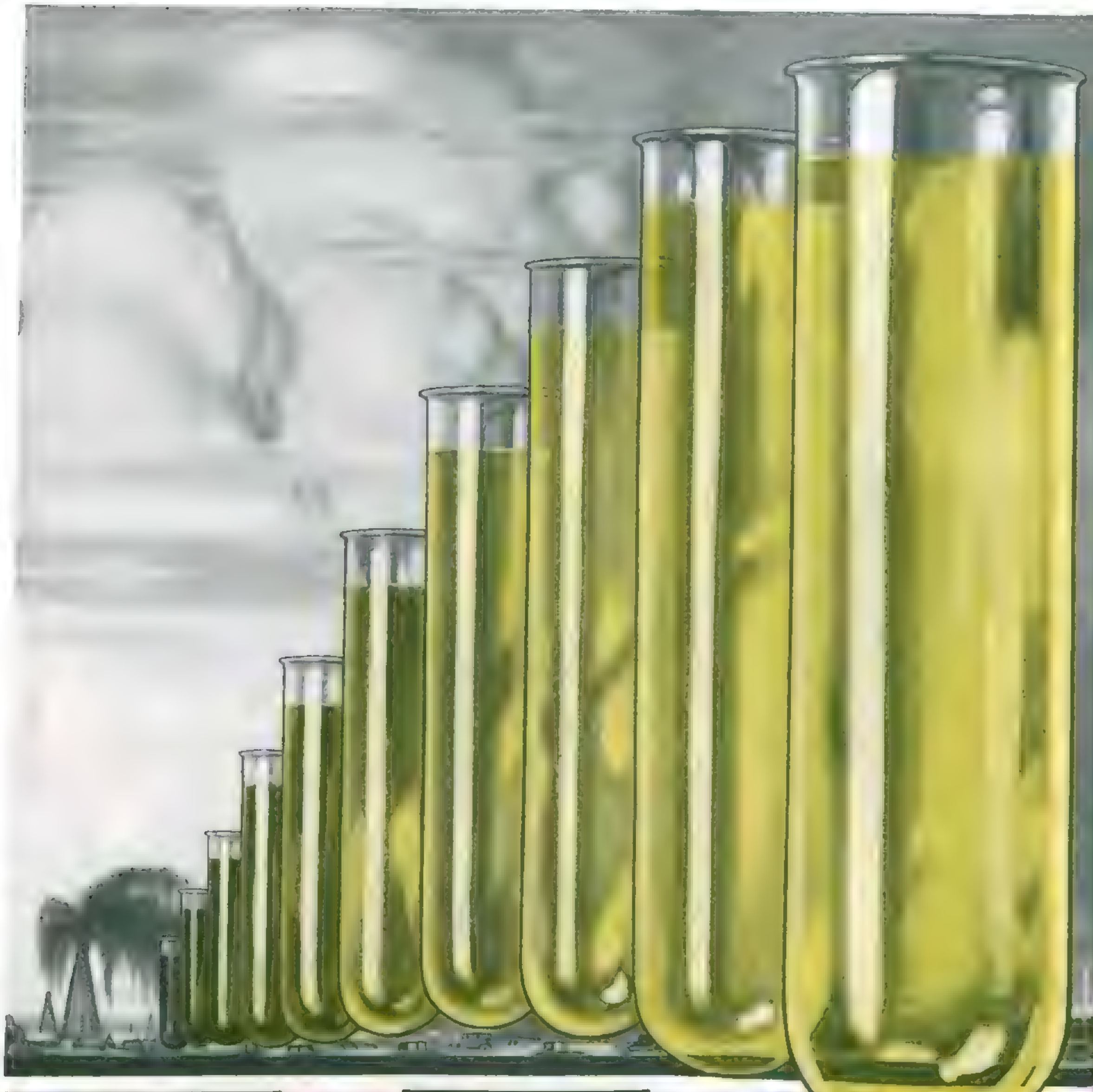
"You sympathized with them," he shot at her, in direct accusation.

"Yes, I did," she admitted. "But most of my sympathy was—for you."

He put down his coffee cup very carefully. However, his hand trembled and the cup rattled faintly against the saucer. That faint sound, that absurd tinkle was a betrayal. It infuriated him.

"You don't understand," he burst out. "That fellow's a thief—a damned young

(Continued on Page 68


TEX
MOTO

Texaco Refiners produce the Cleanest, Clearest, Golden Motor Oil!

THE TEXAS COMPANY U.S.A. PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO

TEXACO

Greater Movie Season

opening this month, means greater movie shows for Your Entertainment—greater in every way, with greater Short Subjects as well as greater features; greater comedies and novelties as well as greater dramas.

The briefer pictures of high quality, such as those bearing the *Educational Pictures* trademark, in many ways blaze the trail to greater things in Movie Entertainment.

Educational Pictures

The New Educational Pictures will provide the best part of many a show in Greater Movie Season. They will make any show better.

HAMILTON COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
WALTER HIERS COMEDIES
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
JUVENILE COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE PODGE
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

Executive Offices
370 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 65)

thief. He's as good as stolen Peggy. Stolen her!"

"Yes," said Sylvia. "But it's a sort of stealing that's been going on for a long time. And—women—like it."

He stared at her, confused and furious.

"Do they? Do they? Well, then! How do you justify ——"

"I don't justify anything," she interrupted with spirit. "You're trying to make me their advocate, and I won't have it. I'm not their advocate."

"I apologize. I'm sorry." He sat back in his chair, gripping the arms of it. "Sylvia," he said, "this is beyond me. You're a woman. Perhaps you can tell me how a girl like Peggy, who's been everything to me, who's had everything she ever wanted from me, could do a thing like that. Marry an unprincipled young cub she hadn't known a month without even consulting me."

"What would you have done if she had consulted you?"

"I'd have put my foot down, of course!"

"Then—of course—that's why she didn't consult you. Because she knew you'd put your foot down, and she wanted this boy. She wanted his love."

"More than she wanted mine! That's what hurts. I admit it."

There was, thought Sylvia, a tremendous pathos about this admission. But she did not make the mistake of pitying him. She must proceed cautiously. The more so because she felt that she was on the verge of a discovery. She was close to some revelation; to that secret of his which she could not recall.

"May I tell you the truth about yourself?" she asked, smiling in order not to startle him.

"Yes, do."

"In the first place, then, your objection to Peggy's husband isn't sound, because it's based on jealousy."

"Jealousy?"

"Yes."

He sat compressing his lips, thinking deeply. Finally he said, "You're wrong about that. But go on."

"In the second place, you've no right to feel hurt at Peggy's action, because it was—probably—your own fault."

"My fault that she didn't come to me? That she didn't ask my advice or take me into her confidence?"

"Oh, confidence! Advice!" said Sylvia. "What does advice amount to? It's love one wants at a time like that, because only love can understand love."

He winced as though her words had been steel to wound him.

"I had given her," he said painfully, "my love for seven years—I had tried to prove it to her—I had given her everything. I wanted her to have—everything."

"But somehow you failed. Your proof failed."

Howard Cartwright got up and walked across the room; picked up a book on a table and put it down again.

"Yes," he said abruptly. "The proof failed, just as it failed with you seven years ago, and for the same reason." He turned to her then with a smile so bitter that her heart ached for him. "You, of all people, know what that reason is. I'm not ——" He paused, and then said, quite steadily and coldly, "The truth is, my dear Sylvia, I'm not the sort of man that people love."

She could have cried out at that. Because that, in so many words, was his secret. She remembered now! Her mind went back—went whirling back to that other time, to that final interview with Howard, who was then her husband. He had said then, "I'm not the sort of man that people love," and she had forgotten it. It had not seemed important to her then. It was just something he had said among so many other things. Oh, but she was a fool not to have remembered, not to have known at the time that those words issued from the very soul of him.

She understood now, in that vivid moment of comprehension, how, precisely, he judged himself. Understanding that, she understood the source of all his hurt. It was his own failure that had turned to gall within him. His failure to inspire love!

And suddenly Sylvia felt sure of herself. She felt sure, and peaceful, and amazingly light-hearted.

If he had not looked so tragic she might have laughed. She wanted to laugh because it was all so absurd—as human tragedy is likely to be absurd when viewed from the reverse angle.

But she didn't laugh. Instead she said gently, "If that's true—if you're not the sort of person to be—loved ——"

"You know it's true," he interrupted. "But why? Can you tell me why?"

"Yes. I think I can."

"Then tell me, Sylvia!"

"It's because," she said, "you never asked for love."

"Never asked for ——"

"No. You tried to buy it. Oh, I don't mean with money—altogether," she hurried on, seeing the protest in his eyes. "I mean that your whole attitude was one of—of implied bargaining."

"You're talking about us," he said, taking a step toward her.

"Yes, I'm talking about us. But I imagine it applies to Peggy as well. You were fair in your bargaining. You were generous. You offered everything. And you expected to be loved in return for what you had given—for protection, honor, security, position—and all the rest of it. But never once did you come to me and say, 'Give me your love for mine, because I'm hungry and thirsty for it.'"

He cried in anguish, "But people don't say things like that!"

"Ah, no! And more's the pity," she answered "It would be a different world if they did."

"Sylvia!"

"Yes?"

"If I had said that to you seven years ago would you have given up your writing? Your—career?"

"If you'd been able to say that to me," she replied simply, "my writing wouldn't have mattered one way or the other."

"But—I mean—you'd have stayed with me? You'd have gone on being my wife?"

She looked at him and said, "Yes, I think I would."

There was a silence. She thought it would never end. But at last he spoke.

"Well," he said heavily, "it's too late now."

"Not too late for Peggy. Not too late to ask for her love," replied Sylvia, and realized suddenly that she had turned advocate and that her advocacy was costing her an effort. It was difficult to speak of Peggy when her own hunger—that strange hunger which New York seemed to induce in her—remained unappeased. She no longer felt light-hearted; she felt starved and lost and unhappy.

Howard said, "If I did that it would mean my surrender."

"Perhaps. But not necessarily. It might mean victory. Try it and see."

To conceal her face from him she seized the poker and began to prod the fire. It was a decorative and insufficient poker—a perfectly silly poker—everything in her life was insufficient and silly.

After a while she heard him say, "I'll try it. I'll go home now, and find that child, and ask her—for her love."

"Do," said Sylvia firmly. Then she got up—her legs felt curiously unsteady—and faced him. "Good night, Howard."

"Sylvia, I'll come —— May I come again?"

"Yes. Of course. Why not?"

"Thank you."

He turned to go, but stopped before he had got halfway across the room. "You're wrong about that young cub though. I'm not jealous of him. I disapprove of him on principle."

"Why?"

"Well, in the first place he married Peggy because he thought she had money. He actually told me so."

"That," said Sylvia, "was a tactical error. But at least it was honest of him. And —— My dear Howard! I'm no oracle. I don't know how long it will last, but I've never seen two young people more genuinely in love with each other."

"Even so, he isn't able to support her."

"Oh, come! That's not important—under the circumstances—and you know it! Besides, give him time. He'll probably be able to make money enough some day. Jack Hall believes in him."

"Jack's a chronic enthusiast," grumbled Howard. "But—you're right. It isn't the money. It's ——"

"Well, what?"

"It's his general elusiveness. I can't place him. He's like a strange animal. As though he belonged to another species."

"He frightens you," said Sylvia keenly.

"On Peggy's account. Yes, he does. That's true. You see, he has no background, no family."

"No mother to guide him," she put in, and felt that in another moment she would begin to giggle wildly. All this was a little too much. First Peggy, and then Peggy's husband. Her advocacy was becoming a burden.

"You're laughing at me," he said. "But just the same, I'd give a hundred thousand dollars to be able to talk to that boy's mother. Good night, Sylvia."

"Good night, Howard."

When he had gone she looked down and saw that she still had the poker in her hand. She began to laugh. She threw herself into a chair, shrieking with laughter.

"No mother to guide him," she gasped, and began to sob with a perverse and profound enjoyment.

III

THE next morning she was sitting up in bed drinking her coffee and revolving in her mind a glorious and ridiculous scheme, when the telephone rang. The telephone was on a stand beside her bed. She picked it up and said, "Yes? Hello!"

"Sylvia? This is Jack Hall."

"Jack? How wonderful!"

"What?"

"Nothing. Only—I was just thinking about you."

"I'm complimented."

"Perhaps you won't be when you find out what it is I want you to do for me."

"Anything short of grand larceny, my dear."

"You're sweet."

"I called," he said, "to talk to you about that boy—Richard Gaylord. I hadn't a chance to tell you about him the other afternoon, and I've been out of town."

"But I know all about him. We're great friends," cried Sylvia sweepingly.

"Ah-h'm," said the judge. "I rather suspected he'd throw himself on your bosom. But doesn't that complicate matters? With Howard, I mean?"

"On the contrary," she replied; "I think it's going to work out beautifully. That is, as far as Richard and Peggy are concerned. You see, Jack darling, I've got a scheme."

"Oh! Have you? A scheme, eh?"

"Yes. When can I see you? I'll come to your office. I'd rather."

"I'll be in all morning."

"M'm. I'm not up yet. I've got to bathe and dress. Shall we say twelve o'clock?"

"Twelve it is."

"And—can you get hold of Richard? He must be there too."

"Oh, Richard must, must he? H'm. Well, I'll try."

"Thanks. You are sweet. To tell you the truth I'm a bit scary about my scheme. I'm planning to be an angel—a sort of guardian angel; I don't feel at all natural in the part!"

The judge laughed and said, "At twelve, then, I'll expect to hear the rustle of wings. Good-by."

"'By, dear."

And at twelve o'clock precisely Sylvia was sitting in Judge Hall's private office, unfolding to him her beautiful scheme.

(Continued on Page 70)

$1250

for the HUDSON COACH

Only Hudson Can Build This Value

Combined with the supreme advantage of the famous Super-Six principle, the largest production of 6-cylinder cars in the world makes this quality, price and value exclusive to Hudson. Today, more than ever, Hudson is the

World's Greatest Buy

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

Its high public estimation is due entirely to what Hudson owners say of the car, and is altogether responsible for its enormous sales success.

Hudson-Essex Now World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

Hudson Super-Six Brougham $1595—Hudson Super-Six Sedan $1795

All Prices Freight and Tax Extra

Standardized for All Industries

A Complete Building Delivered Quickly

All Types of Flat, Pitched, Monitor or Sawtooth Roofs

Your necessity for rapid housing expansion finds Truscon ready to supply a complete, permanent and incombustible steel building specially adapted to your particular requirement.

Truscon serves you rapidly and satisfactorily, furnishing you with design, estimate, manufacture and erection more quickly than you would think possible. The entire procedure is carried through by Truscon. You are relieved of all responsibility from initial estimate to completed erection.

Truscon's manufacturing resources, 60 branch offices and 21 warehouses in distributing centers, assure you utmost economy and promptness in meeting your exacting building needs.

Do not wait until you are ready to build, consult Truscon now.

Return the coupon for Catalog and Information

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN OHIO, U. S. A.

Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities
Foreign Div., New York. Can. Walkerville, Ont.

Send classified catalog and information on building to be used for_____

Length_____Width_____Height_____

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 68)

Half an hour later Richard burst in, looking wilder and hungrier than ever. "I say!" he began at once. "Something's happened. Peggy's been crying all morning. When I met her in the park her eyes were red, her nose was red, and—she'd forgotten the sandwiches!"

"Never mind. Sit down. I'll take you to lunch," Judge Hall told him.

"Oh, thanks! I'm starved. But really, it isn't that. It's Peggy. Or rather, it's old Cart—er—it's him! He's been getting around her. He's made her cry. She still loves me, of course. If you only knew how she loves me! But she's beginning to feel sorry for him, and everything's in a mess, and I ——" He paused, looked at them both, and said with a good deal of impressiveness, "I won't go to making money if it kills us all!"

"Sit down," repeated the judge; and Sylvia said, "Yes, do. And please don't talk. Remember, children should be seen and not heard."

"You're making fun of me," he groaned, sinking into a chair. "You're torturing me."

"Nonsense!" said Sylvia sharply. "I'm going to be a perfect angel to you." And then, turning to Judge Hall, "Tell him, Jack, dear."

So Jack told him. And that was on a Tuesday.

The following Sunday Howard Cartwright came again to call on Sylvia at her apartment. He had telephoned her in the morning, so that she was expecting him.

His voice over the wire had sounded rather queer. It had sounded unusually brittle and excited. "I must see you," he had said.

When he came into her living room that evening she sensed at once a corresponding excitement in his manner. He came up to her directly and took her hands.

"Sylvia!"

"What is it, Howard?"

"You—well, to begin with, you were right about Peggy. She and I—for the first time since she came to live with me—have really talked to each other. We've talked for a week. I don't know that we've settled anything, but it's been—it's been fine!"

He paused, and Sylvia tried gently to withdraw her hands from his, but he only held them more tightly. "This morning," he said, "we had the best talk of all, and—Peggy told me something—about you."

"About me?"

"She said that she thought—that she was sure ——"

Again he hesitated, and this time could not go on. His courage, his masculine power was at an end. He simply stood there, clinging to her hands and looking at her so helplessly, with such bleak longing, that involuntarily she smiled. Her lips, her eyes smiled before she could find words to say to him.

"Peggy's right. I love you, Howard. I always have."

"Sylvia!"

He took her in his arms; held her close and hard. "Give me your love for mine," he mumbled, with a strange, joyous shyness, "because I'm hungry and thirsty for it."

She lifted her head slowly for his kiss.

After a while, when they had come down a little from those heights which lovers know, she, sitting beside him on a ridiculously small, brocaded sofa, said, with a certain apprehension not assumed, "I've something to tell you, Howard."

"Yes, dear?"

"I'd forgotten—I really had forgotten for a moment—but ——"

"Well?"

"I have a child!"

"Sylvia!" he said, collapsing. "A child! You—you've got a ——"

"Yes, a child. But you needn't think I mean, I promise you it's all quite legal."

"Legal?"

"Yes, but I —— Oh, Howard, I'm so frightened! I'm really scared stiff! Because I don't know what you'll say. And it's all so beautiful! I'd die if anything happened to spoil it now."

"Tell me at once," he insisted. "Where is this—this child?"

"He's here," answered Sylvia meekly; and then, in a faint voice that wabbled, she called, "Rich-ard!"

"Richard?"

"Yes, it's it's —— Well, there he is. My child!"

Howard looked and saw standing in the doorway of the living room the rather shabby, rather defiant figure of Peggy's husband. For a moment there was silence—awful silence. Then the older man turned to Sylvia.

"Is this a joke?" he demanded.

"I'm afraid it is," she quavered. "Though I didn't mean it to be. You see, you said the other day when you were here—Tuesday, wasn't it? Yes, Tuesday—that you'd give a hundred thousand dollars to talk to that boy's mother. So I decided—I mean, I saw your point, Howard. And, so I —— Well, I've adopted him."

"Adopted? Adopted—*him*?"

"Yes. Jack Hall arranged it. It really was very simple. And it seemed such a nice way of getting him a mother. For heaven's sake," broke off Sylvia sharply, addressing the reluctant figure in the doorway, "come in and look happy, can't you?"

Richard stepped forward sulkily.

"This," he said in a dignified tone, "is a happy ending. As an artist, I disapprove of happy endings. I ——"

But he got no farther, for at that moment Peggy entered from the dining room, smiled brilliantly at them all, and said, "Don't be an idiot, Richard. You're my husband and Sylvia's child. You've got to do what we tell you."

"And within twenty-four hours," said Howard Cartwright, getting up from the couch, "you'll be my son. Because tomorrow I intend to marry your mother.

"I don't know," he added, looking grimly at Richard, "whether it's going to be an ideal arrangement or not, as far as you and I are concerned, but at least our—our discussions in the future will be conducted on the basis of a strictly family affair. As for that hundred thousand dollars, I'll deposit it in a bank tomorrow morning—in Peggy's name. What are you giggling at, Sylvia?"

"Nothing," gasped Sylvia, sitting up very straight and dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief. "Absolutely nothing."

"She's giggling," said her adopted son appreciatively, "at life." Then turning to Peggy, "I say," he suggested, "if you're going to get all that money in the morning—let's dash out somewhere and blow ourselves to a little supper."

TAXI! TAXI!

Continued from Page 30

"Sorry I stepped on your foot back there at Worth Street."

"Oh, that's all right," said the other; "I'd forgotten about that."

"Thought we might as well be friendly about it," said Ben, comfortably leaning against the partition by the side of his shadow.

"Oh, that's all right," said Nimrod, rattling his paper and burying his nose in it. "I'm not packing any grouch."

"And if you're following me, I'd just as soon have you walk right alongside of me."

"Following you?" demanded the other, looking over his paper and speaking again in his challenging voice. "What do you mean—following you?"

"I beg your pardon," said Ben. "I thought you were."

The train was just stopping at Thirty-fourth Street and Ben stepped off, Nimrod breathing hard and following him. Ben waited till all the disembarking passengers had filed out, and then he stepped back on the train; and again Nimrod breathed hard and followed him.

"Think it's going to rain?" asked Ben.

The other looked at him and tried to frown horribly; but Ben's smile was too infectious, and presently they were both grinning at each other.

"Say, listen now, you go and sit down," said the young detective, suddenly checking himself with an effort that made his face turn red. "And quit your kidding, see? Kidding don't mix with this business. You ought to know that as well as I do. This ain't regular, see? You go and sit down."

So Ben went and sat down—instinct probably telling him that this was the wiser thing—and after a while he began looking his paper over again for any clews that he might find which would lead him to the owner of the bracelet.

"I guess it's an old story by now," he thought, when at last he reached the sporting news. "That detective could probably tell me, but it would look funny if I tried to talk to him about the case—darned funny; like a murderer who wants to keep talking about the crime."

Turning the paper then, somewhat absent-mindedly, he found himself looking at Help Wanted: Male, and it gradually began to dawn upon him that here was a subject that would soon be of more importance to him than any other which the public prints could offer.

"Yes, sir," he thought, with an increasing sense of foreboding. "I've got to get a job, and I've got to get it quick. A dollar eighty cents isn't going to take me far, with fifteen dollars' board bill due tomorrow!"

Help Wanted; Male, however, didn't afford him much nourishment. Salesmen galore were wanted, and bushelmen and bricklayers. But nobody seemed to want a young draftsman, bright, clever, ambitious and not afraid of hard work.

"I'll have a fat chance, too, of landing anything," he thought, "with this detective dogging me around wherever I go. Darned fool! I've a good mind to shake him just for fun."

But he didn't. For one thing he felt too dispirited when he left the Subway and started for Mrs. Bullock's; too leaden-hearted to try anything just for fun. Arrived at his boarding house, he walked up the stairs more like an old man than a young one; and when he looked in his mirror it didn't help him any to see the marks under his eyes and on his collar.

"No wonder he didn't want me to talk to him," he thought; and, a growing feeling of premonition stealing on him—"I'm beginning to look like a bum already," he sighed. "Heaven only knows how I'll look in another month."

He had a bath, as hot as he could stand it, scrubbing himself until he tingled again as though to scrub away all memories of the people's hostelry where he had spent the night.

"It's funny," he thought once, "how a fellow just drifts along, year after year, with nothing particular happening to him till he meets the right girl. And then all at once—whew! Believe me, Benny, you've been making up for lost time these past few days!"

He shaved then and went back to his room, feeling purified and more in his right mind. The shade of his window was drawn to keep out the afternoon sun, and the bed looked so comfortable after the sleepless night he had passed.

"I think if I just stretched out for a few minutes ——" he murmured to himself.

It was growing dark when he awoke; and looking at his watch, he found it was twenty to seven.

Continued on Page 72

In good standing

YOU never hear much about them. Here and there one of them flashes into the news for an instant and disappears. Now and then the activities of their societies, guilds and unions are reported. But no manufacturer and no advertiser can afford to forget for a single instant the millions of men and women who do the actual work of the world.

Steel workers, postmen, plasterers, men in machine shops and smelters, in factories and mills—millions of men hard at work and making substantial wages. As ready to spend as you are. As eager for pleasure and as desirous of comfort as any one. With the necessities of everyday life to buy and buy again, and with the luxuries never entirely out of reach.

In the lives and homes of these men there is a medium more potent than speech in the transmission of ideas and the formation of tastes. It is the printed page. No matter how humble the job or how long the hours, there is no one who cannot afford a newspaper and a favorite magazine. There is no one who cannot find time to read them. Dock workers on the 6 A. M. street-cars, paper-hangers rolling home in their Fords; carpenters and masons in their evening hours of rest. Count them up.

Not very neat perhaps in their working clothes. But follow them in their homes or watch them turn out for the movies. And you will begin to realize what it means to be a citizen, in good standing, of the most prosperous nation in the world. And you will begin to understand the shrewdness of the manufacturers who present their products to these people, year after year, for their approval.

For, these people keep the big stores going. They keep the savings banks full. Their steady trade means increased volume to any business. Their demand for products that meet their needs is incessant. The nickels, dimes and dollars they spend have the very same value as the nickels, dimes and dollars of the rich.

Call them the masses, call them wage-earners, workmen—whatever you like. But don't underestimate their numbers or importance. There are millions of them. Don't overlook their expenditures for food, clothes, shelter and amusements—the billions they keep in circulation each year. And don't forget that predominant influence—the printed page.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 70)

"Darn it!" he thought. "I've got to hurry or I'll miss my dinner!"

But he didn't miss it, eating well and feeling more like the old-time Benny every minute; so much had sleep done for him—sleep and youth, and a bath and a scraping razor. The other boarders had a head start, but he beat them to it, putting his pie away with the speed of a magician doing a bit of magic, and reaching the telephone in the hall before any of the other boarders could take possession of it for the evening.

"Hello! Hello!" he exclaimed, after he had given his number. "I want to speak to Miss Parrish, please."

Back in the dining room, the crabbed old bookkeeper and the girl who had come to New York to be famous exchanged a significant glance—a glance that was not without sourness on one side and wistfulness on the other. The bookkeeper was eating celery, but he put the silent pedal on and bent a crabbed ear.

"Hello! Hello!" they heard Ben calling next. "Is this Miss Parrish? Oh, is this you, Rose? . . . Yes, this is Ben. . . . Sure. . . . Sure, I'm all right! . . . From Mrs. Bullock's. . . . My boarding house. . . . Yes, indeed. . . . You bet I am. . . . Say, Rose, listen. I wonder if I could see you somewhere if I came downtown. I've got so much to tell you. Yes. . . . All right. . . . Oh, in about half an hour—just as soon as I can get there on the trolley. . . . All right. . . . Good-by. . . . Good-by." And then so low that the others could hardly hear him, "Good-by, dear."

"Another young man gone wrong," said the crabbed old bookkeeper, pulling the stops out on the celery again as Ben went bounding upstairs.

But the girl who had come to New York to be famous drew one of those deep, full breaths which relieve us all at times when we think of the past—which even relieve girls in their early forties who have achieved such a measure of fame that they are allowed to write their initials after the printed line "Inspected by" in a Broome Street candy factory.

XVI

BEN met Rose in a drug store not far from Uncle Christopher's. She was consulting the telephone directory when he entered; but she didn't consult it much longer when Ben went marching in.

"Oh! Oh!" she breathed, both her hands in his. "If you only knew how good it feels to see you! When did you ——"

"—— get out?" he cheerfully asked, though not exactly shouting it. "This afternoon. Though I'm not entirely out yet," he beamed. And dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper—"I'm being followed," he told her. "I tried to speak to him once, but he didn't like it. He followed me up to Mrs. Bullock's. And when I came out this evening he was waiting outside, and he rode down on the trolley with me. He's over at the post-card counter now. See him?"

Rose was nearly thrilled to pieces.

"Will he follow us now, do you think, when I go out with you?" she asked.

"Sure he will," said Ben, almost with a note of boasting in his voice.

"Come on," she said, "let's try it."

They went out into one of those spring evenings of which poetry is made, and sure enough, Nimrod followed them.

"Isn't it exciting!" exclaimed Rose, putting her hand on Ben's arm and shaking it a little.

They took a few corners just for the pleasure of looking over their shoulders and breathing "Here he comes!" And once Rose swung Benny right-about-face, and Nimrod stood on the curbstone to let them pass, pretending to be looking at the numbers of the houses across the street. Benny raised his hat, but the curly-headed one made no response.

"He's quite young, isn't he?" whispered Rose, thrilling again. "But now listen, dear. I want you to tell me everything that's happened since I saw you last night; and especially how it all started in the first place."

"Well," said Ben, considering, "just before I bought the taxi—a few minutes before, I guess—it had been mixed up in a jewel robbery in which somebody was killed."

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Rose, and put her hand over her mouth as though afraid that Nimrod might hear her. "Then that diamond bracelet you found ——" she whispered.

"Yes," said Ben. "That was probably one of the things that were stolen."

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Rose again. "Suppose they had found it on me last night!"

"I tried that they shouldn't," said Ben simply.

"You did!" she breathed in growing appreciation.

"And that's why I whispered to you this morning not to mention it to the chief," he continued, "and was scared to death you didn't hear me."

"Of course I heard you. I thought you had something you wanted to tell me, the pleading way you looked."

He went over the whole story then—how Red-Neck had questioned him, how the chief had examined him that morning, how they had ridden around and looked at the garage, and everything.

"I'd love to see that garage," said Rose when he came to this.

"All right," said Ben. "What do you say if we go up on a bus?"

On their way up the Avenue, Rose's mind was evidently busy with the tragedy in which the Turtle had taken part on the night of the concert.

"Do you suppose that this man Jersey stole the things?" she asked.

"No," said Ben. "The taxi was probably used for the real thieves to get away in. Of course Jersey knew what they were doing—he must have been one of the gang, the way they painted his car over. But the more I think about it, the more I believe that I saw the real thieves—two men who got out of the cab just before I hailed it. Else why would they get out like that the moment the car turned the corner? And why would they walk off in the rain with their coat collars turned up?"

"Do you think you'd know them if you saw them again?"

"That's it," said Ben in a troubled voice—the voice of one who has grappled much in the waters of memory but has failed to bring anything of value to the surface. "That's what the chief wanted to know. I only saw them for a moment or two, but I thought they reminded me of somebody at the time. But for the life of me now I can't remember who it was, and I've thought and thought. It was somebody, for instance, like Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. But it wasn't them. Or Mutt and Jeff. But it wasn't them. I mean it didn't look like them, if you know what I mean. Or Paw Perkins and Ashur. Or the captain and the inspector. And yet it was somebody like that. If I had only seen them a little longer, I might have remembered; but I just can't place them now no matter how hard I try."

"I know," said Rose sympathetically. "I've tried to remember people like that, and it's awfully hard if you once forget the combination."

When they left the bus Nimrod followed them half a block behind.

"Here's where I left you when I went to find a taxi," said Ben, pausing for a few moments under the canopy of a music hall. "Do you remember?"

"Do I remember!" said Rose in a low voice. "Do you think I shall ever forget it?"

They went on a little farther.

"And here," he said, stopping again, "is where I tried to engage an empty taxi that was on its way to a call. Do you remember how hard it was raining?"

"Do I remember!" she said in the same low voice.

"And I wanted so hard to get you home by half past eleven."

"Yes, and you did too!" she proudly reminded him. "But, oh, you poor boy, what you've suffered for it since!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Ben quickly. "It helped to bring us closer together, and anything that did that ——"

They crossed the street then.

"I ran over here next," he said, "still looking for an empty cab; but every one I saw had its flag down. So I kept running along and running along, and had just about got here when I saw Jersey's car stopping by the sidewalk and the two men getting out. I ran faster than ever then, shouting, and the two men hurried off in the rain. By the time I got to the car it had swung around and was getting straightened out to back into the garage—right here. And over across the street—you see?—there's the little garage, next door to the paint shop."

By that time Rose was almost breathless with excitement, and she stopped and looked over at the garage as though its doors might open at any moment and another Turtle come stealing out for a night of dark adventure. But though the garage stayed tightly closed, they were about to move on when the door of the paint shop opened and two men came out, one of them carrying a battered suitcase, such as painters sometimes carry to hold their tools.

"That's funny!" muttered Ben, his heart beginning to pound.

"What is, dear?"

"Those two men—don't they remind you a little bit of—of—yes, now I have it again! Don't they remind you of Andy Gump and Uncle Bim?"

It happened that Rose was unacquainted with those two immortals; but if you had been there you might have seen something that was dimly reminiscent of Mr. Gump in one of the two men who had come out of the paint shop and were now walking along in front of the lighted windows of the adjoining stores. There was the same jaunty self-sufficiency of manner, for instance; the same effect of much mustache and little chin; and the other had Uncle Bim's dark complexion, his hawklike nose and beetling eyebrows.

"You think they're the two?" whispered Rose.

"I'm sure of it!" exclaimed Ben. "You wait here a minute; I won't be long."

He hurried back to Nimrod, who was pretending to study the hats in a milliner's show case.

"Say, listen!" he breathlessly began. "Those two men across, passing the cigar store, I'm sure they're the two who got out of the cab just after the robbery. They're the two the chief wants—the two I couldn't identify before."

Whatever other qualities Nimrod might have possessed, a distaste for action was certainly not among them.

"You're sure?" he demanded, staring after the disappearing pair.

"Sure I am!" exclaimed Ben, his certainty growing every moment. "I could swear to them anywhere, seems to me."

"All right," said Nimrod. "Come on. We'll get a look at 'em anyhow."

They ran across the street together and had almost reached the two men, when the dark one turned to look over his shoulder, evidently none too fond of the hurrying steps approaching from behind. And whether or not it was because of Ben's resemblance to Jersey, or because to a practiced eye Nimrod was unmistakably a plain-clothes man out on a professional hunt, Uncle Bim spoke to Andy, and the two of them immediately started for the other side of the street, Ben and the detective close at their heels. A taxi was bearing down on them and Uncle Bim hailed it, the taxi swerving sharply to the sidewalk.

"Eh—wait a minute now!" said Nimrod sure now that Ben had made no mistake.

"What for?" demanded Uncle Bim.

"There's an old gentleman at headquarters who would like to talk to you."

Just how it started Ben himself could never quite figure out; but the first thing he knew after that, Nimrod was down on the sidewalk with a cut on his forehead and Ben and Uncle Bim were grappled together, Uncle Bim desperately trying to free his right arm to wield his blackjack again. Ben was dimly conscious of hearing Rose scream, of seeing a number of men come running out of the house opposite the paint shop. Then he heard a shot and felt a sting in his arm; another, and felt a burning flash run over his head; but the last thing he remembered before he lost consciousness was that Uncle Bim was still struggling in his arms, that they were both falling down an interminable staircase together.

XVII

BEN was trying to dress next morning when he heard a rap on his door. At the top of his head the hair had been cut away to make a better bearing for a surgical bandage which was set a bit on one side and gave him a sporty look. And his left arm had a splint around it between the wrist and the elbow. The bandage didn't bother him much, but the splint made dressing interesting. He had finally managed his chin and his trousers, however, and had just achieved his shirt when the rap came.

"Tap! Tap! Tap-tap!"

"Who is it?" he asked.

A deep, fruity voice in the hall answered, "Mrs. Bullock."

"I'm not dressed yet," he said, wondering whether she had come to tell him that his board bill was due that day, or to tell him that she kept a respectable boarding house which was not to be confused with a hospital. "But if you want to come in ——"

Perhaps she thought he was still in bed, for she waited a discreet interval and then opened the door—a heavy, chunky woman built something like a pudding, and yet who moved nimbly and had a managing eye. In spite, or perhaps because, of her figure, she was tightly corseted and shod, both these details apparent underneath the encircling apron which she wore, her shoes having a latticework of leather through which her insteps blobbed up in rows of eggs, and her corset holding her so tightly that she had the air of looking masterfully out from over a rampart which would need more than one army to take it.

"I just came up to tell you, Mr. Whitby," she said, "that there's a young lady downstairs to see you."

"A young lady?" asked Ben, making big eyes. "To see me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bullock. "A Miss Parrish, she said her name was."

"Great Scott!" said Ben. "And I'm not dressed yet!"

Mrs. Bullock, who had seen the morning paper long since, shook her head a little, and in some indefinable manner she seemed to soften slightly, as a pudding will soften when it has been simmering on the stove for two or three hours.

"If I can help you, Mr. Whitby," she said. "I'm sure that after the pieces that were in the papers this morning, and my own name, too, with the others—and it isn't as though I wasn't a married woman with grown children of my own, which I raised myself when Mr. Bullock died—a building contractor, though business was always slack and that and his weakness for the bottle, and me not even knowing where we would lay our heads or the next bite to eat was coming from ——"

You mustn't think she was standing doing nothing while saying this. Always in her masterful manner, she had found Ben's shoes and was putting them on, while Benny simply looked down at her and marveled. And when the shoes were laced and tied, she found him a clean collar and threaded a tie through it and proceeded to button it in place, Ben feeling as a Spanish prisoner probably feels when the garrote is being applied.

"There!" she said, when she had helped him into his coat. "Though I say it myself, Mr. Whitby, I've seen you looking worse, and you'll find her in the sitting room downstairs. Though, of course, if you know the young lady well enough, and would like to see her up here ——"

(Continued on Page 75)

Look for this Pledge

-if you want to buy a Used Car with safety

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

Your Studebaker Dealer

HERE is a way to buy a "used car" and *know* you are making a wise investment

—a way that ends the doubts and fears of the average person considering a used car

—a way that will appeal to everybody who wants to buy a fine car at the lowest possible price.

It is a scientific plan—developed by a leading group of automobile dealers. A group of dealers who sought to put used car sales on a businesslike basis.

For your protection they have adopted this unique pledge. Look for it in Studebaker showrooms when buying a used car.

Look for this pledge in Studebaker Dealers' showrooms. It is your guarantee of satisfaction when buying a Used Car

Don't call it a "used car"

Under this plan you buy unused transportation, not just a used car. At a fair and honest price you buy the unused mileage of cars that are accepted in trade. Cars that are reconditioned by experts—cars that look like new and run like new.

This explains why Studebaker dealers can make the remarkable 30-day guarantee on Certified Studebaker Used Cars offered in point number two of the pledge.

The tremendous reserve mileage that is built into Studebaker cars simply cannot be exhausted in a few years of service. Remarkable records by Studebaker cars have been made throughout the world.

One Studebaker Big Six in the service of the Greensburg, New Alexandria and Blairsville Bus Company has traveled over 138,000 miles and is still in active use.

Another Studebaker used in Postal Service at Liberal, Kan., has rolled up 150,000 miles over rough country roads in all sorts of weather.

In Martinsville, Va., still another Studebaker has covered over 65,000 miles with no repair expense at all, except for relining brakes.

These instances could be multiplied many times. Some records go as high as 400,000 miles. The stamina and rugged dependability of all Studebaker cars is the reason for this amazing mileage.

Buy with confidence

This advertisement is published by The Studebaker Corporation of America in the interest of Studebaker dealers who have adopted this unique used car pledge.

These dealers are actuated by the highest business principles.

Before you buy any car—new or used—we ask you to investigate this Studebaker plan. In justice to yourself, see the Studebaker dealer.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

"My Goodyear balloon tires have run approximately 9,000 miles on the intermountain roads of Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Colorado. I am quite confident I will receive five or six thousand miles more. But it isn't so much the mileage that pleases me as the ease of riding. They smooth the roads out and cut down car wear."—JOHN E. CRONIN, President, Independent Oil & Gas Company, *Salt Lake City, Utah.*

"My work for a commission house takes me into Southeastern Ohio, and I drive not less than 400 miles per week. In nine months I have covered over 14,500 miles on my Goodyear balloon tires and have had only three punctures. I have never had a more comfortable riding car; am able to hold the road better, and my mechanical upkeep has been reduced."—CHAS. F. PIERSOL, *Columbus, O.*

"The front pair of Goodyear balloon tires on my Ford coupe have covered 24,000 miles, the last 8,000 including a run to Florida and back. The rear pair had gone 16,000 miles when I replaced them on the eve of the Florida trip. This is twice the mileage I have heretofore obtained on any make or style of tire. These mileages seem out of reason, but I would willingly take oath on the veracity of the figures."—R. L. KEATING, *Portland, Me.*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

S-T-R-E-T-C-H
that's the answer!

Why SUPERTWIST is needed in balloon tires

You remember how the tire-makers always warned you to keep your tires pumped up hard?

There was a reason for that.

The essential principle of the high-pressure tire was *resistance* to the shocks and blows of travel.

Now the balloon tire is wholly different in principle; it is designed to *absorb* these shocks and blows.

So you can readily see that the balloon tire requires a different type of material than was formerly used.

Goodyear realized this requirement in the beginning, and at once set about finding a suitable material.

After long and repeated experiment it developed and perfected SUPERTWIST, a new cord fabric with special values for balloon tire design.

SUPERTWIST is unlike ordinary cord fabric; its superiority consists in its greater elasticity.

It far outstretches the breaking point of the cord fabric ordinarily employed.

When a tire made of this new material strikes a stone, the SUPERTWIST cords take the blow, yield, stretch and recover, distributing the impact over a larger portion of the tire.

More cords take the strain; the shock is smothered in resilience; the elasticity of the tire protects it from stone-bruise, carcass-breaking and like injury.

The result is a longer-wearing greater-mileage tire, a tire of extreme economy.

Proof of this extra-serviceability is seen in the testimony of typical Goodyear balloon tire users, presented herewith.

You want SUPERTWIST and its benefits —you get them in full measure only in Goodyear Tires.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—Goodyear Tubes

"My Goodyear balloon tires have traveled 6,943 miles to date, have never been punctured, and I have had to inflate them only three times since I put them on the car. I can't see that they show any wear at all and believe they will be good for 25,000 miles, which will be more than satisfactory as I travel over all kinds of roads when covering my territory."—R. J. CORDELL, *Waterloo, Iowa.*

"Sometime ago I faced the necessity of changing tires, and at your suggestion I put Goodyear balloon tires on for a trial. I have now driven over 10,000 miles on them and have found them to be very practical. I can notice the difference in riding quality. There is much more resiliency and comfort. Let me thank you for suggesting Goodyear balloons as the way to better motoring."—ALBERT ELLIS, Elco Distributing Co., *Chicago, Ill.*

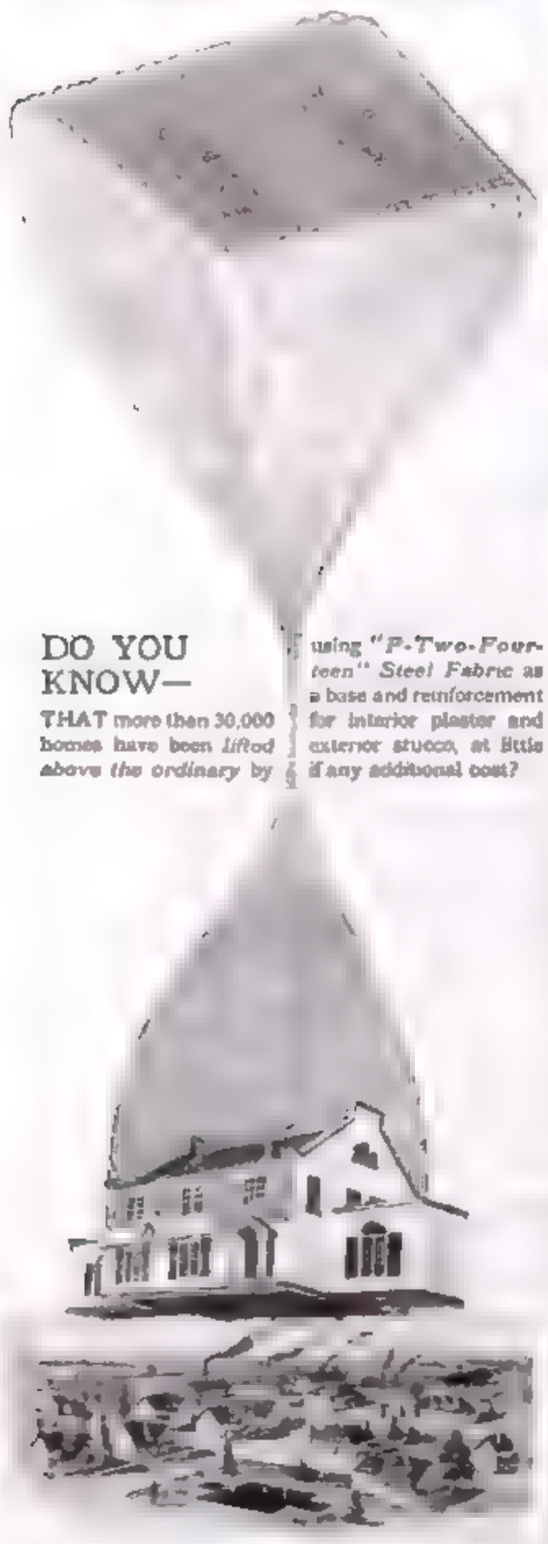
"In May, 1924, I purchased a Nash touring car equipped with Goodyear balloon tires. They have traveled 12,000 miles over all kinds of roads and with practically no tire trouble—only three punctures. The treads have not yet been worn smooth, and I believe that the tires are still good for several thousand miles. This performance certainly is satisfactory to me."—HUGH STEVENS, Vice President, Bankers Trust Company, *Knoxville, Tenn.*

"I have driven my Goodyear balloon tires more than 20,000 miles and in my business, carrying mail, these 20,000 miles were not picked road. I have used them on my route continuously in all kinds of weather and all kinds of roads. In a 4,000-mile tour of Arkansas' rough and rocky roads last summer, I did not have the pleasure of changing a tire."—ROBERT BENTON, *Joes, Colorado.*

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

Lifting it ABOVE the ORDINARY



DO YOU KNOW—

THAT more than 30,000 homes have been *lifted above the ordinary* by using *"P-Two-Fourteen" Steel Fabric* as a base and reinforcement for interior plaster and exterior stucco, at little if any additional cost?

DO —

THAT by using *"P-Two-Fourteen" Steel Fabric* you actually bind your home with 5600 single wires which, if plaited together, would make a cable capable of lifting 1,000,000 pounds, and if laid end to end would total more than 20 miles in length?

THAT every steel reinforcing wire becomes embedded when the plaster and stucco is applied, in this way giving you reinforced slab construction cast in place?

THAT when the foundation settles, or the wooden frame-work expands or contracts, these wires are drawn into action and hold the frame-work rigid, thereby preventing unsightly cracks, and falling plaster and stucco?

THAT *"P-Two-Fourteen" Steel Fabric* is so designed that when something causes strains (tension) in one place, this tension is distributed from one wire to another and the possibility of these cracks is eliminated?

THAT many representative architects, engineers, lathers, and plasterers have proclaimed *"P-Two-Fourteen" Steel Fabric* the best designed and most economical base and reinforcement on the market today for interior plaster and exterior stucco?

Write us today—we will be glad to tell you how to *lift your home above the ordinary* by reinforcing for durability.

NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC COMPANY
(SUBSIDIARY OF PITTSBURGH STEEL CO.)
725 Union Trust Building Pittsburgh, Pa.
Atlanta Boston Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland Dallas
Detroit Houston Los Angeles New York City
Philadelphia Pittsburgh Rochester St. Louis
San Antonio San Francisco Seattle

National Steel Fabric Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please tell me how to reinforce for durability.

Name .....
Address .....
City State
I am especially interested in item marked—
☐ SMALL HOUSE ☐ STORE OR BANK
☐ $5(.000 HOME ☐ COUNTRY CLUB
☐ FILLING STATIONS ☐ REALTY DEVELOPMENT
☐ $500,000 HOTEL ☐ "OVERCOATING"
☐ GARAGES ☐ HOUSING PROJECT

REINFORCE DURABILITY

(Continued from Page 72)

"I'd like to," hesitated Ben, knowing that sitting room downstairs, a passageway for all the lower floor, "but I guess I'd better go down."

He found Rose waiting for him with a bundle of morning papers on her lap.

"Well!" she exclaimed, after their first greetings were over, and she had made sympathetic little croonings over his bandage and splint. "I s'pose you've seen the morning papers? Me, I feel so proud of you I hardly know what I'm doing!"

"No," said Ben, "I haven't seen them yet. In fact, I was only just getting up when Mrs. Bullock came and told me you were here."

So she showed him the papers, and there it was—the whole business. Jewel Robbers Caught After Fierce Fight. That was the headline of the first story. The robbery, it seems, had taken place on Friday night, at Mrs. Joseph Schirmer's apartment on Park Avenue, and in making their escape the thieves had shot an elevator man who had tried to stop them, and had then got away in a waiting taxi with jewelry enough to pay off the debts of some of the smaller European principalities. In some way, the story continued, the robbers had been identified by Mr. Benjamin Whitby, a draftsman in the office of Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe; and seeing them again on the street the previous evening, as they were on the point of leaving the city with their booty in a battered suitcase, Mr. Whitby had courageously closed in on them and grappled them, and had steadfastly refused either to be shaken loose or blackjacked loose, or even to be shot loose. As a result, the thieves were now in jail, and Mrs. Schirmer had identified her jewelry, and Mr. Whitby, refusing to go to a hospital with the same determination which he had shown throughout the whole enterprise, had returned to Mrs. Bullock's boarding house on East Fifty-sixth Street as soon as his wounds had been dressed, and was there reported to be resting comfortably.

Of course there was a lot of this—a good two columns all together—but that was the gist of it.

"Oh-h-h, Ben, if you only knew how proud I feel!" said Rose as the determined Benjamin turned pink at the words of praise which a reporter had showered upon him in the second story.

"Toh!" said Ben, reading the paragraph over, just the same. "Anyone would have done it."

"Yes, they would!" she gently scoffed.

They looked at each other, and she smiled at him with that eager breathlessness which a girl seldom shows to more than one man in her lifetime, and which can only be roughly translated to mean, "What would you like, dear?" Mutely accepting, Ben chose a kiss, and she gave it to him with the same eager breathlessness which had marked her smile. Mrs. Bullock came through then, still tenderly simpering; and though she was carrying a dust pan, she beamed upon them both as though she were a bridesmaid bearing flowers.

"Well!" said Rose when they were alone again. "What are we going to do next?"

Ben had one of his idiotic impulses then, an impulse to say, "Let's go and get married!" And though the suggestion almost rushed out, he throttled it just in time.

"Me!" he thought with a touch of bitterness. "I couldn't even pay for the license! No money—out of a job—I'd make a fine husband, I would!"

"Well?" she said again, with the same indefinable invitation in her manner as before.

This time impulse was too strong for him, and he heard himself murmuring, "You beautiful!" But Leila, the waitress, saved him from disaster, marching through with a broom in her hand and a towel around her head.

"You know, Rose," said Ben, groaning a bit, as though his bandage hurt him, "a girl like you—you could marry a rich man easy. And me, I'm only a poor kid, broke just now and out of a job, and precious little chance of getting another with my arm slung up like this."

"You poor lamb!" murmured Rose.

He wouldn't have that, though, but sat up straight and began to gather the papers together.

"Oh!" said Rose, as though the papers reminded her. "I nearly forgot. What do you think we ought to do about the bracelet?"

She had brought it with her, wrapped in her handkerchief, and now she untied it, and even in that dark room it promptly showed them some of its varicolored fire.

"I guess we'd better mail it to Mrs. Schirmer, or whatever her name is," said Ben. "It gives her address in the papers, and we could easily mail it so she'd never know where it came from."

But Rose shook her head at that.

"I wouldn't," she said. "I've been thinking. If those two men were regular thieves, perhaps the bracelet doesn't belong to Mrs. Schirmer. And even if it does, I think it would be—well, more straightforward, really, to take it back to her and tell her how we found it."

"Sounds pushy, somehow," said Ben doubtfully. "But if you'd like to take it yourself ——"

They had quite an argument about it, and Ben's head began to throb, perhaps with so much shaking.

"Well, all right," he said, wincing a little. "I—I don't want to be contrary to everything you say. I'll go with you if you'll do the talking, and just tell her that we found it in the cab."

Mrs. Schirmer lived in one of those luxurious apartment houses where even the maids have two bathrooms so they can take their choice. She was a gentle little lady with silvery hair and eyes that were nearly as blue as Ben's. At first she kept her voice so low that it was hard to tell what she was saying; but when she learned that Ben was the boy who had grappled with the two thieves, she threw repression to the winds and almost squealed her admiration.

"I was coming around to see you this morning, to thank you personally," she said—"had just ordered my car. Oh, I think it was wonderful—perfectly wonderful!"

Ben was afraid she would think that he had come around to be praised; so somewhat brusquely he mentioned the bracelet and Rose untied it from her handkerchief again.

"You see," she said, "we happened to find it in the car which those two men had used; so I told Mr. Whitby I thought we ought to come around and find out if it was yours."

"Yes," said Mrs. Schirmer; "and about the only thing missing." She hesitated a little, first looking at Ben and then at Rose. "Do you know what I'd like?" she said to Ben, as though suddenly making up her mind. "I'd like you to accept this—I won't say as a reward, for courage such as yours, sir, can never be paid for in any material sense. But I would like you to have it as a souvenir of your adventure in bringing two dreadful rascals to justice."

Again she hesitated and then continued, "I telephoned a few minutes ago to Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe's, to see if you were there; but they told me that you had left and the girl seemed rather doubtful that you were working anywhere. Pardon me for mentioning that, but I have just been thinking that a bracelet to a young man is a poor gift at best. So if you would like to take it around to Constantin's, I know they would be glad to buy it from you. But don't take less than seventy-five hundred. If they offer you less, please tell them to phone to me."

Ben finally took it, thinking, "I'll give it to Rose"; but when they got outside and he wanted to clasp it around her wrist she wouldn't take it.

"No, no!" she said. "I couldn't, Ben! No, no! The way you found it and everything, I think it would be dreadfully unlucky; and every time I saw it I would think of that poor man who was shot. Oh, no, Ben! Please! It makes me shudder just to think of it." And then in that gentler, wheedling voice which is often more effective than an army with banners, "Let's take it round to Constantin's, please. I've often thought I'd like to see their store."

Ben drew a full breath; and on the crest of it he could see the bungalow rising grandly from the hill on his father's farm, overlooking the Thames and the distant town—could see the chimneys with their arched tops, the gables with their fanlights the bird bath in the flower court. Of course, seventy-five hundred wouldn't do all this, but at least it would make a good start; and meanwhile if he could get his old job back at Cullworth & Timpson's in the Disco Building

"You're sure you wouldn't like it?" he asked, uncertainly holding the bracelet out again.

"Oh, Ben! Please, dear! No!"

"All right then," he said, suddenly grown brisk in spite of his splint and bandage. "We'll go to Constantin's. But on the way we'll stop at your uncle's office. I left the plans of the bungalow there, and I'll just drop in and get 'em."

XVIII

AS THEY approached the entrance Ben began to walk more slowly.

"Do you think you ought to come in?" he asked.

"You bet I'm coming in!" said Rose. "And I'd like to see Uncle Christopher or anybody else try to stop me!"

"It'll only take a minute anyhow," he thought. "I can leave her in the reception room, and he never goes in there."

But when he figured that it would only take him a minute, Ben reckoned without that super arithmetic which Fate can bring to bear.

First the ancient doorkeeper congratulated him upon his affair of the night before; and when he left Rose in the reception room and whispered that he would be right back, Miss Daggett came out and caught him in the hall, and the other girls trooped out, and they all crowed over him, and wanted to hear from Ben's own lips just how the thing had happened.

He got all fussed up, knowing that Rose could hear them from the reception room; and when Miss Daggett rolled her voice and her eyes together and said "Oh, Benny Whitby, I could just hug you to pieces!" he turned as red as the beads on a young turkey tom and ran upstairs as fast as he could, though pretending to do it laughingly.

Yet that was nothing to what awaited him upstairs. Of course, they had read about it, and had talked about little else all morning; and now when the hero of their conversation thus unexpectedly appeared among them, with his bandage on his head and his arm in a sling, they crowded around him, excitedly speaking or oval mouthed; and so far as the drafting department was concerned, the business of Messrs. Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe simply stopped right then and there.

Ben told them the story and answered their questions as quickly as he could, meanwhile sitting on the empty stool next to Cockeye's—the empty stool which had once been his.

"All right, boys," said Ricketts at last in his briskly efficient manner. "I think you'd better get back to work again now."

They left their hero reluctantly, like bees slowly detaching themselves from a swarm; and Ben turned to his old drafting board and took out the thumb tacks which held down the back sheet, Cockeye watching him with a gathering scowl that boded ill for someone.

"Eh!" said Ben, finding the space beneath the back sheet empty. "I had some sketches of a bungalow here. Who took 'em?"

Cockeye could hardly get the words out quickly enough.

"Old Crusty took 'em!" he stammered.

(Continued on Page 78)

This giant tube *of* VEEDOL *High Pressure* GREASE

— the new way.. the quick way.. the clean way.. to fill your grease gun or grease cups

The tube is shown in actual size—10¾ inches long and over 6 inches in circumference. It is the largest grease tube and the best grease value on the market. Each tube in an individual carton.

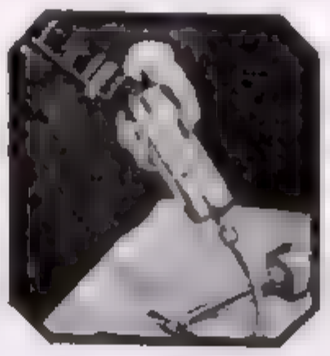
35¢ everywhere

THOSE days are gone forever . . . when you had to buy grease in an open-top tin can that collected dirt and grit—and scoop the grease out with a knife or stick. A dirty, messy job at best.

The new way, the quick way, the clean way is to buy the giant Veedol Grease tube. To fill your grease gun or grease cups, just squeeze it like a tube of tooth paste—and the job's done. The grease stays clean, and so do you.

This Veedol Grease tube is sold by thousands of dealers displaying the orange and black Veedol sign. Let the Veedol dealer give you *complete* Veedol lubrication service—crankcase, transmission, differential, chassis. Then buy a couple of the new Veedol Grease tubes—one to use around the house, the other to carry with you in the tool box of your car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, N.Y. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.



To fill your grease gun or grease cups, just squeeze the giant Veedol tube —and job is done!

Just the thing for Fords!

The giant Veedol Grease tube takes the place of a grease gun on millions of Fords not equipped with high pressure lubricating systems. It is ideal for filling Ford grease cups, hub caps and lubricating all grease points. Try it—and you'll never go back to the old-fashioned way of using grease.

(Continued from Page 76)

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Ben indignantly. "What right did he have to take my sketches?"

Again the faithful Jimson could hardly speak for spluttering.

"Now you were doing some detail work for Palmalee's country houses before you left," he said. "And Mr. Palmalee and the boss came down to see it. And Mr. Palmalee saw your sketches and liked 'em, and Old Crusty swiped 'em and took 'em upstairs."

Almost before Jimson was through speaking Ben was on his way for the stairs. It had been his first idea to burst into the sanctum sanctorum; but when he reached the door—whether it was old custom that still held him or simply good manners—he stopped and rapped.

"Come!" said the voice within.

Ben entered; and true to form, Mr. Schermerhorn didn't look up at first. He was bent over the old walnut drafting table—that drafting table at which some fine old medieval miracle might well have been conceived—and propped up in front of him, most unmistakably, was one of Ben's sketches—the one that showed the flower court overlooking the Thames.

"Say, you've got a nerve!" exclaimed Ben indignantly, walking over to see what was going on.

At these sacrilegious words, it might be said that the whole room seemed to start—the teakwood table on which rested Mr. Schermerhorn's silk hat and gold-headed cane, the bronze nude by Cellini, the Venetian desk carved with the history of the human race, a history in which the ladies played such a surprisingly large part. Certainly Mr. Schermerhorn started, although for the moment he couldn't believe those words were intended for him; but frowningly turned as though expecting to find two intruders in his room, one of these intruders addressing the other in minatory tones.

"A darned big nerve!" continued Ben, getting madder and madder. "Swiping my sketches without saying a word, and working them up for somebody else!"

By that time, of course, Mr. Schermerhorn knew that he himself was being addressed—and no other whatever.

"What do you mean by coming in here like this?" he demanded in tones like ice.

"What do you mean by stealing my sketches?" demanded Ben, walking to the drafting table and snatching them up. "I did these at home—at night—and you had no more right to take them than you had to take my watch and chain if I had left them here!"

At first Mr. Schermerhorn simply stared—stared as that poor Louis probably stared at being sauced by the sans-culottes that fateful day at Versailles.

"Copying them, too!" continued Ben, looking at the drafting board and tippling away at his indignation till he was almost drunk. And then, not quite accountable for what he was doing, he started to tear Mr. Schermerhorn's tracings off the board and upset the ink over everything, a catastrophe that will sober any young draftsman, and quickly brought Ben Whitby back to earth. Probably Mr. Schermerhorn noticed the drop in the young man's mood. At any rate he seated himself at his desk and pressed his finger tips together and raised his eyebrows with much of his old superiority of manner.

"Of course you know that you—er—can be arrested again for this," he said.

"Try to do it!" said Ben shortly. He had wiped up most of the ink with Mr. Schermerhorn's dusting cloth and was now removing the tracing by more peaceable means.

"I may," said Mr. Schermerhorn. "But first I should like to know, now that you have my sketches and drawings, what you propose to do with them."

"I'm going to Mr. Palmalee first and tell him what happened," said Ben; and then he added, groping fiercely around in his mind for something that would wound, "and after that I may go around to Masters, Peltier & Swann and get a job there."

Any lesser man might have showed the effect of this; but Mr. Schermerhorn still calmly pressed his finger tips together and kept his eyebrows up.

"Oh, that's what you're going to do?" said he.

"Yes, that's what I'm going to do!" said Ben.

"You think you can prove that these—er—so-called sketches were conceived by yourself and executed in your own time?"

"You bet I can!"

Mr. Schermerhorn stared at him—this time as poor Louis once possibly stared at Mirabeau—and then he reached out his hand.

"I should like to see them again, please—your sketches, I mean," said he.

There was that in his manner—a touch of *noblesse oblige*, if you like—or it might have been the word "your" in "your sketches, I mean," which caused Ben to hand them over without too much hesitation. He stood ready to protect them, though, if protection became necessary, and breathed through his nose a little as Mr. Schermerhorn unrolled them and flattened them out upon his desk.

"A splendid inspiration," said the latter in a voice which Ben had never heard him use before. "You will pardon me for thinking you had copied them in an idle hour." The next seemed to come harder, but when it did come there was no doubting the sincerity behind it. "You see," said Mr. Schermerhorn in a still lower voice, "I didn't know we had a genius downstairs."

Ben swallowed hard; and looking at the older man at the desk, Old Crusty seemed to vanish and his place was taken by a younger, dreamy-eyed human who himself had been proclaimed a master in his day, whose Lydig Art Gallery and St. Pancras Church and Bryce Terminal were still held out as models which had not yet been overleaped by any younger knight of the drafting board.

"I am glad I have seen them," said Mr. Schermerhorn, rolling the drawings and handing them back to Ben. "Though, in a way, I am sorry too," he added. "It is things like this which tell me I am getting old." For some foolish reason Ben felt his nose smart as Mr. Schermerhorn arose, still in his newly found manner, and walked to the door and opened it. "I'm sorry you're leaving us, Whitby," he said, holding out his hand, "for we need young men like you."

This time it was Ben who felt it—that touch of *noblesse oblige* which marks the great from the small—though the thought of Rose waiting downstairs must certainly have helped some too.

"Perhaps I'd better stay then, Mr. Schermerhorn," he said.

Mr. Schermerhorn closed the door so promptly that it wasn't far from banging.

"Come and sit down, Whitby," he said, leading the way back to the desk—that carved desk, you will always remember, in which the ladies played such an important part. "I'm expecting Mr. Palmalee for lunch, and I should like you to meet him with me."

"If you will excuse me a minute first," said Ben: "I—er—have a friend in the reception room who thought I'd be right down again. I shan't be very long."

XIX

THE clocks of the city were striking eight that evening when a young man, proudly attired in evening dress, walked up the steps of a house on Gramercy Park and rang the bell.

"Yes, sir," said the silvery-haired butler, opening the door and bowing.

"Is Miss Parrish in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, sir. You are Mr. Whitby? Yes, sir; she is expecting you."

He led the way to the drawing-room, and there sat Rose, pretending to be reading a magazine. She was dressed in a silk frock the color of crushed strawberries, and if Ben had been skilled in such matters, he might have marveled at the Brussels lace around the yoke and the sleeves. But being a man, he had eyes for little else than the eyes of the young lady who was smiling so deeply into his; and if you had been there, seeing them look at each other like that, it might have struck you that before that dress had been worn the last time the crushed strawberries would probably be crushed a great deal more than they were at that moment.

"Is he in?" whispered Ben when their first greetings were over.

"Yes," nodded Rose, and laughed a little in suppressed excitement.

"But you haven't told him!"

"No-o-o-o-o!" she said. "I want it to be a surprise too!"

They looked at each other as lovers can, and the strawberries had a narrow squeak of it.

"I don't think he's going to mind much," said Ben more seriously when this danger had passed. "I had lunch with him today."

"Really?"

"Oh, I tell you! With him and Mr. Palmalee! And Mr. Palmalee's tickled to death with the bungalow; and next week, he says, he'll fix it so that Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe will be the supervising architects for the Palmalee Foundation. And on the quiet, the old boy's tickled to death. He was afraid that Masters, Peltier & Swann were going to get the job. But now ——"

Steps were heard on the stairs in the hall—a slow, majestic descent.

"Here he comes!" whispered Rose. "He and Aunt Flo are going to the opera. Wait till you see Aunt Flo."

But it was Mr. Schermerhorn who appeared first in the doorway of the drawing-room, dressed with a magnificence that was well-nigh overpowering, the braid on his evening clothes looking like something which kings might wear to denote their rank, the ribbon of his eyeglasses more like a piece of grand-ducal regalia across the front of a shirt than an eyeglass ribbon.

"Good evening, Mr. Schermerhorn," said Benny, rising from where he had been sitting by Rose's side.

However the old boy might have felt, he took it well, his mouth opening just the merest trifle for the first startled moment; but then his attention seemed to be caught by Ben's attire, and he gave it a critical glance which ended in approval—an approval that would have been very gratifying to Messrs. Tuttle & Nichols, Outfitters to Gentlemen, if they had only been there to see it.

Aunt Flo came in then, more regal looking, if anything, than her lord. She was wearing the Schermerhorn rose diamonds which had lately been reset in platinum—necklace, brooch, tiara and two rings—and she wasn't a bit ashamed of herself.

"My dear," said Mr. Schermerhorn, "Mr. Whitby—a promising young man—a very promising young man—from the office."

Aunt Flo gave Ben a searching look, having seen these young men from the office before; but whatever it was that she saw in this one—the extraordinary blueness of his eyes, or his clothes, or his knack of appearing to be to the manner born, or whether she saw something deeper yet, the germ of a future greatness which only needed time to develop it, she presently favored him with a nod that was like a shower of rose-colored fire, and shook her finger at Rose.

"So this is why you didn't wish to come with us this evening!" she archly exclaimed.

They left then, after she had kissed her niece—that kiss which an old woman can give a young one at such a time—a kiss which starts by saying "Be careful!" and ends by breathing, "I envy you your youth."

"Well!" said Rose, after the front door had opened and closed. "They won't be back till half past eleven at the very earliest. What shall we do first?"

"You're going to look at this first," said Ben, not without importance, as he took a small box from his pocket and gave it to her.

"But, Ben!" she said. "What is it?"

"Open it," he wisely counseled.

It was a purple leather box with gold tooling; and when she opened it, a solitaire looked out at her and shyly winked its eye.

"Oh, Ben!" gasped Rose.

"I sold the bracelet," he largely explained. "I may buy you another like it some day; but first I thought I'd get you the ring."

"You mean this is for me?" she breathed.

The solitaire shyly winked at them both, and presently slipped into place on Rose's finger.

"Oh, Ben!" she exclaimed again.

The butler was heard in the hall, probably wanting to see it too; and as Rose didn't like to shut the door, she fetched a wrap and she and Benny went for a walk.

"There won't be many people in the park," she said.

But they had hardly stepped into the park when they discovered that it was one of the most densely populated spots in the city, it being that kind of an evening, and the first of its kind that spring.

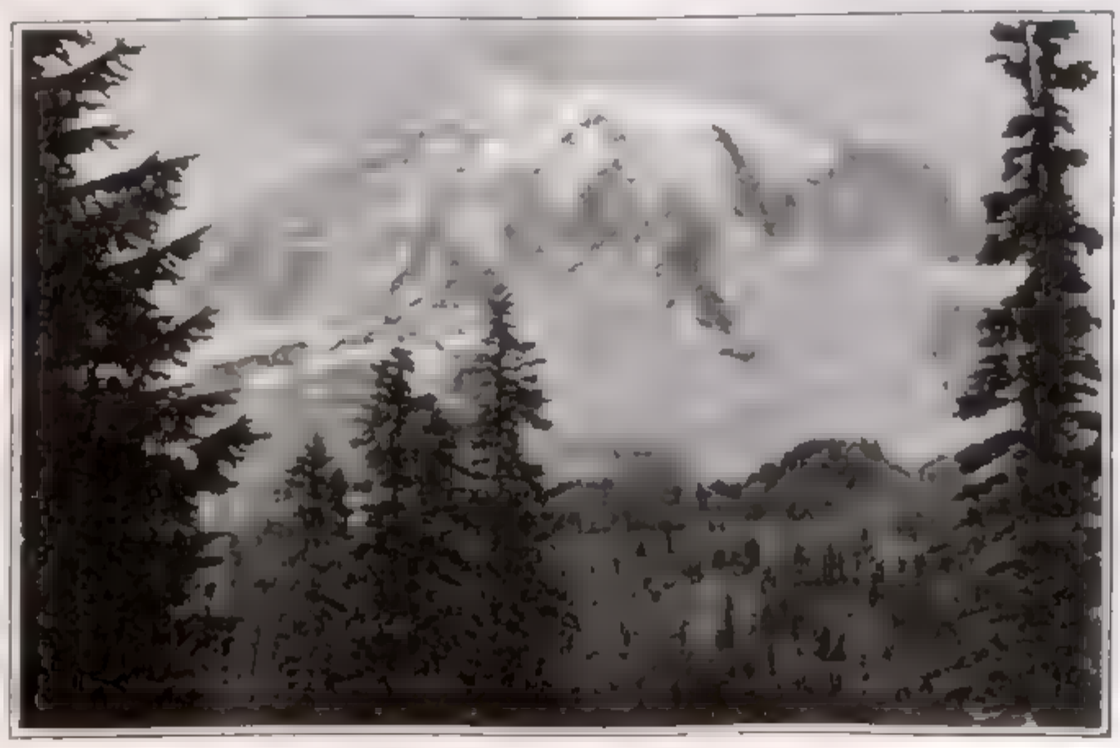
"Did you ever see so many people?" asked Rose, a complaining little note in her voice.

"You'd think they had no homes," said Ben, frowning at the people. "Wait a minute, though. I'll show you what we'll do."

She went with him, apparently not unwilling to be shown; and they stood at the curbstone until a comfortable-looking ark appeared around the corner, in appearance somewhat resembling the Turtle, with a cabin instead of a shell upon its back.

"Here we are," said Ben. "I thought we wouldn't have to wait long." And flipping his stick, he raised his voice and called out, "Taxi! Taxi!"

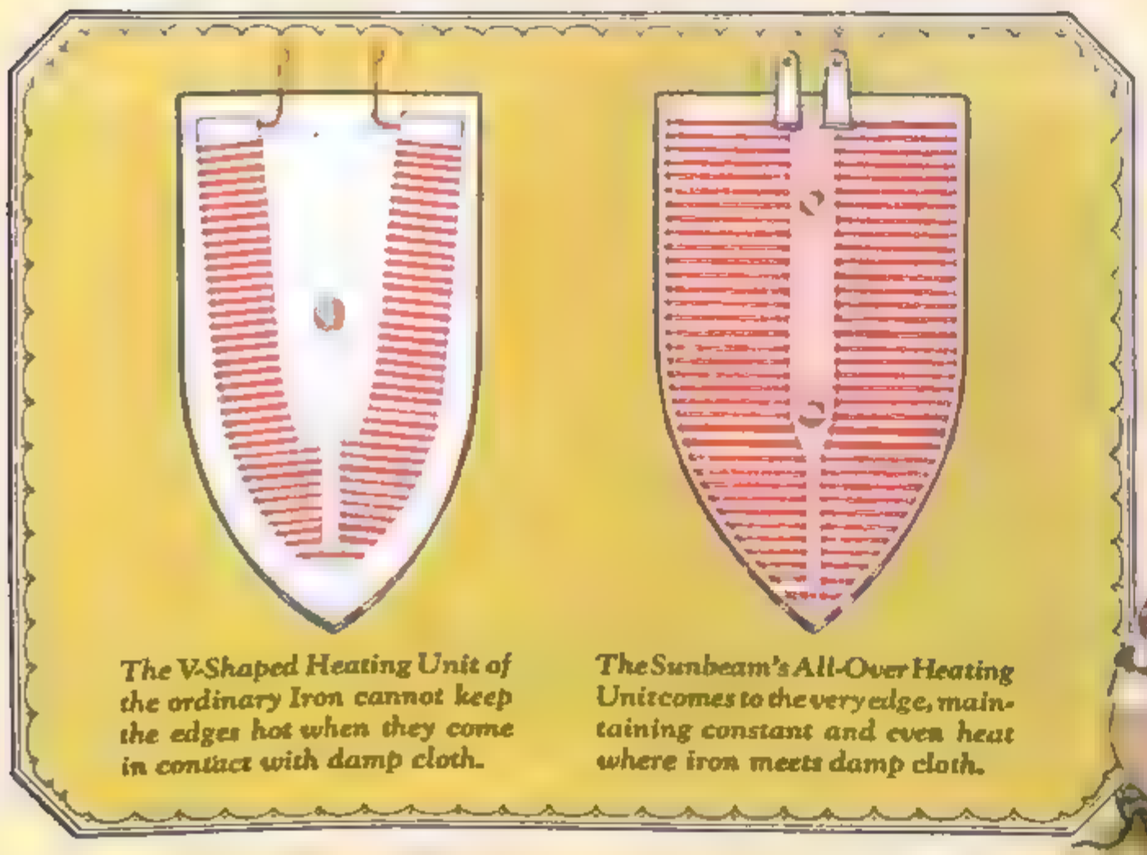
(THE END)



Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park

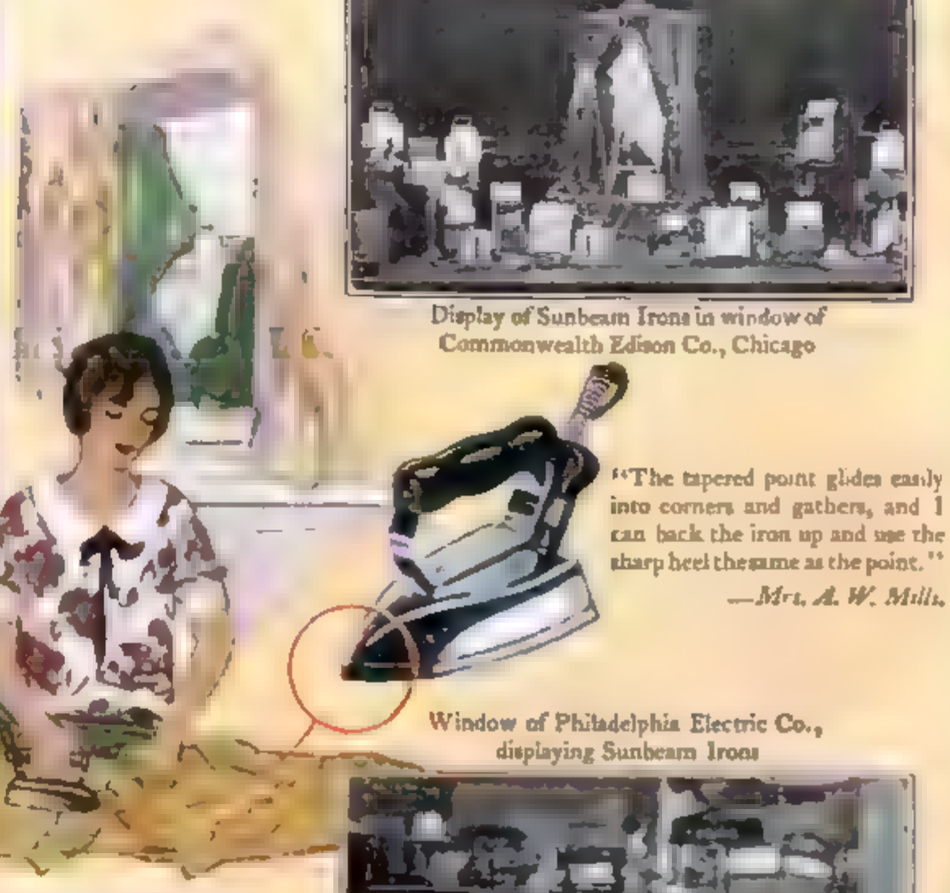
"My Ironing Took a Whole Day —Now I Can Finish by Noon"

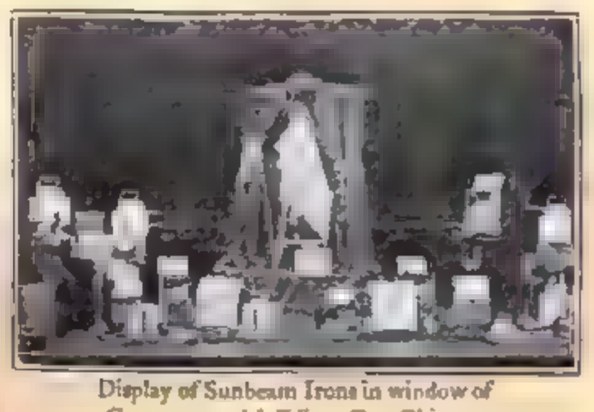
—Mrs. Anna B. Gaines, Kansas City, Mo.



The V-Shaped Heating Unit of the ordinary Iron cannot keep the edges hot when they come in contact with damp cloth.

The Sunbeam's All-Over Heating Unit comes to the very edge, maintaining constant and even heat where iron meets damp cloth.





Display of Sunbeam Irons in window of Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago

"The tapered point glides easily into corners and gathers, and I can back the iron up and use the sharp heel the same as the point."

—Mrs. A. W. Mills.

Window of Philadelphia Electric Co., displaying Sunbeam Irons

Here's the Greatest Step Since Electric Irons Were Created

WOMEN all over America are discussing the astonishing swiftness with which the new Sunbeam Iron does the work that takes an ordinary electric iron hours longer to do. A young woman reporter interviewed 100 women who own the Sunbeam and found that this iron saves them an hour to half a day, depending on the size of their ironing.

Because of the short time it takes to do an ironing it saves electric current, too. And more women than ever are eager to adopt electric irons when they find they can get one that irons so quickly.

Why It Irons So Fast

Look at the illustration above that shows the V-shaped Unit in the ordinary electric iron. When the edges of the iron travel along damp goods they soon cool off—there's nothing to keep them hot.

Now look at the All-Over Sunbeam Unit that extends not only to the very tip, but also to the edges on both sides. This keeps the whole bottom hot—point, edges and all—even when ironing large damp linens and starched pieces.

It is *even* heat—*constant* heat—that makes ironing quick and easy.

It saves many hours a month.

It abolishes arm-aching pressure.

It produces beautifully smooth and glossy results in the clothes.

Tested 5000 Hours on Steady Current

If over-heated through accident or forgetfulness, the nickel will discolor like the nickel of any iron but the Sunbeam will heat up as well as ever. Ordinary irons will not. About 50% of the repairs to irons are due to this, reports one large Public Service Company.

That company tested this iron by leaving it on steady current for 5000 hours (208 days and nights without a rest). No ordinary iron could stand that.

It costs us double to produce this durable All-Over Heating Unit. For it must be made by hand. Machines wind units for ordinary irons, but no machine can make a unit that follows to the shape of the iron like this.

Moreover, we regulate its heating capacity to prevent the rush of violent heat that causes many irons to scorch the clothes.

So don't let anyone persuade you that some other iron is as good. The Sunbeam is acknowledged, by engineers who know, to be far ahead of the best iron previously made.

Leading Public Service Companies are recommending and selling the Sunbeam Iron to their customers. And also any electrical store will show you the Sunbeam. Money back within 30 days, if you're willing to part with this big time-saver then.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

35 Years Making Quality Products

5542 West Roosevelt Road • Chicago, Illinois

149 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Canada

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

Delft-Blue Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case, $1

Case approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories of the Nat'l Board of Fire Underwriters

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron, this beautiful, practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam. Enables you to put away iron hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean and safe. And always ready, always together when you want them

Scrubbed out!
Boiled out!

Drāno *will open that sulky drain*

Don't blame that drain for getting sulky—slow-moving. It can't help it—with those daily deposits of grease, hair, lint, bits of vegetables and meats. Just pour in Drāno—add water, according to directions on the can. See how it boils and bubbles, scours and scrubs as it dissolves the refuse down inside the drain-pipes. Then flush out with water—and the drain is free-flowing—the obstruction is gone.

Drāno purifies and sterilizes, too—destroys breeding places for germs—makes drain-pipes sanitary. There's nothing like Drano for opening stopped-up drains—and keeping them open.

Use Drāno regularly

Thousands of housewives use Drano every week in kitchen, bathroom and laundry drains to keep them clean and open. Drāno disinfects and deodorizes garbage cans—keeps refrigerator drain-pipes clean and sanitary—removes grease from garage floors.

Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Before you call the plumber—use Drāno

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

25¢

Restaurants, hotels, office and apartment buildings use Drāno regularly to prevent drain nuisances and save plumbing bills. Drano keeps drains free-flowing in barber shops and beauty shops—puts an end to expensive stoppages.

JAZZ YOU LIKE IT

(Continued from Page 15)

accomplishments, and would consider changing only if he could obtain a man who was both musician and football coach.

And so Alec took his problem with him. Should the Birmingham team triumph over the Chattanooga aggregation, the matter was simple. In that event, Willy would merely be notified that his services were no longer required at the high school and Alec would succeed him. But if Birmingham should lose ——

"Even if us does lose," vowed Alec, "it's got to look like it wasn't my fault."

Mr. Champagne knew that he was up against a considerable proposition. In the first place, the team which represented the Chattanooga lodge of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise had been practicing an entire season and was undoubtedly operating with machinelike precision, whereas the Birmingham organization was undertrained and sluggish. Of course, President Trigger would make allowances for that. He would be the first to concede the worth of a good showing. And certainly Alec's unique plan of running his own team from the sidelines savored of genius.

Interest in the game was at fever heat through Birmingham's Darktown. The dusky section of the city was football crazy. Teams representing colored high schools had been drawing good crowds ever since the opening of the season. Only a week before, Rickwood Field had echoed to the shrieks of five thousand rabid fans at the annual clash between Morris Brown University of Atlanta and Talladega University of Alabama. And now was coming the final and ultimate colored clash of the year.

Adding to the inherent drawing power of the game was the fact that it was being played for the benefit of one of the strongest of colored organizations. Every member of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise was canvassing the city selling tickets. A large section of the grand stand had been reserved for the white folks who had promised to attend, and officials had been engaged to come down from the East to handle the contest.

Friday afternoon the Chattanooga team arrived in the city, accompanied by more than three hundred rooters; and among these rooters were several gentlemen whose pockets bulged with currency which they were anxious to place upon the chances of their team. At first Birmingham presented many of the wagering gentry who covered the money as fast as it appeared. Later, however, when there seemed no limit to the amount which the Chattanoogans were willing to bet, Birmingham withdrew slightly into its shell and demanded odds. The odds were given readily. Professor Alec Champagne heard of this and grew worried. He didn't relish the excessive confidence which emanated from the camp of the visiting team.

"They's too dawg-gone shuah of beatin' us—tha's what! Their money suttinly is talkin' boastful."

Friday night the local team held what is technically termed skull practice. Alec's Jazzphony Orchestra was in attendance, blaring tune after tune, while the players chorused the play for which that tune called. Alec delivered a passionate speech exhorting them to superhuman effort.

"You fellers don't know what this means to me," he said; and from behind the gold bell of his saxophone, Sam Gin made mental note of his director's earnestness.

That night, en route to their rooming house, Mr. Gin took occasion once again to warn his friend, Willy Trout.

"You better watch out, Willy; that feller is fixin' somethin' unfortunate fo' you."

"Shuh! Sam, always you suspicions other folks."

"Well, what you reckon he meant when he said winnin' this game meant so much to him?"

Mr. Trout smiled indulgently.

"If you was teachin' a team, woul'n't you be cravin' fo' that team to win? Nos-suh, Sam, I know Professor Champagne ain't tryin' to do me no dirt. He tol' me so his own se'f."

Shortly after noon of the following day the trek toward Rickwood Field commenced. Hundreds of automobiles decorated with the red and yellow of the local team formed a brilliant serpent on the Third Avenue road. Here and there came a car bearing the purple and black of Chattanooga. An hour before game time the stands on the north side of the field were filled with Birmingham rooters and there was a small but noisy delegation in the temporary stands opposite.

A group of glee singers gave a concert; somebody made a speech. All through the stands echoed the raucous cries of peanut and soda-pop boys. Here and there in the grounds could be discerned little groups of prosperous colored men who handled money rather indiscriminately as they argued the merits of their respective teams and laid modest wagers to back their opinions.

It was a brilliant November day, the crispness of the atmosphere made deliciously bearable by the sun which bathed the field in gold. There was a general air of hilarity, tinctured with eagerness. Adroit publicity had charged the air with a dramatic tenseness which rivaled that of the big intercollegiate contests.

At 1:30 there came from under the grand stand a spurt of jaunty jazz. A few minutes thereafter, in a thunder of acclaim, stepped Professor Alec Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra, nobly uniformed for the occasion. They wore the habiliments of the Uniform Rank Drill Team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise and on the head of each musician was a helmet bearing a flowing white plume. Strutting in the lead was the gangling but impressive figure of the professor himself, and for today Alec had discarded his own instrument in favor of a baton, which he wielded wickedly.

Down the field they marched in impressive if somewhat ragged military formation. They executed a full turn at the lower end of the field and then swung over before the stands of the visitors and unleashed a number entitled My Sunny Tennessee. The glee singers accompanied vocally. Chattanooga cheered. Birmingham cheered. Then there was another evolution, and when it was completed the orchestra was facing the local rooters and its instruments were blaring the Birmingham Blues.

The orchestra seated itself on a special little stand constructed for the purpose adjacent to the bench of the local footballers. And scarcely had they made themselves comfortable when a wild howl of acclaim broke from the throats of the loyal Chattanooga rooters and eighteen Gargantuan figures, clad in purple jerseys, swept out in single file and circled the field at a dogtrot. Professor Champagne breathed audibly.

"Good goshness Miss Agnes!" he murmured apprehensively. "They ain't ary one of them fellers less'n nine foots tall."

And now the Chattanooga team deployed about the field. Two footballs were produced and the visitors indicated within the next half minute that they knew their stuff. They punted and passed and showed clearly that they could handle the tricky oval. A pompous figure joined Professor Champagne. This gentleman wore a worried expression on his countenance.

"Professor," remarked President Trigger, "that team certainly looks good."

"Good nothin'!" mourned Champagne. "They looks plumb terrible."

"Do you believe you can beat them?"

"Golly! How do I know!" Champagne lowered his voice. "You woul'n't really espec' me to win fum them to git that job, would you, president?"

Trigger was fair.

"The test of a real coach, professor, is this: Can he triumph against odds? If he can't, then nobody knows he is a wonderful coach. If he can, there's a job for him at my institution of education."

"Oh, lawsy! But s'posin' us loses fo' a good reason."

"Then," returned the educator, "the matter shall be given fair and impartial consideration. I never fail to consider extemporizing circumstances."

And now the atmosphere was cleft by the shriek of the local mob as the Birmingham club in red and yellow jerseys ambled out on the field. Here, indeed, was color—a treat for the eye. They were perhaps not so sinister in appearance as the visiting team, but certainly they were beautiful to look upon. And they too went to passing the ball and kicking it, but fumbles were frequent and the practice lacked that mechanical precision which marked the pre-game activities of the visitors.

The officials arrived in white sweaters and cream-colored trousers. The rival captains were summoned, a coin was tossed and Chattanooga elected to receive. A deathly hush settled over the field as the teams lined up, Birmingham just short of midfield, Chattanooga deployed in approved array. The local fullback waited for the referee's whistle, then advanced slowly on the ball.

A muscular leg swung forward and plunked against the pigskin. It rose beautifully into the air and spiraled down the field. Every red-and-yellow player streaked down after it save the lithe and eager quarterback, who was playing safety.

The visiting fullback caught the ball. Interference swirled in about him, but two Birmingham players dived desperately through, one catching the runner high and the other low. He went down in a heap, and a scream of hysterical excitement rose from the stands as the ball bounced crazily away.

There came a wild and frantic scramble for it, a heaving and fighting of heavy bodies, and eventually the sound of the referee's whistle. The official's white-clad figure disappeared into the squirming heap, and when he emerged it was to motion the head linesman that it was Birmingham's ball.

Birmingham's ball on Chattanooga's eight-yard line! Professor Alec Champagne did not hear the throaty howls of thousands of fans. His own heart was beating a tattoo of thanksgiving. Here was, indeed, the break, the big break of the game—and on the very first play. He rose to his feet, barked a signal, and while the teams were snapping into position, his orchestra gave forth the opening notes of Yes, We Have No Bananas.

The team hesitated for only a second. Then, without the calling of a number, the ball snapped into the hands of the fullback and that large individual plowed through center for four of the required eight yards. The teams untangled and the Chattanooga captain called time out. A conference resulted; Chattanooga had been caught off guard. While they waited for numerical signals, Birmingham had put across a successful plunging play.

"Where at they got that signal fum?" demanded the Chattanooga captain.

"Fum nowhere," came the prompt and satisfactory response.

"Humph! They suttinly went somewhere with it. Now, le's watch."

There had been no interruption in the tune which Alec's orchestra purveyed; nor was the play any different, and now it was third down with only a yard and a half to go for a touchdown. The local rooters were in a fever of exultation.

Champagne spoke earnestly to his men. As the teams lined up the itchy strain of Turkey in the Straw signaled a delayed buck and the fullback plunged through for

(Continued on Page 82)

Are you cleaning ALL *your teeth*

every time you brush them?

All *your teeth need the tooth brush as much as you need* All *your teeth*

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle follow the curve of your mouth? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

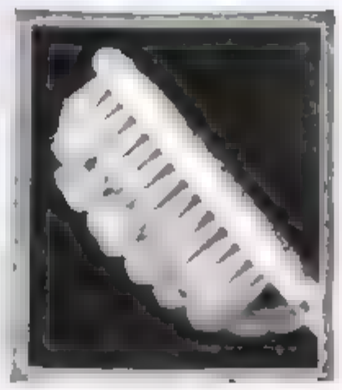
There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free— to one lucky reader each month—free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

Test this yourself

The index finger in the picture above shows how your jaw is curved. Place your finger in your mouth against the outside curve of your teeth, it will come out like the finger in this photograph. Your teeth grow in this curved formation. Note in the diagram how the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, both in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation. With Pro-phy-lac-tic you can easily reach every tooth and brush every part of every tooth thoroughly.



RIGHT—This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the inside contour of the teeth. You can see how much more irregular are the tooth surfaces on the inside curve. The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the prominent curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between. Note how the large end tuft goes around behind the rear molar. When the teeth are brushed correctly, vertically away from the gums, the bristles clean every curve and crevice thoroughly.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Are you cleaning ALL *your teeth* every time you brush them?" After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

Made in America by Americans © 1925, P. B. Co.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass. Dept. 1-DD1

Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:

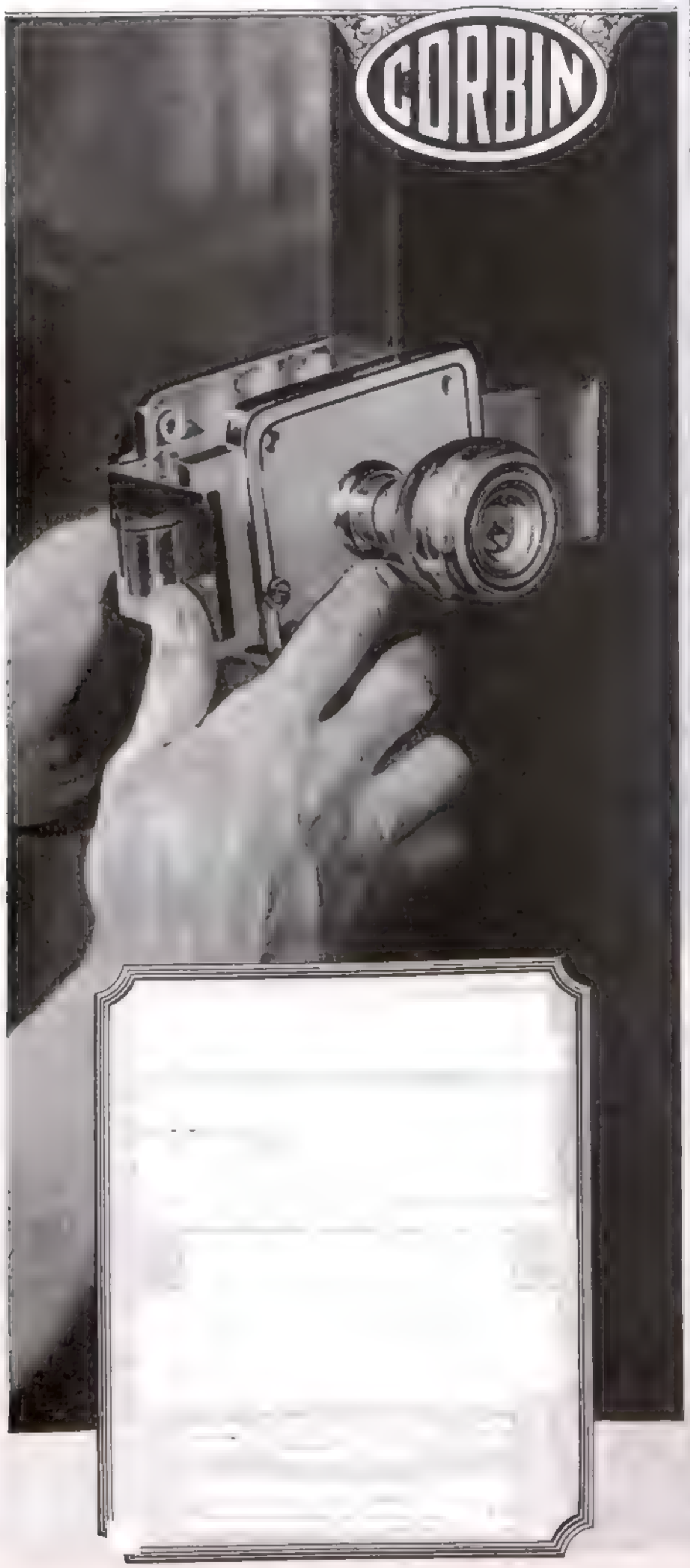
.....

.....

Name .....
(First name in full)

Address .....

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



(Continued from Page 80)

the first six points of the game. A kicked goal added the seventh and the Birmingham team was nicely in the lead.

President James Trigger was seated near the orchestra box. His face was beaming and he took occasion to congratulate the professor.

"President," retorted the coach, "you ain't sawn nothin' yet. This musical coaching is gwine make football hist'ry. You watch what I says."

"I am watching, Alec; and I trust that your prognostications will materialize."

Chattanooga kicked off, preferring this time to put the ball deep in Birmingham territory. As they faced each other for the first scrimmage on Birmingham's twelve-yard line, the strains of Yes, We Have No Bananas waved across the field, but the gain was inconsiderable.

And now the Chattanooga captain called time out in earnest. He accosted the referee.

"I protests!"

"'Bout which?"

"Them signals."

"They ain't called ary signal," retorted the referee.

"Co'se they ain't. They's gittin' 'em fum the sidelines."

"How?"

"That band yonder. What they toots, this team plays."

There was mingled bewilderment and admiration in the glance that the official bestowed upon the Birmingham team.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated. "I b'lieve you is right."

"I ain't nothin' else. An' I claim they is vi'latin' a rule by doin' such, an' us claims a fifteen-yahd penalty."

But the referee was not yet ready to inflict that penalty. He summoned Florian Slappey, Birmingham captain. Florian entered a vehement denial.

"Us has got thinkin' signals," he averred stoutly. "We has been studyin' thought transfusion, an' the minute the quarterback thinks somethin', us does it."

"Now listen, you don't expect me to b'lieve that."

"Suttinly not. But it's the best thing I know to tell you."

There was additional conversation between the referee and the Chattanooga captain, as the result of which the head official walked to the sidelines and demanded that the Birmingham band remain silent while the local team held the ball. Professor Champagne descended hotly from the stand.

"Show me the rule which says us cain't play no music while our team has the ball," he challenged. "We ain't playin' while Chattanooga has it, so nobody ain't bein' bothered."

"But they is signals."

"Says which?"

"Them chunes is signalin' yo' team."

Professor Champagne assumed an expression of utter derision.

"Prove it!"

"I cain't prove it."

"An' you cain't do nothin' else, neither. They ain't no rules 'bout jazz, so the best thing you can do is go back an' referee a football game."

The referee summoned his umpire and head linesman and for perhaps five minutes they talked. Finally the referee reported to the irate Chattanooga captain that there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. It was a clear violation of the rule against coaching from the sidelines, he admitted, but the trouble lay in the fact that there was no proof that the coaching was coming from there.

Meanwhile Alec Champagne spoke earnestly to a substitute and sent him in. After a single play this sub called time out and informed the team that Champagne had ordered the calling of numbers—any numbers, just so long as they sounded reasonable.

Birmingham tried three futile plays, and the sound of All Alone came from across the gridiron. That was the signal for a punt, and the ball spiraled from the toe of the kicking halfback well into Chattanooga territory.

And now the team from Moccasin Bend launched an aggressive and well-sustained attack which ripped and tore through the Birmingham line.

There was no music now and very little cheering, save from the handful of Chattanooga rooters. Alec could only sit silent and clench his fists. Once President Trigger addressed him.

"Barring accident," postulated Trigger, "we are going to succumb."

"'Tain't my fault," raved Champagne. "They ain't playin' no football."

"Indeed they aren't! I wonder if better coaching might not have developed a stronger defense?"

"Man, Ise the bestest coach —— Dawggone them fellers' hides!"

But Alec was deeply worried. He knew that Trigger was right. Birmingham was due to lose. They had the material, but they were not playing together; and President Trigger knew enough about football to realize that lack of cohesion was going to spell defeat for Birmingham.

Meanwhile Willy Trout sat placidly, blissfully ignorant of the turmoil within the breast of his music director. Willy was interested only in playing the cornet to the best of his ability. He knew nothing of football, and cared less. The whole proceeding seemed highly absurd. Observing Willy disinterestedly, one might infer that he was inclined to be slightly dumb.

Closer and closer to the local goal came the visitors' attack. Birmingham was fighting hard, but the defense was not air-tight. The players were spread too wide against a forward-pass threat, the ends were continually being sucked in on wide runs; it was not until Chattanooga fought the ball to Birmingham's eight-yard line that the locals stiffened.

One down. Two. Three. No gain. The Chattanooga fullback dropped back for a try at placement. The ball was snapped, lines crashed. There was a heaving of bodies, the plunk of toe against pigskin and the oval spun prettily over the center of the goal posts, while the man at the scoreboard posted the official tally:

BIRMINGHAM, 7; CHATTANOOGA, 3.

For the remainder of that quarter and all through the second period of the game, it was a case of desperate fight against superior odds. Time after time Chattanooga threatened to shove a touchdown across, and on each occasion superhuman endeavor and breaks of luck saved the locals. When the whistle sounded the end of the half, the red-and-yellow-jerseyed warriors staggered from the field and a few seconds later Professor Alec Champagne followed them.

Alec delivered a flowery and earnest oration, exhorting them to do better than their best. But they paid him slight heed. Lack of condition was beginning to tell and they lay about in various stages of exhaustion, scarcely hearing the words which poured from his lips.

"You got to win," proclaimed Alec. "There ain't no use talkin'. Ain't none of you playin' good football. You looks like you was coached rotten, which same you wasn't. Ev'ybody's lookin' at you. An' think of all them fellers that bet good money you would win!"

"They was idjits!" interrupted a tired voice.

"Yah! Tha's how you-all is playin' — like you was licked a'ready. Now git in there an' show 'em what you got."

"We done showed 'em, an' it ain't enough."

"It's gotta be enough. Us cain't lose."

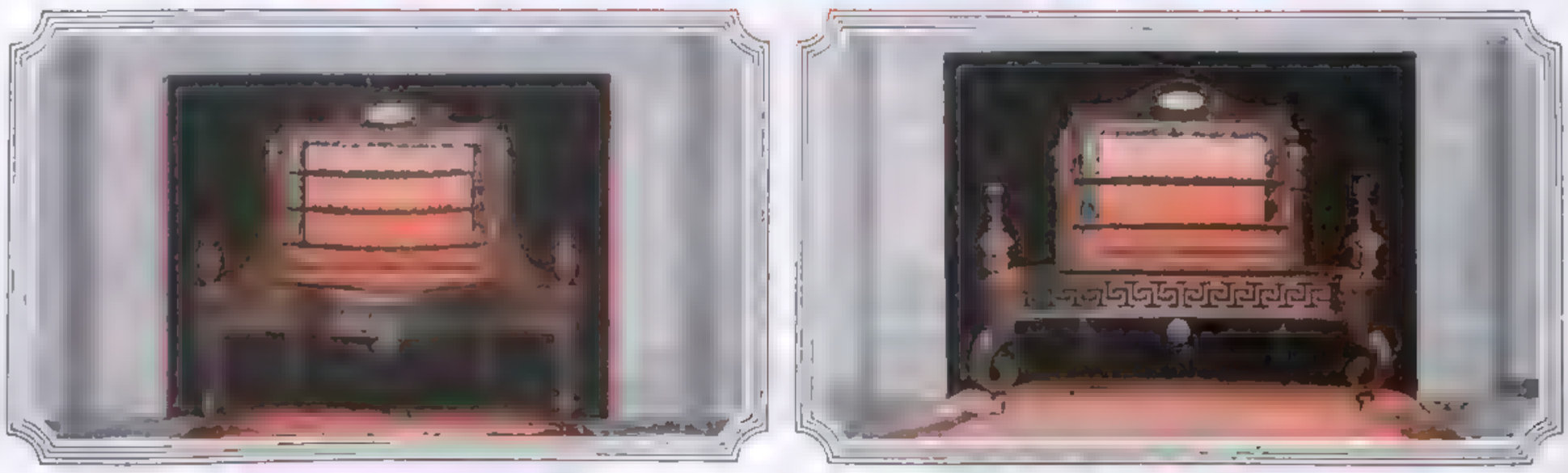
"Golly! How optimistical you is!"

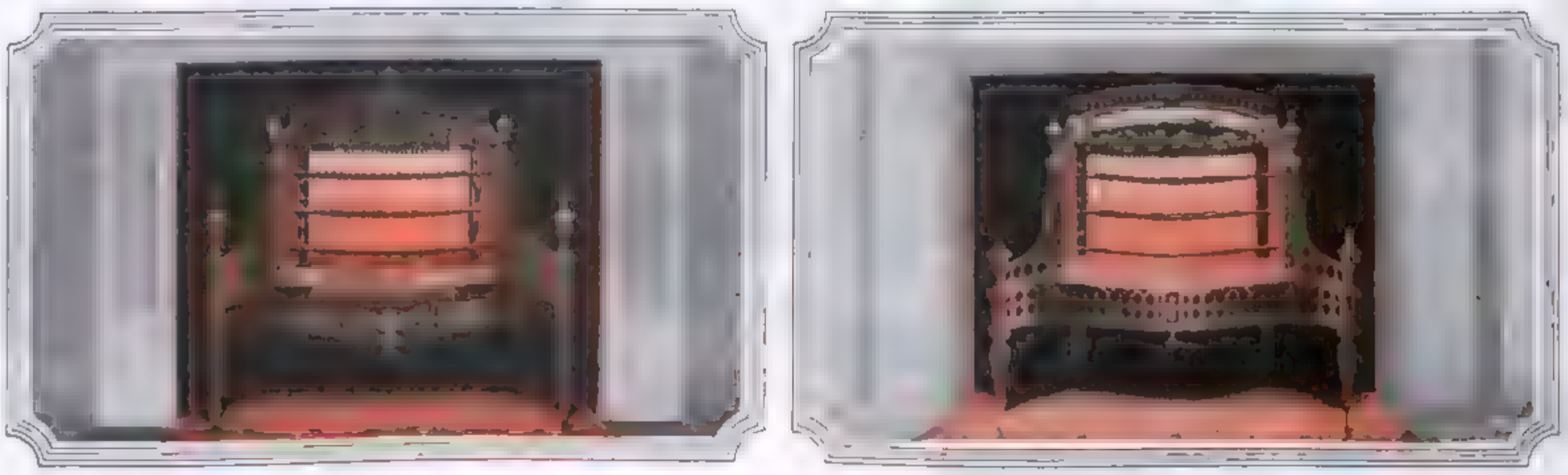
The teams faced each other for the second half. Chattanooga was full of ginger. Birmingham was weary and wan. The battle recommenced.

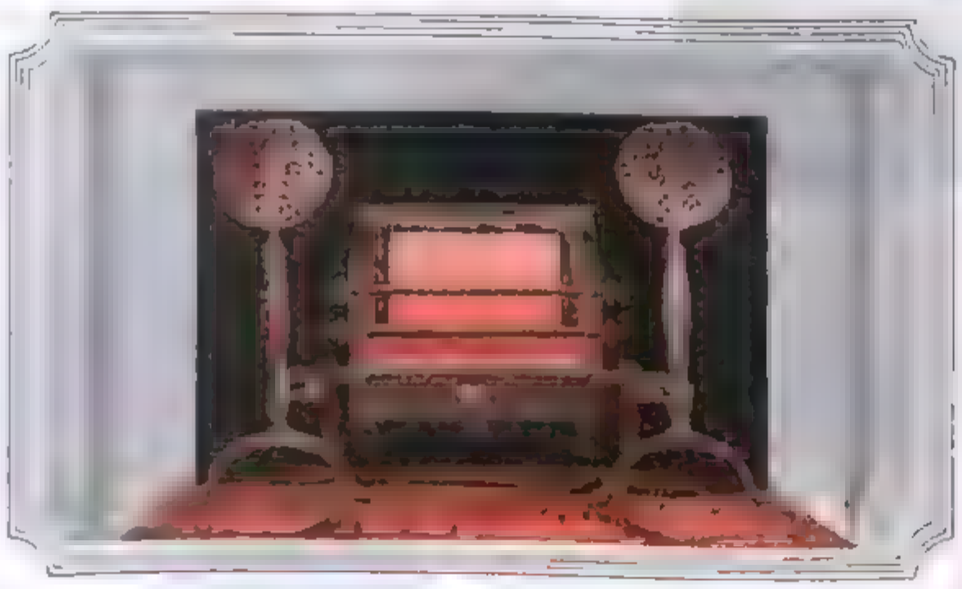
It was a grim, grimy fight. The Tennesseeans plowed and plunged through the line, not even attempting trick plays and

Continued on Page 85

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire







Like a flood of sunshine—just as grateful, just as healthful—that's the kind of heat the Humphrey Radiantfire gives you. The heat rays from the glowing basket, like the sun's rays, heat the solid objects, while the atmosphere remains cool and refreshing. The room never grows stuffy.

The Humphrey Radiantfire, ready at the turn of a valve, is always ready at any season of the year. It is a real fuel saver because it can be used to take the chill off the room, whereas much more fuel would be consumed if the regular heating plant were started.

The Humphrey Radiantfire provides a heat that is always clean, dustless and wholesome. It is an attractive addition to any room as the period models and portables are art creations of rare beauty. Your Gas Company or your Dealer will be glad to show these models at any time.

There is only one genuine Humphrey Radiantfire. It will pay you to insist upon that trade-mark instead of accepting an imitation. Models range in price from $18.00 up. Booklet upon request.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY
PITTSBURGH BUFFALO
SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET
CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

Quality created the demand— demand made possible the price

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

NOW 12¢

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 82

end runs. They counted on superior condition, and their tactics were sound. They tore great, gaping holes in the weary line of the locals, and the spectators sat silently, awaiting the unpleasant inevitable. President Trigger was somewhat disgusted.

"Trouble with our boys, Alec, they just don't know football."

"Well, that ain't 'cause I ain't taught 'em. They just ain't got brains."

"They have plenty of brains. Sometimes I get the conception that perhaps they are not coached correctly."

"Oh, lawsy! Foolishment what you utters. I guess I know did I teach 'em right."

"Well, you'd better win the game if you want that job, or else indicate beyond peradventure of doubt that there was a good reason why you didn't."

Alec mourned. He had staked too heavily on this game. President Trigger was a determined man with a single-track mind. The coach glared at his calm and expressionless cornet player. Willy Trout seemed unmindful of the drama which was revolving about him and his modest job at the high school.

The third quarter ended with the ball in Chattanooga's possession on Birmingham's eighteen-yard line. The few minutes respite as the teams changed goals gave them little help. Less than five minutes of the final quarter had elapsed when Chattanooga put over a touchdown and kicked goal, and the score read:

BIRMINGHAM, 7; CHATTANOOGA, 10

That was the end, and Alec Champagne knew it. So, too, did President Trigger. Disgust was writ large upon his countenance and he refused to converse with the would-be coach.

The change in the tide of fortune seemed to arouse the Birmingham team to greater effort. They went into the last few minutes of the game in a frenzy of desperation, making a truly gallant stand. But nothing they did availed. It looked for all the world as though they were a superior team, poorly coached. And as he watched the contest, Professor Champagne saw his dream of a musical professorship slipping into the background.

Birmingham fought and fought, but every exchange of the ball found it closer and closer to the Birmingham goal. It was written on the books that Chattanooga was to win.

Professor Champagne directed his orchestra languidly. He had lost most of his interest. As well try to stem the tide as avert defeat. The locals were battered and bruised and pretty near all in. Again and again they were forced to take time out in order that they might get a brief breathing space.

And now, after a punt, it was Birmingham's ball on their own ten-yard line—first down. A play over tackle netted a four-yard loss. A delayed buck shoved them another yard toward their own goal. Professor Champagne jazzed the signal for a fake play over the left of the line. It did not gain an inch, and it was now fourth down and fifteen to go, with the ball backed close up against Birmingham's own goal. Less than three minutes of playing time was left.

When the players untangled themselves, a figure lay prostrate. A Birmingham player. Time out!

Alec Champagne knew that this was the end—the end of the game and the end of his fondest hopes. He heard President Trigger's gloomy comment:

"We have been defeated."

Alec whirled on him.

"Us ain't licked yet! I got a play I been figurin' ——"

And then an idea came to the professor—a marvelous idea containing possibilities which caused a paean of exultation to ring through his soul.

Birmingham was beaten. But if something should happen to insure that defeat, and in such a way that the blame could be laid on Willy Trout ——

The situation on the field called for one thing and one thing only—a punt! A long kick to put the ball back in midfield and give Birmingham the chance of a break in luck similar to that with which they had started the game. They might recover a fumble and put over a miraculous winning touchdown.

What Champagne wanted was to shift the blame for defeat onto the shoulders of Willy Trout, and he wasted no time in debate. He called the fat little cornet player aside and whispered instructions. Willy nodded.

"I understan'," said he. "I goes down yonder behime the grand stan' an' solos Memphis Blues."

"Tha's it," repeated Champagne; "Memphis Blues."

Willy Trout scurried away to the appointed spot. President Trigger watched his departure and questioned Professor Champagne.

"Where has he gone, professor?"

"Down yonder where they cain't miss the signal," responded Champagne. "I told him to play All Alone, which is signal fo' a punt."

"That's good football," approved Trigger. "Chattanooga might fumble."

"Uh-huh. An' us recovers an' scores a touchdown an' wins the game."

The injured Birmingham player was carried from the field and the teams faced each other. Professor Alec Champagne was jubilant. He declared that a punt signal had been ordered. Very well, Willy Trout would play Memphis Blues, which called for a forward pass. The pass would either be grounded or intercepted. In any event it was an absurd play and would put the ball in Chattanooga's possession for a certain victory.

And Professor Champagne intended to rave and rant and tear his hair and convince President Trigger that Willy Trout had double-crossed him. He knew Trigger's sense of fair play; the president would despise Willy for stooping to such a deed. Alec was patting himself on the back.

"Boy, what I has got in my haid is brains. Now le's watch."

The teams lined up. The referee shrilled his whistle. Silence settled over the field. Birmingham waited. And then, clear and sweet on the crisp November air, came the sound of the Memphis Blues. A cornet solo, perfectly rendered. The quarterback glanced uncertainly toward the sidelines.

COPYRIGHT BY HILLERAN

Mount Jackson, Glacier National Park

Professor Champagne leaped as though he had been shot. He clutched Trigger by the arm.

"Listen at that!" he howled. "That li'l runt is double-crossin' me! He's playin' a forward-pass signal—an' that means us gits beat."

"You told him ——"

"—— to play fo' a punt. An' now he toots that. Dawg-gone his hide! I know what he's up to."

"What?"

"He's gwine say I tol' him to play Memphis Blues, an' then you gits disgustful with me 'bout bein' a rotten football coach an' lets him keep his job."

Trigger refused to argue.

"Play the punt signal!" he commanded.

But it was too late. Under orders of the Memphis Blues, the ball was snapped into the hands of the waiting halfback. That gentleman darted to the right and backward. The amazed Chattanooga team—all set for a punt—were slow in deploying. The ball sailed from the big fingers of the halfback. It sped away up the field straight and true into the arms of Florian Slappey. Florian handled the ball perfectly. He held it out before him as his cleated shoes spurned the soft turf. His eyes were focused on the Chattanooga safety man—the only person between himself and a touchdown.

And now the Birmingham stands rose and howled. They shrieked and cheered, and even President Trigger lost his dignity and pounded Champagne on the back.

"I reckon Willy Trout isn't so dumb!" he yelled. "Negotiating a trick like that! I guess that's some football!"

Now Florian side-stepped the safety man, who sprawled futilely on the ground. Professor Champagne was decidedly ill. Too late now to pretend that he had ordered this play which was changing defeat into victory. He had already alibied himself out of any possible credit. He watched Florian flash across the last of the white lines, saw the lithe little fellow collapse beyond the goal, and wept as the final score—Birmingham, 13; Chattanooga, 10—was posted on the board.

The game ended two minutes later and the spectators and players swirled around the band stand. They howled congratulations to Alec Champagne for the stroke of master strategy which had accomplished the impossible. But President Trigger gave the true explanation.

"That wasn't Alec at all," he proclaimed. "Mr. Willy Trout did it. Alec told him to signal for a punt and it was his own idea to take this last chance which has given us such a glorious victory."

Meanwhile Willy Trout was returning from his post under the grand stand. They saw him coming and descended upon him in force.

The dazed and bewildered Willy was lifted upon strong shoulders and paraded around the field. He didn't understand what it was all about, but he grinned sheepishly and knew that it was at least highly pleasant. But the pleasantest feature of it came when they let him down and President Trigger pumped his hand and announced that he could be music teacher at the high school for as long as he cared to hold the job.

At length Willy detached himself from his admirers and walked away with his elongated friend, Sam Gin. Sam was highly enthusiastic.

"Boy," declared Mr. Gin, "you suttinly done somethin' that time!"

"Ain't it the truth?" responded Willy. "Did you heah President Trigger tell me that I keeps my job down to the school?"

"I shuah did. B'lieve me, this has been one wonderful day fo' you."

"Yee-suh." And then a little frown of bewilderment corrugated the brow of Mr. Willy Trout. "There's just one thing I want to know," said he.

"What's that?" questioned his friend.

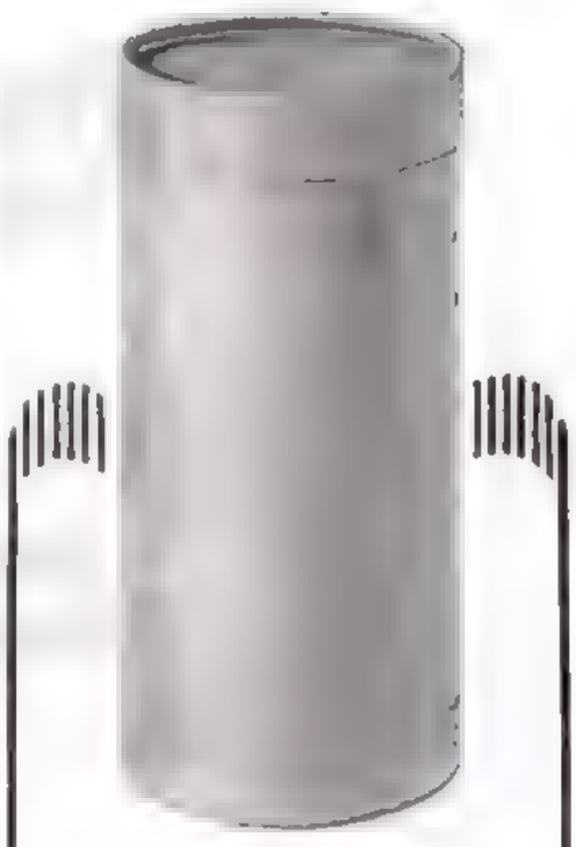
"What I want to know is this," announced Willy: "Which team won the game?"

Carry it home in a

Sealright

Liquid-Tight

Paper Container



Ice cream is delicious at picnics

A QUIET, shady nook, off the beaten track, a jolly group of friends, and almost everything tastes better. Ice cream is especially delicious at picnics. And you can carry it safely, easily in 100% Leak-Proof Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers.

Ice cream stays hard longer in a Sealright and everybody likes it served the Sealright Way—in attractive, round slices! To serve, merely remove top and press evenly on container bottom with both thumbs, then cut in delicious, smooth, appetizing, round slices.

Eat more ice cream. It's good for all the family. Many dealers, confectioners and druggists can furnish your favorite flavor or flavors all packed and ready for you in convenient, sanitary Sealright Containers.

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. N N 18 FULTON, N. Y.

Also makers of Sealright Pouring-Pail and Regular Standard Milk Bottle Caps

"Eat More Ice Cream"

Lifetime

Now a pencil "classic," in extra large size, to match a great pen

And we have called it "Titan." It is a *big* pencil—big in more ways than one. Your hand will love the "feel" of it, and your eye will love the "look" of it. Own brother to that most remarkable pen, the jade "Lifetime," it is built of radite, a practically indestructible material of brilliant beauty. And it has the propel-repel-expel feature, which has given Sheaffer pencils their world fame. A great combination, delivered to you in a handsome case. You'll get a thrill of delight from the ownership of these two fine writing instruments. Better dealers everywhere also sell "the Student Lifetime," a new radite masterpiece, of smaller size and cost.

"Lifetime" pencil, $4.25. *"Lifetime" pen, $8.75.* *Student's pen, $7.50*

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

LSB

IN THE WAKE OF THE GALE

(Continued from Page 18)

the loveliest of days; a perfect day it was for anybody but a fisherman. Three or four straight-edged fins betrayed the presence of a few sharks; but of the curved fin of the swordfish—not a sign.

The cook thrust his shining bald head up the foc'sle hatch, shouting "Dinner!" and still there was no word from the masthead of a sign of fish.

We were eating dinner, all but the man at the wheel and one lookout left to the masthead, when we heard a shout from above.

There were three dozen or so of blueberry dumplings in a wide deep dish, and Peeples was gaffing one of them out of the bright blue depths when this inarticulate cry floated down from the masthead.

Peeples abandoned the dumpling.

"What's that? He say fish?"

The cook went on deck and hailed an inquiry to the masthead. Presently he backed his way down into the foc'sle, announcing, "No fish. Wreck. Pieces of wreckage floatin' off our stabbid bow."

There it was, the bad news! No fleet was going through a storm like that, not in shoal water, without having something happen to it. Peeples went on deck. Most of us followed him.

The lookout pointed off to the right, and soon we made out from deck the saddle and part of a vessel's mast just showing above the surface of the smoothly greenish sea. We headed the vessel toward it. A small vessel she must have been, we saw, gauging her by the size of the mast, when we drew nearer to the wreckage. The saddle was white-painted.

One of the crew that we called Big Bill had waited to finish his meal below, but he was now on deck.

"White-painted saddle?" he repeated. "White-painted saddle? Why, that's out o' John Pettipaw's—out the Nokomis. I was in her last summer. Saddle and masthead both painted white."

The Nokomis was our sister ship—forty-six feet water line, thirteen tons net—our duplicate in every respect except as to the details of painting. She had green top planking where we were black. We had sailed past each other at close range the day before the storm, our lookouts and hers waving greetings from the mastheads.

We watched the white saddle and broken mast drift slowly past our quarter and into our wake.

"Dory bottom up!" shouted the lookout. He was now standing in his bos'n's chair, leaning far out to see more clearly.

"Red bottom and yellow sides," he shouted presently.

"Red bottom an' yeller sides? Nokomis' dory," muttered Bill, which muttering nobody attended to. Half the dories out of Gloucester had red-painted bottoms and yellow side planking; and Bill was a gloomy one by nature. The capsized dory drifted abreast of us.

"I think I'll have a look at that dory," suddenly said our skipper. Our own dories were trailing astern, swordfishermen fashion on the grounds. Peeples hauled in the painter of one of them.

"Want to come along?" he called to me. I dropped in beside him. We rowed to the capsized dory. "Take hold of her," said Peeples, "and see if we can right her."

We knelt inside the gunwale of our dory, thrust our arms to our shoulders under water, took a grip of the derelict dory's gunwale and tugged upward. Our own dory lay flat on her side as we tugged, but it was the smoothest of seas, and if we did have to swim, our vessel was standing by sixty or seventy yards away. "Now then! One, two, three!" called Peeples. "Jounce her!" We jounced her. At the third jounce, Peeples doing three-quarters of the work, she rolled up and over, right side up.

A half bushel of little slim fish were huddled under her bow. They lay still for a moment, as if asleep or dazed by the bright sun, then off they darted.

Gloucester dories all have the name of their vessel stenciled on both sides of the top plank forward.

There was the name—NOKOMIS—in black letters on the yellow paint on both sides of her bow.

"It might of course have been washed off her deck," said Peeples; "but it looks bad. Being washed off her deck, it ought to be smashed up some, and not a scratch on her anywheres. I don't like it."

We towed the salvaged dory to our vessel. A half hour or so later a booby hatch came drifting down to us.

"Nokomis' booby hatches painted white," announced Bill. "White they was, both of 'em, when I was in her."

"Painted white?" growled somebody. "How else would it be painted? There's about a million booby hatches out o' Gloucester painted white. A white booby hatch don't mean anything."

All hands agreed that of course a white booby hatch didn't mean anything; all but Big Bill.

The lookout shouted something and pointed forward of the starboard bow. We could see nothing. A moment later he shouted, "Looks like a watermelon!"

"Watermelon? Did he say watermelon?" asked Bill. "If it's a watermelon, that settles it—the Nokomis is gone!"

It was a watermelon; and Bill explained what he meant. It seemed that the cook of the Nokomis was a great one in summertime to take along two or three watermelons in the ship's stores. He would put them on ice in the forehold, keep them there chilling up till the vessel was through fishing and headed for home.

"The first home-bound meal," explained Bill—everybody was giving him full attention now—"the cook he'd take them melons off the ice in the forehold and cut 'em up. Waited always till she was home-bound to cut 'em. Sooperstitious that way mebbe. That melon bein' loose means the vessel's broke up. If her hull warn't broke up, how'd the melon get out her forehold? Stands to reason the cook wouldn't bring it up out her hold and the crew not eat it."

Nobody had the heart to argue with Bill, and the melon was drifting close to our quarter. An active young fellow, John, dropped into one of our towing dories, leaned far over the gunnel and, as the melon came floating by, gathered it to his bosom. As if it were his own special prize, Bill took full charge of the melon when John passed it up over the vessel's rail. With wide-spread gently feeling finger tips Bill sounded the rind of it. The rind felt soft to his touch at one spot, which disturbed him.

"S'pose the salt water's got to it and spoiled it?" asked Bill plaintively.

He borrowed a knife from the cook and cut into it. He lifted out a trial wedge and tasted it. He folded his lips fondly over the sample, fixed his eyes in deep reflection on the horizon, while he absorbed the full flavor of the meat.

"She's all right—no salt in her," he announced finally. "Too dern bad, but that's fishin', I s'pose. Try a piece, captain?"

No, the captain wouldn't try a piece, so Bill ate it for him.

After another appraising bite for himself, Bill passed the slices impartially around.

A schooner, the biggest in the fleet to look at, was coming down the wind in our direction.

"There's the Fannie Hayden, Bill Johnson's vessel," said Peeples. "There's a great fellow—Bill Johnson. He was out in a gale o' wind one time, his father and himself in the same vessel. The main boom hit his father and knocked him overboard. Wind blowing sixty miles an hour. Bill didn't give a damn for that. Over the side he goes after his old man, and gets him and brings him back aboard."

The Fannie Hayden hauled to off our quarter. A powerfully built man in a short-sleeved undershirt, suspenders hauled over the shirt, stood by the Fannie's rail and waved a greeting.

"What d'y' say, George, come aboard?"

"I'll be over."

The skipper got into a dory. He invited me to go along, and of course I went.

The talk of the two captains was first of all of fish, of where they had found them before the breeze and where they had probably gone to since. Having agreed that the storm had driven them into deep water and there wasn't much to do except wait for them to find their way back to the bank, they began to talk of the storm.

"Blowed some yestiddy, George," said Bill.

"We thought so aboard our one, Bill. And a wicked sea running too—leastways in where we were there was. I was glad to get clear of it. Ever see a breeze come on more sudden?"

"Sudden? Nothin' else. An' blow?"

"Blow? I stripped our little one to her last little shift—a two-reefed fores'l—before it'd been blowin' a half hour."

"Two-reefed fores'l? Carryin' sail, I'd call it, for that breeze. We couldn't 'a' carried a lady's size handkerchief when it caught us good. No, sir! I run her under bare poles for two hours. Away she went dead afore it, rollin' down to her sheer poles first to one side and then to the other." The sheer poles were about four feet above the Hayden's rail. "She ran eight and a half knots an hour for two hours. That's the record o' the log I put out—not gossip. I've heard of vessels makin' eight and nine knots under bare poles and I often said I'd like to see one do it. This one made her eight 'n' a half knots yestiddy though."

He was a red man—red hair, red bristles of a beard on his face, gold-and-red hairy arms. He sat on the wheel box cutting shavings from a soft pine stick, chewing tobacco slowly, spitting thoughtfully into the sea. His big even teeth looked as if they could bite the head off a nail. As a boy reading English history, I would often wonder what those sea rovers looked like who came across the North Sea from the German marshes to overrun England. I knew now. Here was one of them.

Peeples gave Johnson the word of the wreckage we had seen and the dory we had picked up. Johnson agreed that it looked bad for the Nokomis.

There was further talk, mostly of this or that boat being caught in shoal water; but it was all surmise. We were shoving off from the Hayden and Bill Johnson was letting fall the painter into the bow of our dory.

"Well, George, take it all in all, I call that a good breeze o' wind yestiddy."

"I call it a damn good breeze o' wind," said Peeples.

Next day we began to strike the fish. The first one, when the skipper ironed him, headed straight away from the vessel, the usual fifty-fathom warp and a half barrel buoy tagging after him; and that one we picked up in good time from one of the dories. But the second, third and fourth dived under our keel, and each in turn parted his warp and got free.

Peeples came in off the bowsprit to look into the cause of it. An examination of the parted warps showed where the strands had been chafed away.

"Her keel's splintered. She's got a ragged shoe," announced Peeples. "The warp, see? 'S been sawin' across the torn shoe and the fish gettin' away. Nothing to do now but put her into Newport and haul her up on the railway for an overhaulin'."

It had been a hazy afternoon. Toward evening a thin mist came creeping in on the bank. As we left the grounds a dark vapor was veiling the face of the low sun. As we proceeded on our way to Newport the dark veil grew darker. Big Bill, who drew the ten-to-twelve watch that night, had a most anxious time of it. Bill had been in a fishing schooner that was run

Every Morning

As regularly as shaving

Give your shoes a few minutes of your attention. The regular use of **Whittemore's Bostonian shoe cream**

Does wonders for shoes. It cleans and polishes with great rapidity and no effort. Imparts a soft transparent lustre to kid and leather footwear. Entirely different from the ordinary "shine". It comes in black, white, neutral, and the new shades of tan. Especially adapted for two tone and any color smooth leather footwear.

This is but one of the many Whittemore cleaners and shoe dressings, famous the world over for nearly three-quarters of a century.

"There never was a shoe made yet Whittemor could not clean." Ask your dealer.

WHITTEMORE BROS., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes Are Superior

2:30 A. M. with Work-Light—Vulcanizing vats, Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.

5:00 P. M. with Work-Light—Assembling dash ammeters, Sterling Mfg. Co., of Cleveland, Ohio.

Work-Light on Trial

What Work-Light has done for others it can do for you. Ask:

Chrysler
Hudson-Essex
Holeproof Hosiery
Real Silk Hosiery
Ford Motor Co.
Crompton Mills
Stetson Shoe Co.
New York Times
Detroit News
Ternstedt Mfg. Co.
Hanes Knitting Co.
R. & H. Simon, Inc.
Packard
Stewart-Warner
General Electric
Studebaker

WILL Work-Light improve your production? Protect your quality? Lower your costs? A convenient time to find out is during the summer, while factory "fixing up" is going on.

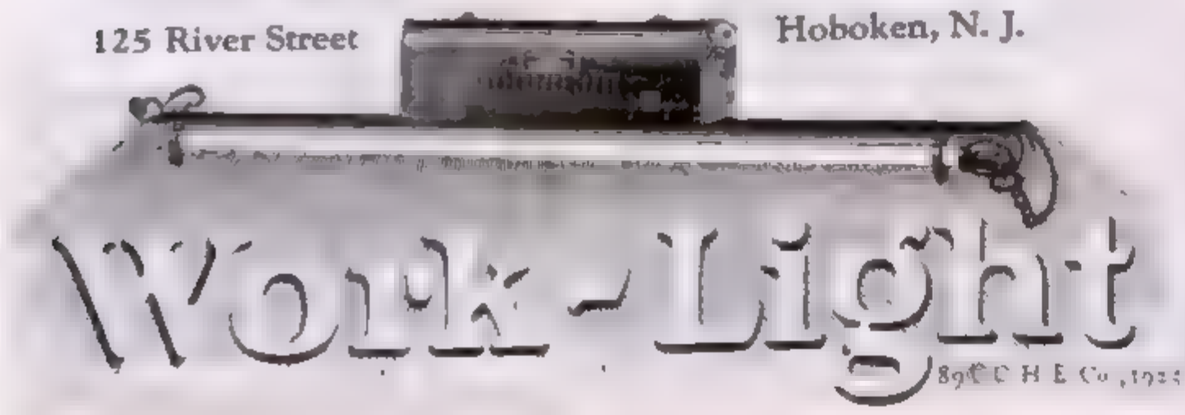
Put in a Work-Light trial! You needn't obligate yourself. Do it now—and by the time fall comes around you will be able to figure exactly how the cost of putting in Work-Light compares with the cost of going without.

You will know that cloudy mornings and dark afternoons need not mean slow-down. You will know that you can get day-shift results from night-shift operation.

Select one of your departments that needs improvement the most. Then write us for an immediate trial.

COOPER HEWITT ELECTRIC COMPANY

125 River Street Hoboken, N. J.



down in a fog and most of her crew lost. He had never fully got over the horror of that collision. Incidentally, Bill wasn't his name at all. He had been so nicknamed because a man of great tonnage, and colloquially referred to as Big Bill, was at this time much in the public eye. One of the crew, spying a man backing his huge bulk down the fore rigging from the wharf in Gloucester, had called out, "Well, will yuh look at Big Bill comin' aboard!"

Every steamer inward or outward bound—between New York and Europe—travels pretty much the same lane between Nantucket South Shoal Lightship and Sandy Hook, which means that this night we were in a heavily traveled lane for some hours after leaving the lightship for Newport. It was one lugubrious fog whistle after another all around us during Bill's watch. Twice we caught the dim projection of a light through the fog, indicating that somebody was pretty handy, too handy for comfort.

Throughout his whole two hours' watch Bill never allowed himself to get farther away from the foghorn than the length of his arm. He hesitated to let me work the foghorn. I shuttled the handle of the box vigorously enough, but I didn't stretch out the dolorous signals to sufficient length to suit Bill.

After Bill's watch was over, he lay down on a cabin locker. His bunk was in the foc'sle, but no bunkin' for him in the foc'sle on such a night, no, sir-ree! How long would it take him to get up on deck if she was run down? If he was some spry little shrimp of a man he would risk it, but he weighed two hundred and seventy pounds.

So Bill tried to spread his wide bulk on a twelve-inch cabin locker. Most of him, of course, flowed out over the edges. His rubber boots, in which were his feet, were very much in the way. Nobody coming and going off watch could resist tripping over Bill's boots; or, crawling in or out of a bunk, failed to fall heavily over him. Bill, half asleep, would hoist himself up and start automatically for the gangway, muttering, "Still vap'rish, is she?" Coming fully awake, he would have a fresh look for himself to see if she was still vaporish. He would then replace himself carefully along the locker.

The crew would openly discuss Bill's fear of a foggy night, not condemning him exactly for being frightened of one; but marveling why a man so scared of fog ever came to sea at all, especially aboard a fisherman, which is likely to put in more time on foggy banks than any other seafaring craft whatever. Bill was not ashamed of his terror of the fog.

"Go ahead, laugh at me," retorted Bill; "but mebbe you wouldn't laugh if you'd been woke up in the middle o' the night by a steamer's bow comin' through the waist o' the vessel, heavin' the for'ard half of her to pote an' the after half to stabbid of her bow, an' then she gone right on by an' never heavin' to after she done it to see was any of us mebbe alive."

Next morning's sun dissolved the black mists and Bill's soul was at ease again. Sailing up Narragansett Bay we passed some magnificent estates near the water's edge. With elevated index finger, Bill would point out this one and that one, reeling off a most scandalous story every second or third one. He was not an imaginative man, he was not a reading man; the crew got much mental exercise out of trying to solve the puzzle of where he gathered all these stories of high life.

The New York Yacht Club's fleet happened to be laying to anchor in Newport Harbor. Several large fine-looking schooners were among them. Our fellows would point to one here and there among them, shouting admiringly, "Look at that big black one all shinin'! Ain't she the able one though?" Or wistfully: "Or that one there! Oh, man, if we only had her in that breeze the other day!"

We tied up to the pier and away went Bill, the busy gossip, to have chat with some ancient chum in the Esther Ray, a swordfisherman he saw in the next slip. He soon came waddling back, sputtering as he approached, waving a newspaper:

"A nawful hurrikin all along the coast. An' the Nokomis is gone. Five bodies of 'em in life belts been picked up on the Nantucket shore. Here's about them in this paper. But they's four men got saved off her. The Ray picked 'em up."

He talked so violently and confusedly of how the four men happened to be saved that Peeples and I walked over to get the story for ourselves.

Chris Ryan, whom we had both known before, was one of the rescued men. Chris had already told the story ten times, but he began all over again to tell it to us.

"We were hove to under a patch o' the fores'l. We drifted into shoal water," said Chris. "The first thing we knew it was looking wicked. Our jib halyards got fouled at the foremast head. The skipper told two of us to go aloft to clear 'em. He'd hove the lead and was haulin' in the lead line over the quarter rail. Jake, here, and me started up the rigging.

"'Twelve fathoms!' we heard the skipper call out.

"While we were aloft we heard the gang on deck hollering somethin'. We looked around and from over her stern we see this great comber rollin' down on the vessel. It broke over her stern like a high wall and over the pair of us aloft. Yes, over us at the masthead sixty feet above her deck—well, most fifty feet, say, where we were. It was all solid green water. I could just see the sun through it when it rolled over my head. Too late to bother with any jib halyards then—we hustled down on deck.

"It was nothin' but white water around us when we made the deck, and the skipper was saying that if anybody wanted to try and get away in a dory, why go ahead. He'd break out a barrel o' gasoline to looard, he said, to give the dory a start. So we busted in the head of a barrel of gasoline and poured it over the lee rail, and hoisted a dory and four of us made a flyin' leap into it from the vessel's rail.

"Another man wanted to go along, but he was too slow. We all had to take the dory flyin'.

"We got through the oily water easy enough, but after that the dory went like wild over the white seas. She half filled before we were fair away from the vessel. We'd put two buoys in her—half barrels—and lashed 'em to her under the gunnels. Two jumped to the oars to keep her head to sea. They kept her head to sea while Jake and me here bailed her out. We bailed with our caps and a dory dipper. We didn't expect to live. A hundred times I must 'a' said to myself in a kind of a dream, 'She's still afloat, she's still afloat!'

"We never looked up from the bailing, and the two to the oars they never slacked up at the oars—there they are now, those two talkin' to Charlie Harty over there. Charlie's going to take up a collection, he says, to get us some clothes to go home in. Only for the air in the two tight buoy barrels—half barrels—that was lashed to her, we wouldn't 'a' lived fifteen seconds.

"For four hours steady Jake and me must 've stayed at the bailin'. I heard somebody holler, 'There's a vessel!' And soon again, 'She sees us! She sees us!' I looked up then. It was Tom Hale's vessel, though we didn't know what vessel she was right away. He sailed down past us—she was liftin' to her keel goin' by. She was under short sail, and passin' us to wind'ard. 'I'll work to looard of you,' somebody sings out from her, 'and then you must watch your chance to jump aboard. It's the best I can do,' says the voice.

"She worked to looard of us and our dory is drivin' down on her, nobody all the time lettin' up on the bailin' or at the oars. The dory rides up on a high sea an' there's the Ray below us. Down across the rail of the Ray the dory strikes. We drop the bailin' an' rowin' when we see the dory's goin' to strike and we all jump. We make it, flop-pin' an' sprawlin' every old way onto her

(Continued on Page 90)

Laid in 1881

North side of India Wharf, Boston, Mass. It was roofed with Barrett Pitch and Felt 44 years ago. To date no expense for repairs.

"The bond says 'Off your mind for 20 years,' but the roof will probably last forty!"

"Yes, sir, if Barrett records of long service mean anything, that roof will still be tight as a drum in 1965."

For while the Surety Bond given with a Barrett Specification Roof guarantees twenty years of roof service without expense for maintenance, this bond is much more than insurance against roof repairs. It is your proof—

(1) That the roof was constructed of the highest grade pitch and felt;

(2) That it was laid by a dependable roofing contractor;

(3) That the laying was supervised by a Barrett Inspector who saw to it that The Barrett Specification was followed in every detail.

In such a roof it is practically impossible for leaks or other troubles to develop until long after the expiration of the twenty year bonded period. In fact, we can point to many Barrett Roofs of this type, laid 30 to 40 years ago, that are still giving weathertight service.

But the Barrett Specification Roof* is but one of a wide line of Barrett Built-Up Roofs.

Whether you want a roof constructed according to The Barrett Specification or your own specification—

Whether you want a roof for a new or an old building—

Three-quarters of a century's experience—the experience of leading architects, engineers and contractors—has proved that it pays to see that any built-up roof is a pitch and felt roof—and that both pitch and felt bear the Barrett label.

Building Owners—

Do you know this Valuable Service?

Without charge or obligation a Barrett Service Man will inspect your roofs. He will render report on the conditions as found and explain upkeep methods that often save expensive repairs.

This free inspection service is offered to owners of buildings with roof areas of fifty squares (5,000 square feet) or more. For detailed information address Inspection Service.

*Important! The Surety Bond is issued only on Barrett Specification Roofs which have been inspected by us during application. The Surety Bond Guaranty is the written assurance that his building is protected by a genuine Barrett Specification Roof.

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Barrett ROOFINGS

After all, the user's word is proof conclusive!

Let the experience of these adding machine users guide you in the selection of modern equipment

Direct Subtraction — "The Direct Subtraction, Advanced Correction features of your machine are especially appreciated."

Multiplication — "This company owns a large number of lumber mills, so, naturally, the quick and easy method of multiplication appeals to us."

Addition — "The machine, in our opinion, is faster on addition, multiplication and subtraction than any other machine which we have used, and we are particularly pleased with the direct subtraction feature."

Speed — "I have been able to develop a greater and more active speed in listing amounts, on account of the convenient keyboard."

Durability, Low cost of upkeep — "We have twenty-two Sundstrand adding machines in use in our stores. We have had our machines now about eighteen months and our total bill for upkeep during the last twelve months was $37.50, which included new ribbons where needed and cleaning all machines."

Ease of operation — "Ease of operation makes it particularly adaptable to girl operators. The arrangement of the keyboard is such that it is easy for anyone to learn."

Portability, Ideal for desk use — "The entire machine is smaller, more compact and lighter, and consequently more convenient than any other machine that we have heretofore used."

One hand control — "We are very pleased to inform you that the direct subtraction, one hand control, Sundstrand machine which we have, is absolutely one of the best types of machines that we have used."

Correction features — "The additional features of elimination and correction make this model particularly desirable in all classes of work."

DIRECT SUBTRACTION

DIRECT SUBTRACTION *featured models* $150 *and up*

STRAIGHT LINE MODELS *without direct subtraction* $100 *and up*

Performance "tells the story." What these users say about Sundstrand machines, we believe, is far more convincing than anything we might say.

The features which have made Sundstrand efficiency and speed famous are direct subtraction, 100% printed proof, automatic-shift multiplication, compact 10-key keyboard, automatic column selection, one-hand control, forced printing of totals, advanced correction features, portability, and rugged construction for years of hard service.

Address Dept. B-8 for latest literature and complete information.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., Rockford, Ill., U.S.A.
Sales and Service Stations everywhere in the United States and foreign countries

Sundstrand

The Simplex Line of Adding and Calculating Machines

Adding (+) Subtracting (—) Multiplying (×) Dividing (÷)

(Continued from Page 88)

midship deck. We were shook up some, but nobody broke anything—no bones, I mean. Jake here broke the crystal of his watch that he always carries in his pants pocket. Show him the watch, Jake."

Jake showed us the watch, asking for advice.

"Somebody said I'll have to soak it in oil for a week to get it goin' when I get back home. What'd you think?" asked Jake.

Chris was talking again

"And that ends me for fishin'. No more fishin'—any kind o' fishin'—for me."

"An' me," said Jake earnestly.

Tom Hale, skipper of the Ray, had been standing near. He added his few words to the account.

"You wouldn't believe it, George, 'less you saw it—that dory ridin' atop of a white sea and over our rail all o' forty mile an hour to look at her! I'd like to 've been able to save the dory, but she capsized and drifted off."

"Then the dory we picked up," put in Peeples, "was probably the one John Pettipaw and the other four men tried to get away in. Lucky men in the first dory, hah, Tom?"

"You'd say they was if you'd see them comin' through that white water! We were lucky to bring the vessel through it. We blew out a jib heavin' to for 'em. Blowed a good breeze, didn't it?"

"Blowed a damn good breeze," said Peeples.

Peeples discovered that his vessel did have a splintered keel. While she was being overhauled I went home. Two days later I ran down to Gloucester. I dropped into Tony Silva's barber shop to have my hair cut by Ike Webber.

"Heard you had it pretty rough," said Ike; and I began to tell with much enthusiasm of what had happened. The man in Tony Silva's chair turned his lathered face my way. "You out in that blow? What vessel?"

"Lafayette—George Peeples."

"That so? I was in the Yankee."

"The Yankee? You lost a man off her, I heard."

"We lost a man, yes. Lucky we didn't lose all hands. We got caught in the tide rips. A big sea comes along and throws her down on her side. Onto her beam she goes as quick as—as that!"

He knocked his knuckles against his chair arm to show how quick. Ike had before ceased his attempts to trim any hair and was pointing the scissors, the blades wide open, first at one and then at the other of us as we talked. Tony was holding the razor blade carefully clear of his customer's vehement gestures.

"Over we all go, eight of us—into the sea. I thought we were all of us gone; but no, everybody grabs a loose sheet or part of her riggin' and back aboard we all scramble—all but one, poor fella! The vessel rights herself—I dunno how. And she had a great little engine in her. She pulled us out of there before it came worse. Hear about the Arbitrator?"

"What about her?"

The Yankee man was sitting up in his chair and Tony was wiping his razor dry, waiting for a fresh start. Ike had also folded up his shears.

"She had four men washed off her deck. And she's a big fresh halibuter."

The Yankee man sat back and suddenly bobbed up again.

"Hear about Bob Jackson? No? Well, that was comical, to hear Bob tell it. You know Bob's got a big Cape Cod catboat with a kicker in her. Bob is fishin' north of the lightship. He don't wait for the breeze to come. He sees it comin' and away he goes for No Man's Land. He's got a cockpit in that cat of his and when he locks the cabin up tight he's got a reg'lar lifeboat. The cockpit fills up solid an' Bob and his brother bail her out. Three times the cockpit fills up solid and three times they bail her out, Bob sayin', 'I don't know where the hell we're goin', but we got to keep her goin' for wherever it is.' They make the lee o' No Man's Land before the heft of the breeze c'n get 'em, an' there they stay, chasin' a lee around the islands as the wind hauled."

The Yankee man was not yet done.

"Seen Jerome McDonald's boat, the Motor? No? Say, go down and take a look at her. She's tied up down Chisholm's wharf. She's the damnedest mess ever I see. Go down and take a look at her!"

After Ike had got a chance and was done with me, I went down to see the Motor. She was all that the man in the barber's chair had said of her. Both masts were broken off just above her deck, her bowsprit was broken off at the knightsheads, everywhere on her deck was a tangle of rigging. Dories and gurry kids had been swept away. Her auxiliary had also pulled her out.

While I was looking at the Motor, Chris Ryan and his chum came down the wharf, each with a brand-new suitcase which he carefully set down on the wharf.

"Thought you both told me in Newport you were done with fishing," I said to Chris.

Chris smiled an apologetic smile.

"We thought we were too, but we've had a coupla good nights' sleep since then. We got to do something, an' there's nobody we know who is payin' pensions to fishermen out of a job."

Down at the end of the dock was a fresh halibuter all ready to put out to sea. I assumed that they were going in her, and I said, "Well, you've picked out a good big vessel this time, I see," pointing to the halibuter.

"Her? We're not goin' in her."

"No? What one you going in?"

A little schooner lay outside the halibuter. She was bigger than the Lafayette, but not so much bigger—a twenty-ton boat, perhaps. The bos'n's chairs to her foremasthead indicated that she was a swordfisherman.

Pointing to her, Chris said, "There's the one we're goin' in."

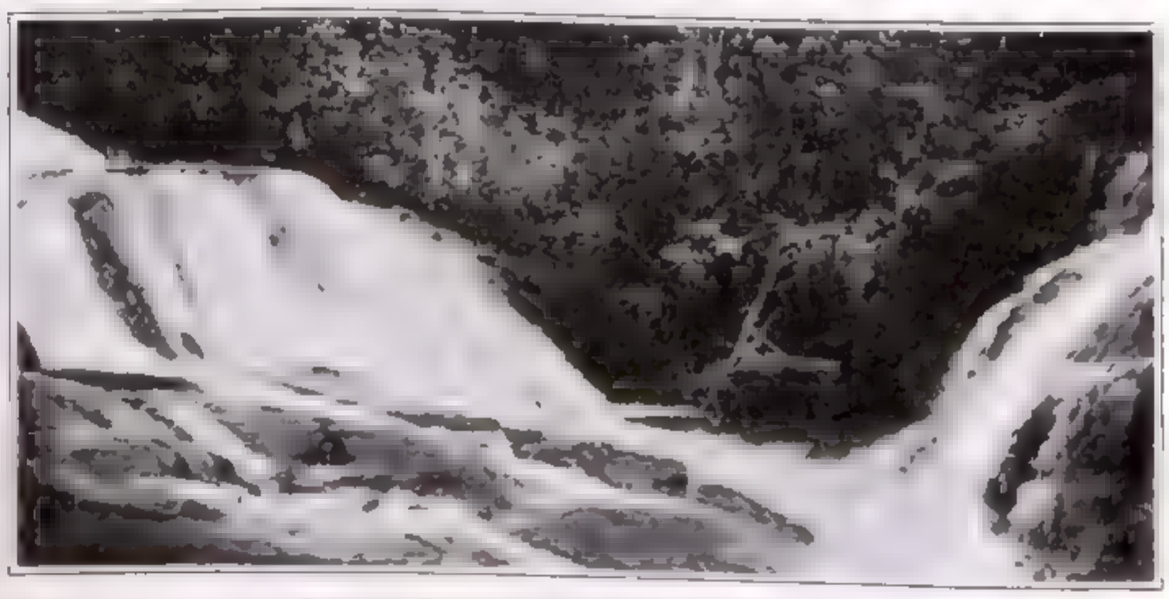
"Swordfishing?"

"Swordfishing."

"Same place—Georges South Shoal?"

"I suppose so."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Connolly. The next will appear in an early issue.



Conestee Falls, Near Brevard, North Carolina

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

WHETHER your daily shave is an annoying duty or a mere five-minute incident depends upon the judgment you use in the selection of a razor.

The New Improved Gillette is offered as the means to the truly perfect shave.

What it promised to do in theory, by virtue of its scientific design, it performs in actual use. It is submitted for the judgment of men whose time, good nature and facial appearance are of sufficient importance to make them demand a faultless shaving implement.

Try it once with a Gillette Blade—possessing the finest edge that steel can take . . . and you will realize that your shaving problem is solved.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

$5 to $75

The Gillette New Standard
In gold plate, $6.
In silver plate, $5.

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors when used with genuine Gillette Blades. But with imitations of genuine Gillette Blades it cannot take responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors.

Wheels of Chance

Jolting up and down the highways . . thundering along clicking rails. . . The wheels of commerce! . . Burdened with your *merchandise* . . your *personal belongings. . . Carrying* your *defenseless valuables to unseen destinations . . in charge of unknown men! . . "Wheels of Chance!"*

THE moment a shipment passes out through your door, it is in the hands of Fate. Fire, collision, flood, theft—any one of these or other disasters—may befall your goods even before they fairly start on their journey.

Why assume risks on property in transit that you would not assume in storage? Let our representative explain a policy that protects your merchandise or valuables by any mode of transportation—any shipment—at virtually negligible cost.

Affiliated with The Automobile Insurance Co., of Hartford, Connecticut, are the Ætna Life Insurance Co., Ætna Casualty and Surety Co., and the Standard Fire Insurance Co. These companies issue virtually every known form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches; Group Life; Group Disability; Accident and Health; Automobile; Compensation; Liability; Burglary; Plate Glass; Water Damage; Fire; Marine; Transportation; Fidelity Bonds; Surety Bonds, etc. Insure according to your needs—as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

WHEREVER you live, you will find an able representative of The Automobile Insurance Co., of Hartford, Connecticut, always available to give you sound counsel and dependable insurance protection.

Get acquainted with our representative in your community today! He is a man worth knowing. His company is a unit of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world. He can save you money, time and trouble.

THE AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

AFFILIATED WITH ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST NEGRO CITY

(Continued from Page 9

if the white tenants and proprietors stood firmly together, they would have the colored man at a terrific disadvantage. But they can reside anywhere and he isn't sure whether he can or not.

Thus, as a result of the prevalence of segregation depending upon extra-legal forces, the negro is maneuvered entirely against his will into the position of offering high rents and high prices. He can't afford this, but there is no alternative. The white people on the fringes of his district seem to realize even in their panic that the negro, with his back to the wall, is almost certain to win eventually, so they do not stand firm. Indeed, prices go down instead of up. Thus the owner of a tenement, finding his house half filled and rents declining, is forced out of the ranks and presently the Black Belt has expanded one more block. The white owner didn't want to do this, but he could see that the ranks were wavering.

From a strictly business point of view, this process of expanding the Black Belt is almost incredible. Stated in business terms it moves, with amazing lack of logic, something like this: Tenants willing to pay high rents and prospective purchasers willing to pay high prices approach. Values then decline instead of going up. The negroes obtain the property not at exorbitant prices but at quite reasonable or even ridiculously low prices. The pressure of their numbers then forces up first the rentals and later the values. Houses change hands a few times; negroes emerge from their deals with imposing sums, and are thus better equipped than before to win another city block.

The marvel of it is that they are not forced to pay through the nose for every twenty-five-foot advance, but they aren't. However, some of the white landlords break ranks without selling, admit negroes at higher rents, maintain their properties at considerably lower standards than formerly, and thus increase net profits anywhere from 3 to 15 per cent. There is a great deal of crowding in Harlem; thousands of residents with insufficient space for their own families take in roomers. But in order to understand the situation one must learn the negroes' point of view. They find the houses superior to any they have ever occupied before; the whole district has a better appearance than the negro districts from which they came; and the sanitary laws of the state and city are enforced by inspectors who pay no attention whatever to color lines. If a negro tenant goes to court under the rent laws, or demands repairs to which he is legally entitled, the machinery of justice will move promptly and without prejudice. He suffers many hardships in Harlem, but still he considers the place has tremendous advantages.

Part of the American Pattern

New York has absorbed so many invading hordes that these negroes would not cause a ripple except for their complexions. Harlem, as it stands today, is not only convincing but overwhelming proof of how thoroughly the negro has become part of the American pattern. Delicatessen shops offering wares that were popular with the Germans and Jews are still doing business. Apparently the negroes smoke about the same brands of tobacco as those who preceded them; they buy the same groceries and trade with the same druggists. Undertaking establishments are more ornate, however. The negroes have introduced no innovations in style of clothing or shoes. At the news stands one finds the same publications that are offered anywhere else, except for the addition of three or four negro newspapers and magazines and a notable decrease in the number of foreign-language publications. But the negro papers have a very slight sale compared with those which also sell best on Riverside Drive.

In religion, the negro introduces nothing novel. He is usually an extremely orthodox Protestant, with only occasional leanings even toward modernism. In politics you are safe in assuming that he is a regular Republican if born in this country. Others, especially the West Indian negroes, tend toward independence. He goes to the Y. M. C. A. and enjoys the same sports that attract his white neighbors. At the Polo Grounds he roots for the Giants and at the Stadium he roots for the Yankees. It is hard to say just what he would do, however, if a team from Birmingham, Alabama, put in an appearance, for the Southland remains enshrined in song and story. My guess is that he'd root for Alabam'. He flocks to the prize fights by tens of thousands, especially when a negro fighter appears in the ring.

On the whole, Harlem is decidedly less exotic than any one of the five or six Little Italys, not to mention half a dozen other districts. The police records show that Harlem is by no means troublesome to them; neither does it make unusual demands upon any of the numerous social-service or charitable agencies that function in New York City. Violations of the national prohibition law are not nearly so blatantly boastful there as in other districts. In fact, they are strictly under cover.

Deaf to Radical Propaganda

A Southern white man would find little that is unusual, either good or bad, in the vicinity of Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street; but Harlem is utterly baffling to foreign radical propagandists in New York, as they themselves willingly admit. From their point of view, the American negro ought to be a radical convert at the first encounter. Hasn't he been segregated, barred from many fields of employment, and subjected to Jim Crow laws both by statute and common consent? Why then shouldn't he fall in with efforts to overthrow the present order? But he doesn't. He remains intensely patriotic. The radicals are entirely mistaken—and so are many other people—in assuming that all these negroes fled from the South because they felt that they were treated unjustly. So far as I can learn, a majority of them came because wages were high and jobs were begging for workers. Thousands of them were recruited by labor agents who went through the South for that purpose.

The same economic lure brought other thousands from the British West Indies, Central and South America, and in lesser numbers from other lands. They were pleased with the conditions they found and wrote letters back to their former homes describing in glowing terms their great adventures. With characteristic negro optimism and their racial will to happiness, the letter writers omitted practically all the unfavorable features of their transplanting—such, for instance, as the fact that five dollars in New York isn't worth as much as five dollars in a Georgia village.

Thousands of these letters were read in churches, lodges and at other gatherings. Presently a great migration was under way. It reached flood tide during 1923. The negro leaders themselves refer to it as a great leaderless movement. White men advanced all sorts of theories to explain this movement. Some said the World War had profoundly affected the negro's point of view and that he would never again endure Southern rural conditions. But when one talks to the negroes themselves he finds very little evidence of resentment or bitterness. They will tell you how greatly they appreciate Northern school terms of nine months, but they do not complain about Southern rural schools, possibly because the white rural schools also had short terms.

- - and all this experimenting has cost you real money. Now you are ready to buy Whites

A White Truck salesman is talking to a buyer.

"You have the evidence in your own truck records that one day in the shop eats up the profit of many days on the road. And it doesn't take a great many days in the shop to equal the price of a new truck."

"Fine," says the buyer. "I know my trucks are costing too much now. But why should I try Whites and spend more money experimenting?"

"When you buy Whites you are all through experimenting," says the salesman. "You quit spending and start investing. White Trucks stay on the road and return the most money-earning miles for every dollar invested."

"The salesman who sold me these trucks I'm running said they would stay on the road, too," the buyer says. "How do I know your Whites are any better?"

"Take the experience of men that have been operating trucks for years in all lines of business," says the salesman. "There are 837 leading business firms on The White Roll Call. They operate 31,093 White Trucks in fleets of 10 or more each. Most of them have operated trucks of other makes. They have all quit shopping for trucks—they invest in White Truck Transportation. Many thousands of others who operate smaller fleets or single White Trucks have gone through the costly process of experimentation, too. You needn't spend any more of your own money for experience. There are more White Trucks in service today than trucks of any other high-grade make. And the experience of their owners is yours for the asking."

* * *

Get this White Roll Call. It is the greatest performance document in the motor truck industry. Write The White Company, E. 79th Street, Cleveland, or phone the branch near you

Let a White salesman show you how White Trucks are building business every day. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500. Bus chassis, $4,950—f. o. b. Cleveland

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

Health through convenience

INSURE the perfect cleanliness of the milk you use! Especially now that it's *more convenient* to do so! Here's a bottle cap that does away with the messy, unsanitary use of thumb, fork or ice-pick.

Just pull the tab on Perfection Caps. The bottle is opened half-way by a smoothly-working hinge. Use as much as you need. Close the hinge. The milk remaining is protected from germs and food odors to the very last drop.

Tell your milkman you want him to use Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps. Use them, yourself, with our compliments until he gets them. We'll be glad to send you a month's supply *free* if you'll sign and mail the attached coupon.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The
Smith-Lee Co., Inc.
Oneida, N. Y.

Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

Name _____

Address _____

Canadian Manufacturers:
THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited
345 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

DRINK MORE MILK

Even the negro who feels intensely on the subject of his race is not inclined to harbor grudges. If he left the South because he thought it gave him insufficient opportunity, that chapter of his life is now closed.

The negro has a marvelous capacity for forgetting what is unpleasant, cherishing the memories that give him pleasure, and above all else forgiving. The radical who approaches a former resident of Georgia usually learns to his dismay that Georgia is one of God's choicest gifts to mankind. The negro is doing well in Harlem and is more enthusiastically patriotic than ever. No kind of jam attracts him. What he wants is precisely what he has—a stable government, sound money, a good job, a good house to live in, and the minimum of elbow rubbing with white people. Not that he doesn't like white people, but that some of them prefer not to rub elbows with him, and he is entirely willing to spare them that necessity if he can.

It happens that by residing in Harlem this becomes easy. He has his own motion-picture theaters, his own legitimate theaters, his own dance halls, restaurants, pool rooms, hotels, swimming pools, lodges, churches, places for transacting business, and, in short, just about everything he needs, including some country clubs.

In the few places, such as the Subways, where he can't avoid rubbing elbows, the white people simply pay no attention to him at all, and he appreciates that.

A foreign radical in New York's Black Belt has about as much chance as the famous celluloid cat in the lower regions, for it develops not only is Harlem a very fine place but so are Mississippi, Georgia, and every other state. A people who sang its way to happiness while in slavery offers about as poor material for an organizer of discontent as the human species affords.

Becoming a Harlemite

After a few weeks in Harlem the negro marches with the cosmopolitan throng. If he came from a city where there was a Jim Crow ordinance, he will be almost certain—so the negroes inform me—to rush for a front seat the first time he boards a street car. The white people pay no attention to him, but the negroes laugh. He has made himself the butt of his own people's jokes; he doesn't like that, so the next time he is careful to be inconspicuous. In a short time he loses much of his self-consciousness. As he learns more about his new community, he begins to take vast pride in the achievements of his neighbors. Presently he feels a sincere pride in his race, a pride that makes him wish to go about his business with quiet dignity. That sort of behavior now characterizes Harlem as one sees it from the sidewalk and in public places generally.

Thoughtful negroes who have given years to studying the problems of their race grow lyrical over the Harlem experiment, for they say that none of the distressing economic conditions calculated to bring about race riots exist there. Gang labor, in their opinion, is one of the conditions that are always likely to cause trouble. By gang labor they mean large numbers of negroes suddenly brought from some Southern community to a new environment to perform a specific type of hard work. One of them stated the case as follows:

"Suppose, for example, that you bring 2000 negroes from Mississippi to a Northern industrial community, wedge them in among neighbors who know nothing about them and about whom they likewise know nothing. These Mississippi negroes will remain exactly what they were before they left home. They are peasant-minded country workers, in a distressingly strange environment, and they are afraid. This may show in the form of an unfriendly, grouchy attitude. As soon as business depression makes it necessary, some of them or all of them will suddenly find themselves out of work. Trouble may result from such a condition.

"But in New York there is an enormous diversity of employment. These sudden changes from prosperity to depression do not affect large numbers of the community. Immigrants come from many lands and a process of adjustment goes on. The Mississippi negro and the West Indian both become New Yorkers. Among them is a leavening element of natives of New York. A community spirit comes into being. There is a feeling of safety, of home, and the possible points of friction decline in number. We negroes think that one of the causes of the Chicago race riots in 1919 was the existence of 12,000 negroes engaged in gang labor in the stockyards. In New York there is almost no gang labor."

Though it is true that New York offers a diversity of employment, that diversity lies largely within the bounds of what a negro social worker referred to as blind-alley jobs. Census figures abundantly support his statement; Harlem is tolerated, but not coddled.

Seventh Avenue, Near 135th Street, Harlem

Jobs Open to Colored Men

Longshoremen constituted the largest single group of negro workers in the metropolitan district, according to the 1920 census. There were 5387 of these, or 9 per cent of the total of male negroes employed at that time. Laundry work and domestic service claimed 24,438 of the negro women. They excel in laundry work and own several establishments with modern equipment. Twenty-four thousand five hundred men served as porters, waiters, messengers, elevator operators, chauffeurs or janitors. In the trades requiring a period of apprenticeship there are very few negroes, and their progress in the skilled crafts is extremely slow, due largely, they assert, to the attitude of the labor unions. For instance, there were 268 negro carpenters in New York in 1910, and 737 in 1920. The census for the latter year mentions 321 specific occupations in New York, and in 175 of them fifty or more negroes were employed; but only a few classifications claim the bulk of the colored population.

In spite of their increasing community wealth and the growth of numerous small businesses, they have done almost nothing in the field of finance. Their explanation is that so few of them have had experience in banks that they doubt their ability to recruit even the skeleton of a trained staff. The Urban League, which operates in many cities and has an office in Harlem, continually endeavors to open new fields of employment. From the colored man's point of view the restrictions imposed upon him are not very logical. For instance, one of them summarized the situation thus:

"A negro may not be a street railway or Subway conductor, but he may be a ticket chopper. He may not be a money changer in a Subway station, but he may be intrusted as a messenger with thousands of dollars daily. He may not sell goods over a counter, but he can be intrusted with the goods after they have been sold. He can be a porter in charge of a sleeping car, but never a conductor; a policeman, but not a fireman; a linotype operator, but not a motion-picture operator; a glass annealer, but not a glass blower; a deck hand, but not a sailor; and the list could be continued indefinitely. No Horatio Alger ascensions

Continued on Page 97

Blueberries

Picking the choice, ripe blueberries from the bushes by the open road. Never were they more delicious. That's because they're ripe.

Ripe tobacco is one of nature's treasures, too. And it sure does make the best smoking.

-It's Ripe Tobacco!

RIPE tobacco is the fundamental reason for the national popularity of Bayuk Cigars.

All the leaves on a tobacco stalk cannot come to ripeness at the same time. At harvesting, the top leaves are under-ripe. Blackish green and rank, they would make heavy, bitter smoking. Bayuk discards them.

The bottom leaves, the first to grow, are over-ripe. They cannot be cured properly. Bayuk discards them.

So the ripe leaves in between are the only ones that Bayuk uses.

Insist on Bayuk Cigars of ripe tobacco. Very likely one of the five brands is just the cigar you've wanted for a long time.

Practically every dealer can supply you with Bayuk Cigars. If there is no dealer in your town, write for Trial Package, that you may buy from first hand. Retailers desiring name of nearest wholesale distributor, please write us.

Havana Ribbon
An exclusive blend of domestic tobaccos with imported Sumatra Wrapper.
2 for 15c
Trial Package 10 for 75c

Bayuk Philadelphia Hand Made
Ripe domestic fillers. Imported Sumatra Wrapper. Mild, Smooth, Uniform. A friendly cigar.
10c
Trial Package 10 for $1.00

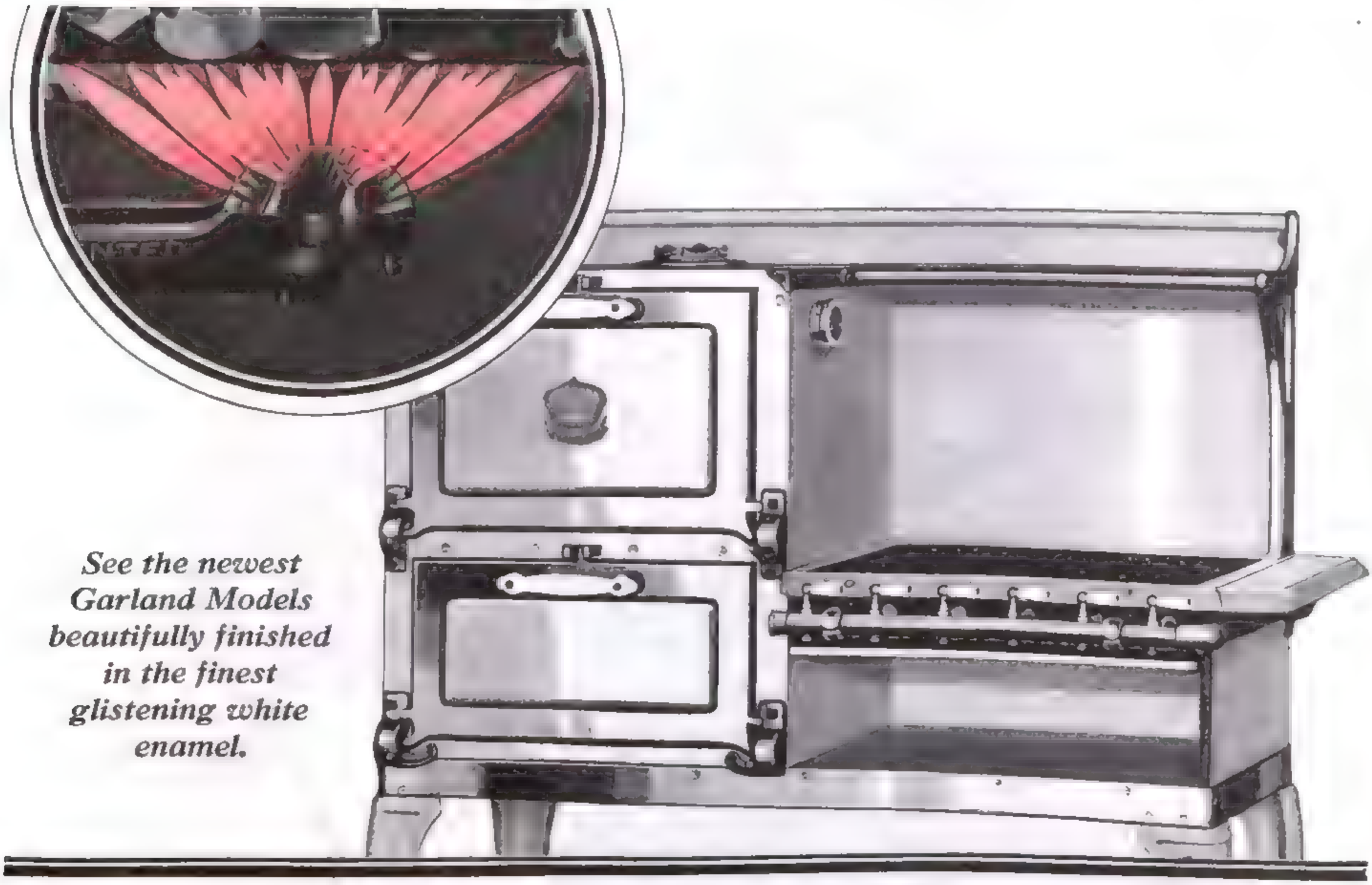
Cigar Retailers & Clerks:
Ask your jobber's salesman or write us for particulars of our cash prize contest.

Charles Thomson
Guaranteed Ripe Long Filler and Genuine Imported Sumatra Wrapper. Pre-War Quality.
5c
Trial Package 25 for $1.25

Mapacuba
Ripe Havana and domestic tobaccos, Sumatra wrapped. Fragrant but Mild.
10c, 2 for 25c and 15c sizes
Trial Box 10 for $1.25

Prince Hamlet
The Guaranteed Full Havana Filler Cigar
3 for 50c. 15c 2 for 25c and 10c sizes
Trial Package 10 for $1.50

BAYUK CIGARS INC.
PHILADELPHIA



See the newest Garland Models beautifully finished in the finest glistening white enamel.

Garland's Burner Saves Gas and Time

Any woman will heartily appreciate the Garland Heat-Spreading Burner—found only on Garland Gas and Combination Ranges.

You discover at once that it cooks faster. It saves time in the kitchen. You find the cooking results are better. Your whole family is glad of that.

Then there is an additional pleasant discovery, that less gas is used. You can proudly point to fully a 10% saving in the monthly cooking gas bills.

All of these advantages are yours because of the scientific construction of the Garland Burner, which through its proper combustion allows the base of the cooking utensil to be brought within 7/8 of an inch of the burner.

And in addition you have the features of the Garland Oven with patented ventilated bottom construction which makes your oven uniformly hot, and the New Heat Regulator which makes baking and preserving scientifically correct.

The Garland Range is a quality range through and through—the best that fifty years of experience and the finest materials and workmanship can produce.

With kitchen ranges, as well as everything else, quality is economy and long life.

This is the reason that today more than 4,000,000 American housekeepers point with pride to the beauty, economy, and faster service they are getting in their Garland Kitchens.

Garland also manufactures the largest variety of cooking and heating stoves and a complete line of the finest warm air furnaces. Write for the name of your nearest dealer.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

The World's Best

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS - COAL - ELECTRICITY

Garland Stoves and Furnaces The World's Best

(Continued from Page 94)

from messenger to manager or porter to president need be counted into the labor turnover where negroes are concerned. Once a porter, barring the phenomenal, always a porter."

Still, new fields do open to them from time to time. For example, ten years ago no negro clothing workers were reported, but now there are 6000; likewise, ten years ago there were no negro textile workers reported, but at present they number 2685.

In their own territory, working for one another, they are obtaining experience in many new fields. For instance, the number of real-estate agents among them is estimated at 500. From time to time one hears reports in New York that there are many negro millionaires residing in Harlem. These reports are not true. There are only a few negro millionaires in the entire United States. Harlem is made up largely of humble workers in blind-alley jobs. Most of the business acumen exhibited in that district may safely be claimed by the West Indians. Incidentally, they are not very popular with the Southern negroes. Indeed, the difference between these two groups is amazing. The West Indian takes his religion calmly, with very little emotion. As a dancer and singer, he is not in the same class with the Southern delegations, nor has he their delightful sense of humor. He takes to business as though it were a racial genius and he is notably lacking in the Southern negro's diplomacy. On that subject I was interested in the following comment by a highly educated Harlem leader from Georgia.

"The negro," he said, "is the greatest diplomat in the world. Though there are white people who understand them quite well, it is equally true that many of those who think they do are simply victims of the Southern negro's diplomacy. If a white man wants to put on what I call the colonel-and-George act, he can find millions of negroes who know the rôle of George perfectly. The colonel may forget his lines once in a while, but George never does; he is a finished actor and a great diplomat. When the show is over George usually gets what he wanted, while the colonel may or may not. That, however, is not at all true of the West Indians; they make lots of noise about their rights and are very quick to go to court—the last place on earth a Southern negro seeks."

The Emperor of Africa

The West Indians have brought with them to Harlem their own ideas about color lines within the race and these have split the negro city into many factions. It seems that in the West Indies a colored man who is three-fourths white is regarded by the white population as just that, three-fourths white. In other words, there are gradations of the color line. The totally black negroes from the West Indies are therefore inclined to regard any blonds among them as belonging to the other race. Marcus Garvey, a West Indian negro resident of Harlem who styled himself Emperor of Africa, was a leader of the movement to draw the color line against any who were not wholly black. The agitation in which he took so prominent a part is far from dead.

The point of view of the West Indian blacks is briefly this: A few white people ruled over them, assisted by a larger number of almost-whites. But for the latter they might have fared much better; they must therefore organize within a color line of their own. All this agitation is very interesting to the Southern negroes; but so far as I could observe, they play both ends against the middle. The totally black Southerner takes his place in the factional fight with those of his own complexion; but at the same time, if some benevolent scientist from Mississippi opens an emporium where he can obtain mysterious herbs and oils guaranteed to change his color to a lighter hue, he tries a few bottles. The American negro's yearning for a lighter color is closely allied, I was told, with his desire for a better job. One of them explained the situation to me as follows:

"The blacker a man is the harder time he has getting any kind of a job. Most of the best jobs that are open to a colored man at all go to the high-browns. That is the main reason why they have the edge on us black boys socially. A colored girl isn't always ready to fall in love with their complexions, but most of the girls know that they can earn more money and get jobs more easily. The girls can't help knowing this, because they find the same situation when they go out to get jobs. As a result of this, lots of colored folks say that the lighter a man is the more sense he has. That doesn't make any kind of a hit with us black fellows, especially if we come from those parts of the South where the white people would rather hire a sure-enough black man instead of a high-brown."

Harlem's Policy Game

New York is very frank about its preferences in the matter of color; so frank, indeed, that negro women advertising in the newspapers for work usually state the case about as follows: "Colored girl wants housework. Very light." The first time I read one of the numerous advertisements of that type I thought the colored girl in question was confessing that she wouldn't do much work. It was a shock to me to learn that complexion was so important. Where I had resided in the South local prejudice went to the opposite extreme; very light colored negroes were said to be very often no good at all; and even in a choice between totally black faces, a smoky complexion was preferred to a shiny one. Tradition even went so far as to say that a totally black negro was not only a more efficient worker but more reliable in every way.

I have often wondered about the widespread Southern tradition that a light-colored negro, especially if educated, is likely to be a slicker, and personally I find no facts to support it. Harlem offered a very good field for investigation along that line, because grafters of every type flourish there. A majority of those I encountered who were obviously grafters were black. In the offices of reputable negro organizations, working for the welfare and advancement of the colored people, that I visited to gather data for this article a large majority of the persons I saw were light.

Harlem's grafters alone would supply the material for a volume. They include at least a dozen varieties of doctors, proclaiming schools of medicine that probably do not exist anywhere else on earth. The names of them appear to have been invented without the usual Latin or Greek roots, the prime object being an impressive sound. Fortune tellers abound, also dealers in good luck. Knowing something of Southern cities, I inquired about Harlem's policy game, feeling certain that one must exist.

It does, but the methods have undergone a change. The weekly statement of bank clearings, published in all daily newspapers, forms the basis of the Harlem policy game, but even the name has changed. It is called "the numbers." On the day the bank statement appears the player counts from right to left, or backward, taking the seventh and eighth figures in the statement of exchange. Then he takes the seventh figure in the statement of balances, again counting from right to left. These three figures constitute the lucky number.

The winning number pays 600 for one—four bits would win $300. If you have nothing else to do for a few weeks, you may be able to figure out how many combinations are possible with these three figures. There are certainly not less than 1000, so the odds in favor of the bank are enormous. Several limousines with liveried attendants testify to the popularity of this game, as well as the profit in it.

In New York, nearly every city within the big city produces its own grafters. Tradition says otherwise, but tradition is simply mistaken. An Italian immigrant is cheated by another Italian, not a New Englander; the Hungarian falls victim to another Hungarian, not because all the Irish are honest, but because an Irish crook is more expert among the Irish; he knows what they will fall for and he isn't acquainted with Hungarian weaknesses.

The negro grafters, however, are probably a more serious obstacle to negro progress than any other barrier they confront. What I mean can best be brought out by a comparison. The Italian immigrant coming to New York knows that there is no lack of thoroughly educated, experienced, skillful Italian doctors; if he falls into the hands of a faker, there is not a great deal of excuse for his error.

The negro, on the other hand, faces an entirely different situation. He may have come from a community where there never was a negro physician or lawyer. In Harlem, he will find fakers pretending to follow those professions; also competent, honorable men; but he lacks the experience to choose with certainty between them. If he requires the aid of a lawyer or doctor, he will have more faith in a white man. That is probably the heaviest burden carried by the professional men among the negroes. They take it for granted that they are not going to make rapid progress among the white people, but many of them have the zeal of crusaders in their desire to help their own race, and they meet the usual fate of prophets. I talked with a young negro professional man on this subject.

"I was lynched by my own people," he said. "I am referring now not to my professional career, for I am doing fairly well, but to my experience in the Army during the World War. I was a second lieutenant, and, in France, they turned over to me and other negro officers a company that had not yet been organized. Those colored boys didn't believe there was such a thing as a negro officer. They were going to mob us, and one of them came very close to getting me with a meat cleaver. I don't need to say what effect such an outbreak produced upon the minds of white officers. It put us under a cloud and at a heavy disadvantage. The educated negro has two battles to fight and both of them are hard; he is willing to struggle for a little recognition from the whites, but it hurts to have to fight for the respect of his own people."

An Unfinished Picture

Harlem, however, in spite of its plentiful quota of frauds, is probably giving negro professional men a squarer deal than any other colored community in the world. It is a very interesting city and one that supplies plenty of material for overdrawing the picture either way. One could center attention upon its successful theatrical ventures, its landholdings, businesses and growing culture, or view with pessimism the fact that in one of the world's most tolerant cities the large majority of Harlem's people are engaged in just about the same work they always found open to them in the South. Neither picture, standing alone, would be accurate.

As a matter of fact, Harlem itself is not yet a complete picture of anything; it is too new. Its melting pot bubbles furiously and many things are going on in it, but everything you fish out of the pot for examination is incomplete. Probably the most hopeful feature of the Harlem experiment is that the negroes themselves are so optimistic about it. Close to this in importance is the fact that New York pays no attention to them. It is entirely possible that ten years from now the establishment of Harlem will mark an era in the history of the black race. Some of its residents feel that it has already achieved that position; scarcely any doubt that eventually the entire civilized world will recognize it as the capital of the colored race. At present it is the largest negro city in the world; it has grown very rapidly with a minimum of friction, and no disorder. That, in itself, is no mean achievement.

Listen to Your Hairdresser about Koken's Tonique De Luxe

The Hairdressing That For 25 Years Has Radiated Exclusiveness

KOKEN COMPANIES ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

Atlanta Biltmore

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

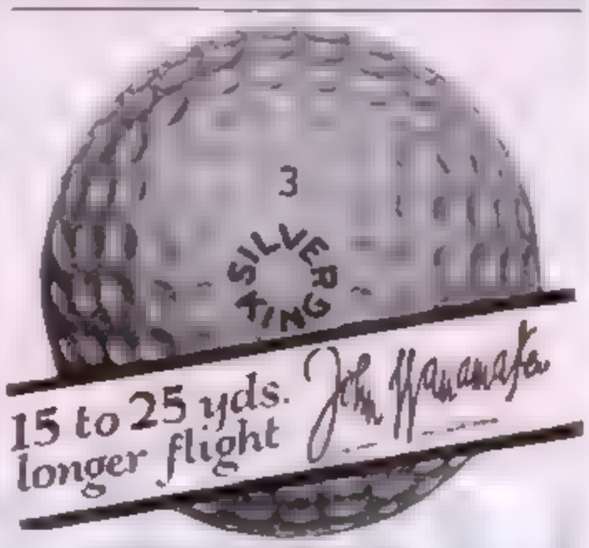
Where Southern Hospitality Flowers

One of the greatest of the famous Bowman chain, and the South's most superb hotel.

Surpassing comfort.
Very moderate rates.

Write for latest booklet P.

Atlanta Biltmore Hotel Company
HOLLAND S. JUDKINS, Vice Pres.—Mgr.
WILLIAM C. ROYER, Associate Mgr.



15 to 25 yds. longer flight

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK". Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

FEDERAL

MOTOR TRUCKS

Owners tell us that they take their hats off to Federal for the way Federal is building heavy duty trucks. They find these trucks more than equal to any task.

The big 5 and 7 tonners have displayed the brute strength and reserve power to pull out of the deepest excavations. They will always come out of any hole where they can get traction.

On the road the big Federals have speed. They ramble along, giving their owners more trips per day and greater economy. Smooth, flexible and dependable—these "big boys" have won fame in every field where a heavy duty truck can be used.

Superior performance is the reason for Federal's constantly growing list of owners among road builders, contractors, building supply houses and others engaged in all occupations requiring mighty trucks to do the work.

And as every Federal is built of uniform quality and with the same painstaking care, you, yourself, if in need of a truck from 1 to 7 tons, should see a Federal representative before you buy.

There is a Federal exactly suited to your business.

Federal-Knight	$1095
Fast Express	1675
1½-Ton	2150
2½-Ton	3200
3½ to 4-Ton	4200
5 to 6-Ton	4750
7-Ton	5000
Light Tractor	3200
Heavy Tractor	4235

Prices f. o. b. Detroit for standard chassis only, in lead. Freight and tax extra.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

IMPROVING THE CEMETORY

(Continued from Page 19)

questions of Skinny Bruce and Scotty Briggam and the Pettigrew boys.

so the Chadwick boys started off running and hollered for us to come but we sed we coodent and we went home. we met peeple hurring and looking xcited and mad and when we got down by the Swamscut hotel we saw old Swane and old Mizery Durgin with Scotty and Skinny by the neck and they was crossing there throtes and hoping to die and telling where they was the day it was did.

well we wated till they let Scotty and Skinny go and started after Sid Tibbets and Johnny Flannigan and we skiped throug Toles stable yard home. we felt kind of sick and dident know what to do. well last nite we went down town we was so anchious to find out what fellers had been arested. evrybody was talking about it and saying it was a stait prizzen ofence and the seelickmen was going to make a xample of them. most evry feller but us had been grabed and questioned by the polise. Chitter and Boberty Robinson and Ham and Bug Welsh and Hunny Donivan and Pop Clark and evrybody but us and they had got old Francis and Johnny Gibson to go up and see if they reckonized the wrighting only there wasent enny wrighting. well we went home lifely and i went to bed but i was two scart to sleap.

bimeby the bell rung and i herd father talking loud to sumone. then the door slammed and i herd father coming up stairs 4 steps at a time and he yanked my door open and sed get up. i sed what is the matter. father he sed get up and dress and you will find out. so i got up and dressed. then we went down stairs and he sed get your hat and we will go to the seelickmens room. so i got my hat and we went down. i gnew what the matter was now you bet. when we got there they was old William Conner and old Bill Morrill and old Gim Nelson the Sellickmen, and old Brown and old Kize and old Swane and old Mizery Durgin the polisemen and Mister Wood Pile Woods father and a lot of peeple whitch oans marbel lamns and angels and cherrybims and toomstones in the cemetory. then peeple was talking loud and shaking fists and mad as time. when father come in 2 or 3 peeple hollered there is one of the dam rascals and father looked at them and sed with jaw kind of sticking out and sparks coming out of his eyes well what of it. well nobody ansered and in a minit in come Pewts father with Pewt and Beanys father with Beany all looking awful sollum. then old William Conner one of the selleckmen sed well genelmen i understand that there is some peeple hear whitch is reddy to sware that these 3 boys was the boys whitch defased the toombstones in the cemetory. well befoar ennyone spoke father he sed first i want to ast my boy if he did it. i havent asted him yet and i xpect him to tell the truth. then he looked at me and sed did you do it and he looked at me in that kind of way that maiks a feller tell the truth. so i dident dass to lie and i sed yes sir.

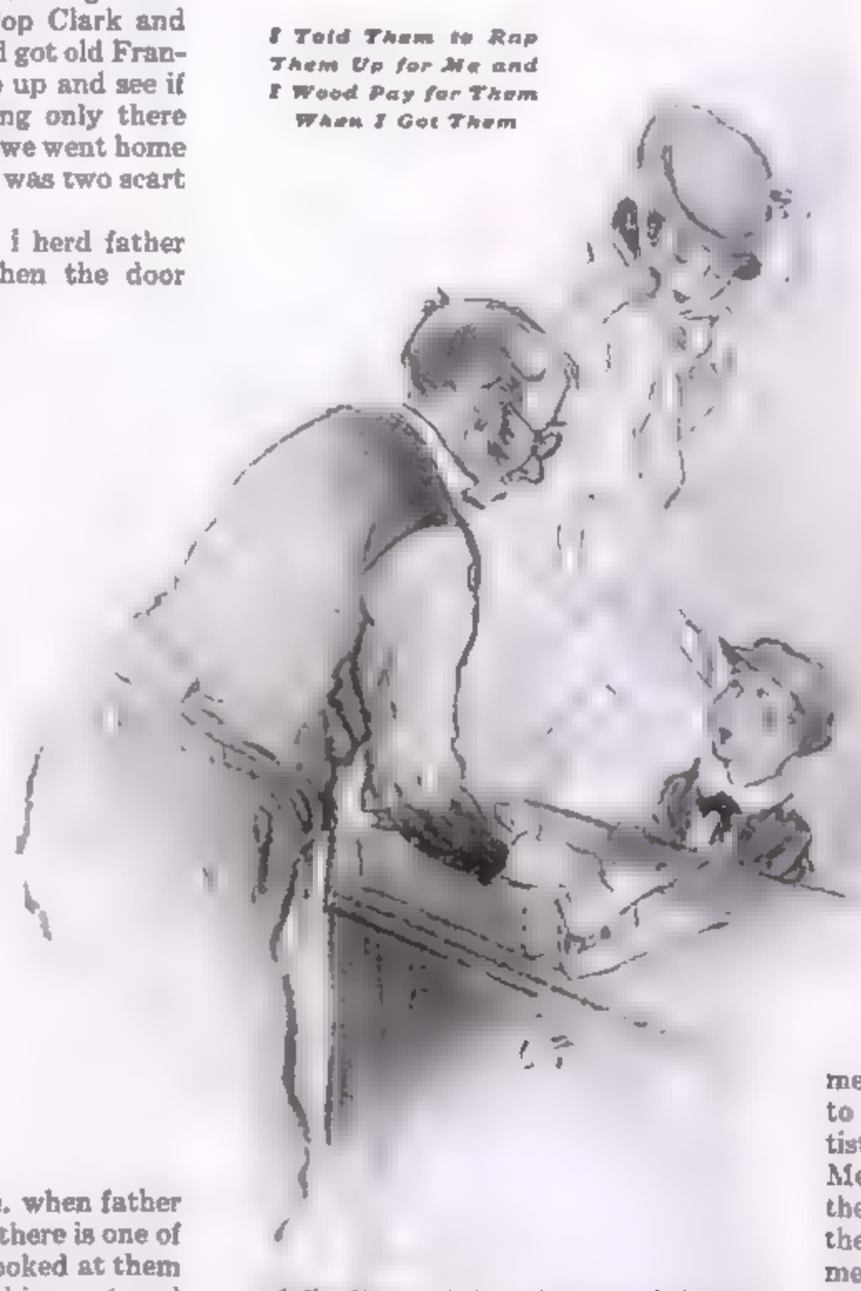
some man sed good boy. then father he sed why did you do it. and i sed me and [illegible] and father sed never mind about ennyone elce.

why did you do it. so i sed we i mean I thougt it maid lamns and angels and cherubums look so funny with squint eys that we i mean i thougt that peeple whitch most always cry into their hankerchiefs when they go to the cemetory wood laff and injoy it and have a good time and that wood maik things better all round.

then Mister Wood Pile Woods father he asted me how i wood feal if another boy say Scotty Briggam had drew a picture on my fathers toomstone and i sed he coodent becaus my father aint got enny toomstone. then he asted me how i wood feal if my father was ded and some feller blacked his toomstone and i sed i wood give him a bang in the snoot. then Mister Wood Pile Woods father he sed that is jest the way all these good peeple feal and i sed gosh i never thougt of that.

then sumone sed how about the other two boys what have they got to say and then Mister Purington Pewts father asted him if he done it and Pewt he sed he did and when he asted him why he done it Pewt he sed jest like i did. then Mister Watson Beanys father asted Beany if he done it and Beany he sed he did and when Mr. Watson asted him why he done it he sed jest like i did.

then Mister Wood Pile Woods father he read from a big book If any person shall



I Told Them to Rap Them Up for Me and I Wood Pay for Them When I Got Them

rongfully distroy injure deface or injure any toom moniment or graivstone or other structure in enny place intended for the berrial for the ded he shall be fined $500. dollars or be imprizened six months or boath and sed that was what they cood do to us and the question befoar the house was what they had better do with us. then they all begun to talk to onct. they sed there hadent been so grose a case of malisious mischif for years and the sextant of the baptst chirch sed that nothing but jale and a heavy fine wood satisfy him and old Urier Pattison sed that when he saw the outragus defacement of the lamn at the grave of his belovd wife he maid up his mind that sumone had got to go to jale for it and Mister Watson Beanys father told old Urier that it wood be eesier to believe him if he hadent married a second wife within 5 months of the deth of the first and he had better not be yapping too mutch about how bad he felt and father wispered to Beanys father and to Pewts father not to say nothing moar but to let them talk until they got tired.

and so they set there and the peeple talked and talked jest like a lot of black birds in a flock only they sed things thet i never herd blackbirds say.

After most a hour and after the 9 oh clock bell had rung Mister Wood Pile Woods father asted father if he had ennything to say and kind of winked at him. father he got up and sed well genlemen I have only this to say. these 3 boys have did a very serius thing without intending enny harm. they did it for fun and to maik peeple laff. but it wasent the kind of fun we care for. there isnt a man here whitch hasent did 5 times as bad things without haff as good reson. i know evry man here and if any of you wish to have me tell a few things all rite. then father he stoped and looked round and sumone sed i gess George sum of us cood tell a few things about you and father he sed i gess you cood tell a almity lot of things about me wirse than this and then evry body began to laff and it was the first time ennyone had laffed and father he laffed and Mister Wood Pile Woods father he laffed and father he sed i gess on account of these boys we had better not go into that here. and Mister Wood Pile Woods father he sed i gess not on your account George and then evrybody laffed and slaped there gnees.

then father he sed i will agree to this and i gess Brad and Wats will back me up. these 3 boys are to thurougly clean off all the black whitch they put on the stones and moniments and lamns and angels and raik up evry lot that these stones and moniments stand on and i gess by the end of the vacasion they will lern a leson to leeve cemitories aloan. what do you say Brad what do you say Wats and Brad and Wats both sed they agreed.

then father he sed if on the other hand ennyone insists on persecuting these boys under the law whitch my good frend Alvy has read to us, Alvy is Mister Wood Pile Woods father you know, we will fite it in evry coart in the country. what do you say Brad what do you say Wats. and Wats he sed i will back you up George and Brad he sed we will taik it clear up to the circus coart. so then they all see that father and Brad and Wats ment it and they sed it was a good way to settle it. even the sextant of the baptist chirch and the bell wringer of the Methydist chirch sed they was satisfide. then father and Mister Watson Beanys father and Mr. Purington Pewts father sent me and Beany and Pewt home. Gosh we always get the wirst of it. we wood ruther be licked and have it over. this is a prety vacasion i shood say. to spend it in wirking in a old cemitory all the mornings and stay in a fellers room all the afternoons.

March 29, 186— wirked in the old cemitory all day me and Pewt and Beany.

March 30, 186— wirked in the old cemitory all day me and Pewt and Beany.

March 31, 186— the saim only Beany is so sick at home with infirmation of the lungs and me and Pewt have to do it all.

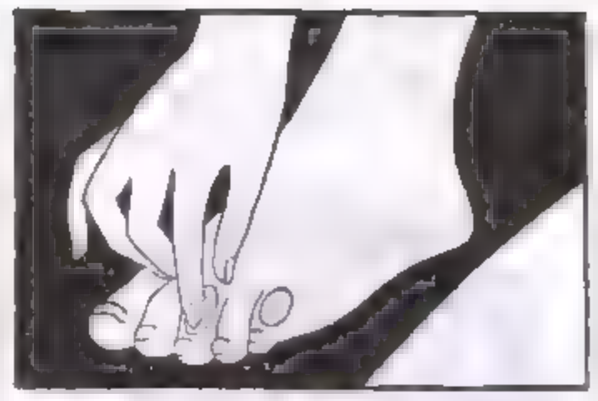
April 1, 186— the saim. Keene sed wirking in the cemitory was a good april fool on me. you jest wait Keene.

April 2, 186— the saim. i asted Gim Watson how Beany was today and he sed he was getting no better verry fast. me and Pewt have been wondering all day what he ment.

April 3, 186— Sunday—a hoal weak of vacasion gone.

April 4, 186— the saim. Beany is better but wont be able to do enny wirk for the rest of the vacasion. that is jest like Beany always trying to skin out of wirk.

April 5, 186— today me and Pewt finished our cemetory wirk. we have washed all the angels and cherrybums and lamns and raiked the lots. i supose we will have to



Old Shoe Comfort from New Shoes

Corns, callouses, bunions, blisters and tender spots prevented by this magic method.

Millions of people's feet are so tender that the most perfectly fitted shoes make them *foot-miserable* until the shoes conform to the shape of the feet.

This troublesome "breaking in" period is now a thing of the past for all who follow this method. Millions have adopted it. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has made this possible for you.

Dr. Scholl has devised and perfected a wafer-thin, medicated, antiseptic, *protective* pad that gives you this comfort, and makes your feet absolutely immune to corns, callouses, bunions, blisters, broken skin and tender spots.

These marvelous comfort-giving pads are called Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They are made in three sizes for the purpose (see illustrations below). They cost but a trifle and are sold everywhere.

The next time you buy shoes, *buy a package of Zino-pads.* Then at the least sign of any rubbing or foot tenderness, apply a Zino-pad to the spot affected, and let the healing, soothing medication do the rest.

In one minute—or less—all pain and soreness will be gone. It will positively prevent all further discomfort and make your new shoes give solid comfort from that time on. Try this method.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Protecting the Toes and for Corns

For toes that are inflamed and sore (the first sign of corns), apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Corn size). They stop all discomfort in one minute and prevent formation of corns.

For Burning Soles and Callouses

If either callouses are present on the bottom of the foot, or the forerunner of them—burning sensation or sore spot—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Callous size) to the tender spot. They stop the cause, and instantly end the pain.

Preventing or Alleviating Bunions

In either case apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Bunion size). They stop the pressure of the shoe upon the sensitive spot. Their soft protecting medication they contain soothes all the deeper tissues, ends all pain and prevents formation of callous or enlargement.

For Tortured Instep

For deep painful ridges on the instep made by pumps or low shoes, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Callous or Bunion size). They remove the CAUSE—pressure—prevent blisters and cuts, and stop pain at once.

For Sore, Tender Heels

Blisters and tender pain on the heels are easily prevented, and the soreness from chafing instantly removed by applying Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Callous or Bunion size).

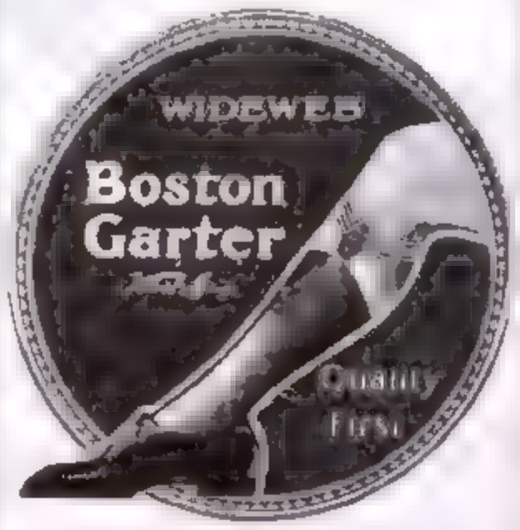
Send for Free Samples

Samples of the three sizes of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, and booklet, "The Feet and Their Care," will be mailed to you free on request. Address *The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, or 62 West 14th St., New York City; or 122 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FOR CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, TENDER SPOTS

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?



A Man Is Known By the Garters he keeps

Also by the Garters he throws away.

Your present pair may have looked all right to you this morning but—How would they seem in a living room full of friends if you were called upon to imitate a Scotch bagpiper?

A new pair occasionally will do as much for your pride as an apple a day will do for your health.

The dealer that Sells you Bostons knows quality

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston
Manufactured in Canada by Gleason Bros., Limited, Montreal

Makes your hair lie trim and smooth

SMARTLY smooth—not a hair out of place . . . Will your hair stay that way *naturally?*

If not, you need Stacomb. This delicate cream was made especially to train unruly hair—safely—easily—in a moment. A touch of Stacomb in the morning and your hair will look perfectly groomed all day.

Stacomb helps prevent dandruff, too. Use Stacomb for ten days. Now see the difference in your hair—that new healthy richness, that velvety smoothness and lovely lustre. Buy Stacomb today at any drug or department store. In jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

Stacomb

KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept A-64
113 W. 18th St., New York City
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.
Name .
Address ..

keep on wirking sumwhere mornings and staying in our rooms afternoons. Beany is sitting up now and is out of danger. this aint the ferst time Beany has skined out of wirk by being sick. some fellers has all the luck. me and Pewt has agreed never to be berried in that cemitory whatever hapens to us.

April 6, 186— gosh last nite father and Mister Purington Pewts father went up to the cemitory with me and Pewt to see if we had done our wirk good. they looked over all the toomstones and moniments and things and saw how we had raiked the lots and they sed we had done a good job and they gessed we had paid prety well for our fun and we cood have the rest of the vacasion to ourselfs. so we felt prety good. then father he sed i gess Brad the wirk they have did is wirth about $.50 cents apeace and Brad he sed i think likely George and then father he give me $.50 cents and Mister Purington, Pewts father he give Pewt $.50 cents and we felt better. so me and Pewt have eech bought a new arrow riffle and are going hunting evry day. jest think of old Beany whitch cant go out yet becaus he is sick. it is tuff on Beany. But then he skined out of his shair of the wirk. so he cant say mutch.

me and Pewt went over today to show Beany our new arrow riffles whitch we had bought at old Luke Langlys store. mother sent over sum gelly and a peace of chicken so Beany dident feal as bad as we hoaped.

today we went to the grove and up along little river. there was flocks of blackbirds but we coodent get near enuf to hit enny. i neerly hit a mushrat and lost my arrow but i got it again after i had went in up to my waste. gosh the water was cold but my close were mostly dride when i got home.

April 7, 186— today the greatest thing hapened. i gess after all me and Pewt is going to have sum good luck for onct. most always in the spring vacasion all the fellers is bizzy picking up boans and selling them to old Getchell or to Kelly and Gardner for $.001½ cent a pound. they use them for maiking ivory piano kees and perl handled gnives and ear rings and things like them.

well while me and Pewt was wirking ourselfs most to deth in the cemitory and Beany was sick with infirmation of the lungs the other fellers picked up all the boans and sold them and we dident get no chanct. that was prety tuff becaus last year when we devided up we had $.28 cents apeace.

well today me and Pewt took our arrow riffles and went up to the eddy woods near the old Gilman farm house. then we went into the woods and folowed a old track for a hour till we come to a place where a lot of ded horses had been left. i never saw such a site in my life. there was the skelitons of 5 horses and 3 cows all ded. Pewt he sed if he cood haul them boans down to old Getchell or to old Kelly and Gardners we cood get most $20. dollers for them he bet. jest think of that. $20 dollers for me and Pewt and last year we waulked more than 100 miles and got ordered out of peeples yards and got licked 2 or 3 times apeace and bit by dogs 4 or 5 times and only got $.28 cents apeace. Gosh $20. dollers.

so me and Pewt set down and planed how to do it.

Pewt sed we cood get a horse and wagon and cood seperate the boans and pile them up we cood get 4 or 5 loads eesy.

so we tride to seperate the boans. some of them come away eesy but most of them dident. so Pewt sed if we cood get our axs we cood do it eesy. so we went home and got our axs and skiped back and went to wirk. we only stoped for our dinner whitch we et out of our pails and then wirked all the rest of the day chopping out boans and piling them up. ribs in one pile and peaces of back boan in another and legs boans in anuther and hip boans and sholder boans in anuther. them old skelitons had been ded so long that with one good whack with a ax on a old back boan and the ribs wood fall off and the backboans mauk a lot of little peaces like big spools. tomorrow we will finish the piles.

April 8, 186— this morning me and Pewt went down to Ed Toles to see if we cood get Ed to let us have one of his fathers stable horses. Ed is sort of stuck up and never will go round picking up boans or old iron becaus he has plenty of money and dreses beter than us fellers. so Ed woodent have nothing to do with it. then we went down to old John Johnsons. he has got a old stif legged horse that looks jest like a toy hoss and can go jest about as fast. He wanted $1. doler for his horse and dingel cart but bimeby he sed if we woodent race him we cood have him for $.75 cents. gosh that old plug coodent go a mile down hill in fifteen minits. so we prommised him we woodent race him. then we went up to the boan place and wirked all day. we took our dinner so we woodent loose enny time. about 3 oh clock we finnished the pile. i wanted to get a load that nite but Pewt sed we wood have to pay for 2 days for the horse at $.75 cents a day. he sed we mite go down and see what we were going to by with our $20. dollers. so we done it.

at Lane and Rollins store i ordered 2 new dime novils Nervus Nat the Nailer of Redskins and Bulls Ey Bill the Buck Killer. and i ordered 2 boxs of colered crayons and a box of paints. i told them to rap them up for me and I wood pay for them when i got them in a day or to and they done it. at Natt Weaks store i orderd a box of figgs and told him the saim and he rapped up the figgs. then i bought a six blaided gnife with a hook and a file and a gimblet and a corkscrew in it at Kelly and Gardners and he rapped it up for me. then i went down to old Getchells and bought the longest cain pole he had and 2 braded silk lines and a rubber frog for skiping for pickeril and a pistal with a box of caps and a powder flask and bullet powch and a hunting gnife and he rapped them up for me and sed he wood hold them for a weak. i gess he will feal sirprized when me and Pewt bring in $20. wirth of boans tomorow.

Pewt bought a shot gun with one baril and a powder flask and shot flask and a hunting gnife for $9. and he is going to get it when i get mine. me and Pewt is going hunting evry Saterday and this summer we will live in the woods most of the time and ketch our own fish and live on birds and woodchuks. jest as soon as we sell our boans and get our suplies we are going to bild a camp. if we have enny money left we are going to by a dog to trale game and gard our camp. i bet Ed Tole will be sorry and Beany two becaus he was sick and skined out of his shair of the cemitory wirk.

when i got home i was so tired that i went to bed after super. mother maid me eat my super in the kitchen becaus i smelt so and after super she maid me taik a bath all over althoug it aint saterday yet and hang my close on the line. i bet they will be sirprized tomorow when I bring home my pistal and things and my novils and gnife and all those things. i gess father will say i am as smart as Nipper Browns father thinks Nipper is.

April 9, 186— Gosh this has been the wirst vacasion i have ever gnew. even Beany has had a better time than me and Pewt, for he has got well enuf to ride on a hack 2 days and has had chicken and gelly and custerd pie and creem cakes and gumbles and rosberry jam and ice creem given him while me and Pewt has had to wirk a hoal weak in a old cemitory and do wirk there that Beany skined out of and now we have ordered things at stores that cost $20 dollers neerly and havent got a red cent to pay for them and dont dass go down town for fear we may be arested and we xpect old John Johnson to come to the house evry minit with a poliseman for the $.75 cents we owe him and havent ennything to pay with. a feller mite as well be ded. sumtimes i wish i was ded.

well this morning me and Pewt did our choars erly and put for old John Johnsons. he hiched up the horse and put in sum hay for his dinner and we put our dinner pails in and piled in ourselfs and drove off. Pewt let me drive becaus he dont like horses. the horse has a funny gate when he trots. he limps in one front foot and lifts one hine foot way up to his belly when he trots. so evrybody we met laffed at us and one man sed is that Flora Temple or Dexter. we dident say nothing becaus he cood ketch us if we sassed them. so we drove on. when we went by Beanys house he was sitting on the piazza rapped in a shorl. we waived our claws at him and his eys stuck out a foot. when we got to little river brige the old horse begun to waulk and i coodent lick him into a trot. but he kept waulking. bimeby we come to the woods and went along prety slow althoug i paisted him sum good ones. well we went along slow but before we got to the boan place we herd sum men hollering to horses. we dident know what to do so we stoped and wated. bimeby we saw 2 pairs of horses and 2 big wagons coming along. when they got neerer we cood see that they was full of our boans.

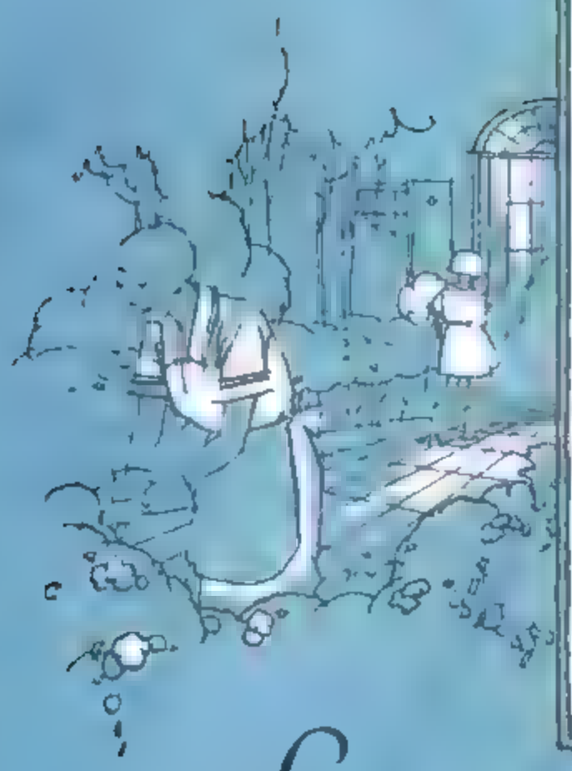
well when they got up to us they stoped and sed where was you boys going to and we sed for a load of boans and Pewt up and sed what are you doing with our boans and one man sed your boans how come these boans yours and Pewt sed we seen them first and the man sed you young pup we have been taiking boans out of here for the last 10 years and then i sed we piled them up and then both men laffed as loud as they cood and then they sed well boys we are wirking for a fertilliser factory in Amesbury and you done a good job and helped out. then Pewt sed aint you going to give us sumthing for piling up our boans.

They hollered to their horses and drove off and sed we cood have all they left. then Pewt sed peraps they have left enuf for a load so we went up and there was only a old gawboan of a horse left. so Pewt looked at me and sed Gosh Plupy what had we better do and i sed to Pewt Gosh the best thing we can do is to get this horse and wagon back befoar old John Johnson gets back from wirk and we done it. then Pewt went home and i went home and we are waiting enny minit for old Getchell or old Kelly and Gardner or old Lane and Rollins or old John Johnson or old Natt Weeks to come with old Swaine or old Kize or old Brown or old Mizery Dirgin the polise officers to arest us and taik us to jale. and me and Pewt have done jest the best we cood and have wirked hard and all for nothing. it dont seam fair.

Lake Leelanau, Michigan

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The third will appear in an early issue.

THE RUG YOU WANT IS MOHAWK WOVEN



The Karnak Rug illustrated can be obtained in a variety of colors and sizes

Let summer colors enliven your home the year round

Back in the VI century, a Persian monarch named Chosroes I, tired of the barren Winter and longed for the coming of Spring. And so, a beautiful carpet of silk and gold, set with gems, was woven for him to bring the colors of flowers and trees to his palace.

YOU can bring the beauty and freshness of a flower garden into your home—and keep them there! For in Mohawk Rugs there have been woven the colors of nature—woven with a skill and restraint that bring just the proper amount of life and interest to the room.

Mohawk Rugs owe their beauty not only to their pure and enduring color—but to their skillful adaptation of it. In Karnak Worsted Wiltons for example, the rich old masterpieces of the Orient are made to live again. In Mohawk Chenilles there are conventional designs of balance and interest, or perhaps a plain ground of deep rich color surrounded by band borders of darker hues. Whatever types of Mohawk Rugs you desire—Chenilles, Wiltons, Axminsters, Velvets or Tapestries—you will find them pleasing in color and pattern—and a source of new life for the other furnishings in your home.

Visit the rug department of your favorite store and ask to be shown Mohawk Rugs and Carpets. Or a list of Mohawk dealers near you will be sent on request.

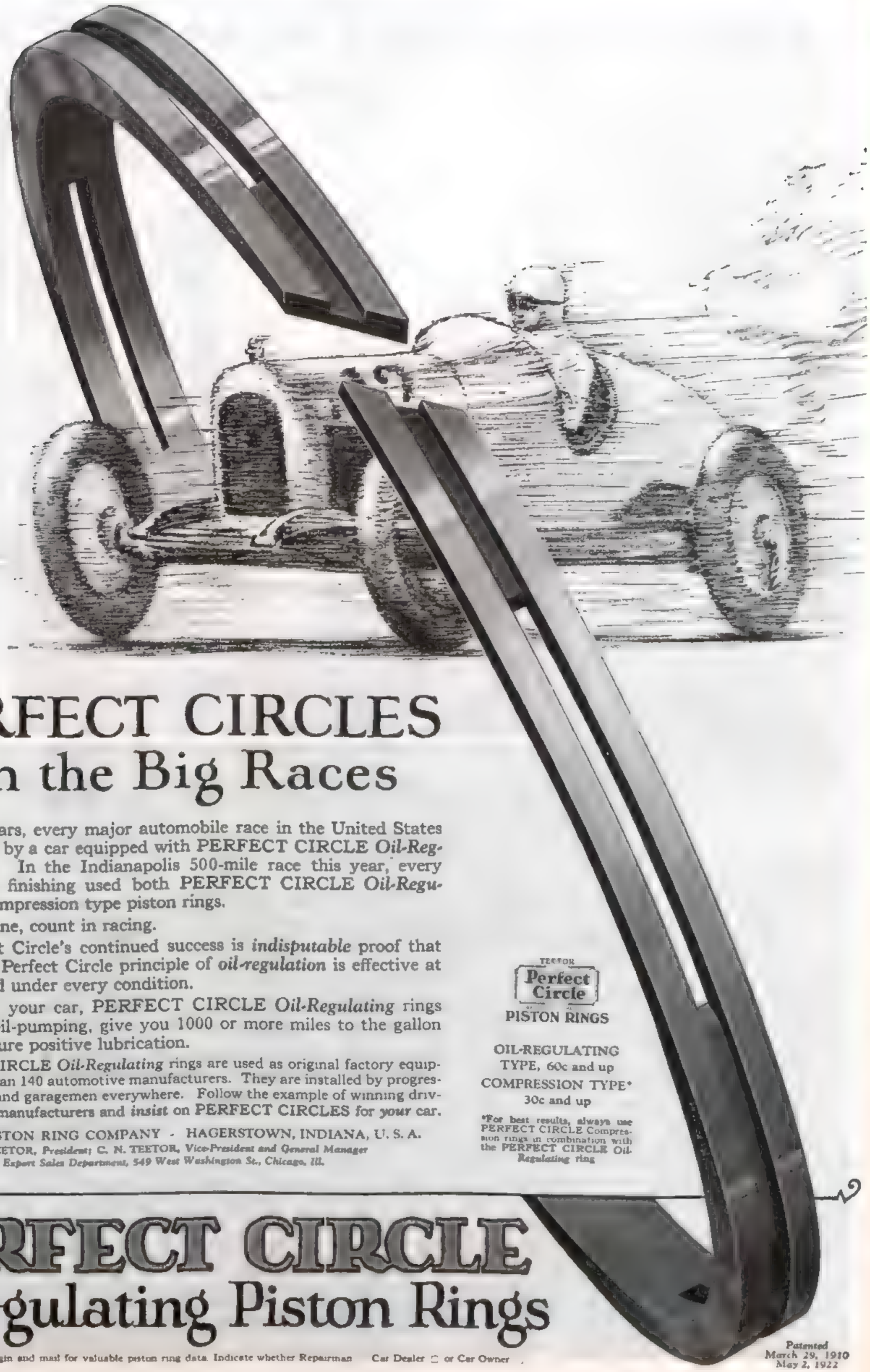
Send for our free book on interior decoration, "Rugs and their Decorative Possibilities." Miniature Karnak Rug, 9" x 12" in either juvenile or Oriental design as desired, sent on receipt of 25c. Address our selling agents, W. & J. Sloane, Mohawk Adv. Dept., 577 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS INC.

Amsterdam, New York

CHENILLES, WILTONS, AXMINSTERS, VELVETS, TAPESTRIES

In a variety of patterns, colors and all standard sizes



PERFECT CIRCLES Win the Big Races

FOR four years, every major automobile race in the United States has been won by a car equipped with PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings. In the Indianapolis 500-mile race this year, every American car finishing used both PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and Compression type piston rings.

Results, alone, count in racing.

And Perfect Circle's continued success is *indisputable* proof that the exclusive Perfect Circle principle of *oil-regulation* is effective at all speeds, and under every condition.

Installed in your car, PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings will prevent oil-pumping, give you 1000 or more miles to the gallon of oil, and insure positive lubrication.

PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings are used as original factory equipment by more than 140 automotive manufacturers. They are installed by progressive car dealers and garagemen everywhere. Follow the example of winning drivers and leading manufacturers and *insist* on PERFECT CIRCLES for *your* car.

INDIANA PISTON RING COMPANY - HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA, U. S. A.
J. H. TEETOR, *President*; C. N. TEETOR, *Vice-President and General Manager*
Export Sales Department, 549 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

TEETOR
Perfect Circle
PISTON RINGS

OIL-REGULATING
TYPE, 60c and up
COMPRESSION TYPE*
30c and up

*For best results, always use PERFECT CIRCLE Compression rings in combination with the PERFECT CIRCLE Oil-Regulating ring

PERFECT CIRCLE
Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

Write name and address in margin and mail for valuable piston ring data. Indicate whether Repairman ☐ Car Dealer ☐ or Car Owner ☐

Patented
March 29, 1910
May 2, 1922

THE TALISMAN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Cut out the grouching and take this cash. And then be moving, and moving fast," exhorted the bootlegger, pushing a handful of crumpled bills at him and disregarding his comrade's protest at the needless waste of coin.

Slinging his kit bag over his shoulder, Grant seized the proffered bills. He made a show of counting them under the flashlight glare. But for the moment he could not have told whether they were currency or cigar coupons. He had been down to his last ten dollars. The demolished truck would scarce have brought ten more, had he been able to keep it all in one piece until he could reach the first car-junk dealer in Sunopolis. And now ——

"Gentlemen," he made shift to say, "I'm here to tell you you've acted real han'some. Likewise, I'll keep my mouth shut. I'll keep it shutter than a ——"

"Leave Bryan to do the speech-making in this neck of the woods," ordered the man with the gun, "and beat it. We —— Say, Herman, this isn't any cracker! His license plates are from ——"

Grant heard no more. He was skimming down the black highway at a pace that would have won a nod of approval from Nurmi. On his back whanged and buffeted the kit bag. In his pockets nestled eight hundred entire dollars.

Two miles farther on he reached a way station just as a southbound accommodation train was pulling drowsily out. By another sprint he scrambled aboard its rear platform.

At eight o'clock he was eating breakfast in the Y. M. C. A. boarding house at Sunopolis, where he had taken a room and where in lazy luxury he had bathed away the grime of long travel.

Nobody walked fast in Sunopolis; at least, nobody who had been there more than two days. By the end of the second day, Grant Harter had learned to saunter sidewise, from the hips down, at a mile-an-hour pace, along with the rest of the street crowds. By the end of the second day, too, he had found a slopshop, far from the shopping center, a place patronized by waiters and the like as a clearing house for northbound and Southern clothes. There he bought a light gray suit and a pongee costume, neither of which fitted his noncommittal figure badly enough to cause comment. A cleaned secondhand straw hat and a pair of used white canvas shoes completed his Floridian equipment. The stonemason who had changed the garments for a serviceable winter overcoat and fur gloves when he started back to his Michigan home a week earlier had been a careful man as regards clothes. Harter profited by the unknown's neatness.

Grant was ready for the capitalist career he had mapped out for himself. But first he decided to look around. There was no great hurry about investing the bulk of his eight hundred dollars in one of the myriad sure-thing real-estate ventures which beckoned to him from all directions. He was not going to put his money in something that might net him only a mere 100 per cent profit in three months. He knew he would do better, in the end, to wait a bit longer and find something whereby he could make an even larger turnover in half the time.

There were many such chances. On every hand and at every hour he was hearing of them. He heard of them from the man behind the counter where he bought his bi-daily package of cigarettes. He heard of them from the waiter at his Y. M. C. A. table. He heard of them from the slopshop man. He heard of them from the fishermen whose nightly net hauls he never wearied of watching.

Everybody had experienced the joy of doubling and then redoubling a handful of money in an unbelievably short time. Everybody knew of men who had come to Sunopolis and Miami and Daytona and Palm Beach and Sebring on their uppers, and who now were hiring a second chauffeur to run their second limousine. The tales dwarfed those of the olden Spanish Main, on whose northern shores this drama of sudden wealth was being enacted and reënacted.

On the street Grant could not walk a block without catching from one member or another of the sauntering multitudes such phrases as:

"I paid seventeen hundred dollars for it the third of October. I hung on till yesterday. Then I got a cash offer of forty-two hundred and seventy-five dollars and I closed. I'm putting it all into ——"

"Yes, he and I went into it fifty-fifty. It cost us each five hundred dollars. Thousand dollar option. Well, sir, that option hadn't been drawn up forty-eight hours when along comes ——"

"Yep, the wife wants me to sell and put the dough into something else. But when I've been offered twice and a half what I paid for it, I figure it'll pay to wait. No hurry."

"Eighteen thousand dollars, only half down. That was the sixth of November. This morning I got a phone call from the real-estate agent and he said ——"

"She bought it just for a bungalow site. Bought it for fourteen thousand dollars, half on mortgage. It was on the beach, out in the country then. That was in 1920. This winter she got tired of paying taxes, she says. So she sold out clean for one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars."

At every alternate block, on an average, some courteous man in fine attire would step up to Grant from a garish doorway and insinuate a card into his hand with some such plea as:

"I wish you'd drive out as our guest to Coral Cay this noon, sir. We are providing transportation and lunch. No obligations, of course. We just want you to glance over our grand development. In another year ——"

Or it would be Sunshine Gables or Riviera Beach or Gladhurst by the Sea whose proponents urged him to accept a day's hospitality. His mail box at the Y. M. C. A. was flooded with circulars and glittering prospectuses.

One development invitation he accepted through curiosity. The motorbus drive was pleasant enough, through flat miles of slab-marked sand, with one or two far glimpses of fire-blue ocean. The trip ended in a tract of land whose few pines had been replaced by royal palms, anchored on three sides by metal cables to keep them upright in their new sand beds.

A concrete house of pale pink and an office shack of violent vermilion and sapphire were the only buildings yet erected, save for one or two low stucco sheds amid the newly disturbed desolation. At a really palatable outdoor luncheon, a leather-lunged lecturer declaimed to the fifty guests as to the wonders of Paradise Barony.

"A year ago," he orated, "this was a waste of sand and pines, with palmetto scrub and rattlesnakes all over it. See it today, after one single year of tasteful developing. What does it look like now? Then figure for yourselves what it is going to look like in three years more, when the trolley will be passing within a few hundred yards of our gates. What a peerless home site, my friends! What an investment!"

But Harter did not follow the rest of the speech. He was frowning at a fat man across the table from him. When the lecturer had asked "What does it look like now?" the fat man had answered rudely, under his breath, "Like a Mohammedan burying ground."

Then at the beginning of his second week at Sunopolis, Grant made a friend, a real friend, among the horde of casual acquaintances drawn into speaking terms by the frenzied freemasonry of wealth seeking. His

(Continued on Page 106)

What Boyce-ite will do for you this Summer

THESE things you will want, to make your summer a motoring success:

1. Absence of harmful carbon
2. High gasoline mileage
3. Maximum power and smoothness
4. Freedom from repair expense

They will come to you with the regular, consistent use of Boyce-ite.

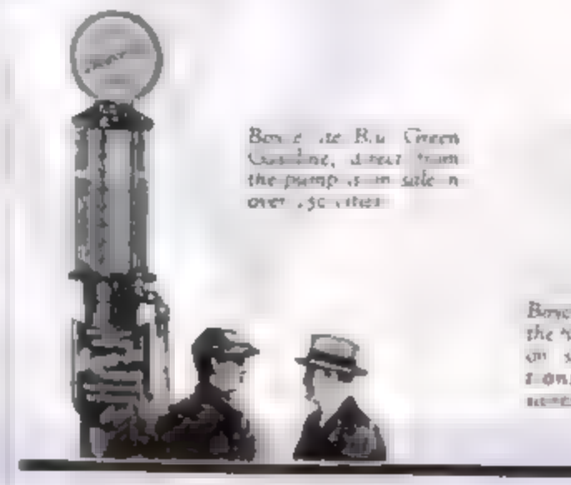
BOYCE-ITE is a fuel—better and more economical to use than plain gasoline. It is not a "dope", not a "carbon remover", or "cure-all". In a dirty, carbon-choked motor, it is less expensive to have the old hard carbon deposits first burned out, start using Boyce-ite as your standard motor fuel and from then on you will not only be freed from carbon expense but will in addition receive the following benefits: quick start, faster pick-up, more miles per gallon and smoother operation.

And of this you have the most convincing and positive assurance,—the famous Boyce-ite guarantee.

Guarantee

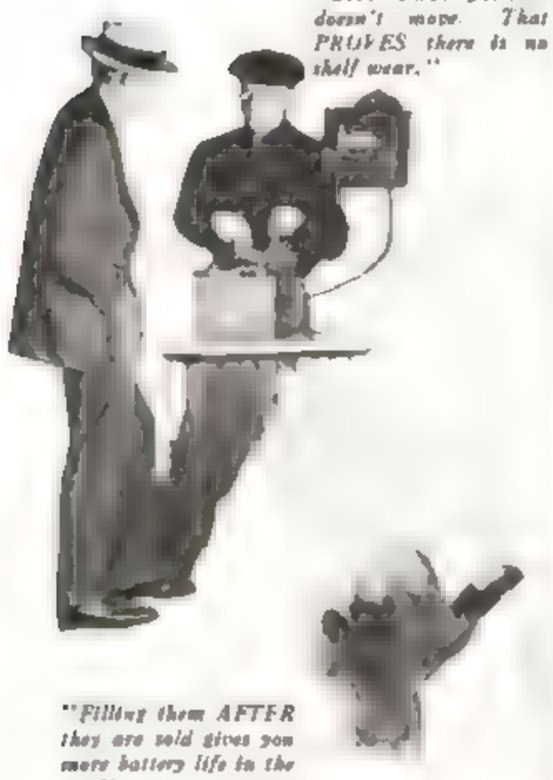
REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the amount or grade of oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately.

Herman Boyce
President
BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., Long Island City, N.Y.



"Another way

"Yes sir the insulation will last for the ENTIRE life of the plates."



"See! That pointer doesn't move. That PROVES there is no shelf wear."

"Filling them AFTER they are sold gives you more battery life in the car"

"You won't have to wait a second This battery will start your car NOW"

The Willard

we give you more for your money"

The pictures on the opposite page tell a real life-giving, money-saving story. When you ask us to put a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery in your car, we take one off the shelf. No matter how long it's been there it is just as new as the day it left the factory. It hasn't had weeks and months of shelf wear—not even a minute of it.

That's because it's Charged bone-dry, and doesn't have to be filled and begin its life until you want it to live for you—and you alone.

If you knew as much as we do about the bad effects of shelf wear you'd insist upon a birth-certificate with every battery you buy.

Another important saving is the one you make on insulation, for all of our Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are sold with the definite understanding that their insulation must stand up, and continue to give satisfactory, uninterrupted service for the entire life of the plates, or be replaced at our expense.

For all car owners

Willard 5 Point Inspection Service—the normal care that saves repair gladly rendered.

And as we are a national service organization, this means any one of us—any time any place—whether you are at home or touring.

We Service All Makes and Sell Willards for all cars.

Battery men

permanize with PERMO AND PROLONG the Life of the FINISH-BEAUTY of Your NEW CAR!

Drive directly from the man who sells you your New Car to the man who prolongs its finish-beauty. In a number of cities a conveniently located PERMO SERVICE STATION supplies NEW Car owners with a service that ever grows in popularity because of its definite appeal to their sense of pride and economy

PERMO is not a polish.

MAXIMUM APPEARANCE MILEAGE FOR ALL FINISHES

In gratifying the natural desire for prolonged finish-beauty, PERMANIZE enables the NEW Car Owner to enjoy an additional economy.

In addition to the original appearance of the NEW Car being maintained for such a longer period of time, PERMANIZE reduces washing time and expense to a point where it actually costs less to PERMANIZE than not to PERMANIZE.

And the cost of Permanizing is only equivalent to that of three or four wash jobs.

Drive to the AUTHORIZED PERMO SERVICE STATION in your city for from "three to four times more appearance mileage" or if there is none in your city, we will supply you with Permo direct, with simple directions for applying

STANDARD SALES CO.
Memphis, Tenn.
(Manufacturer and Sole Distributor Permo)

Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole Wheat

is the bread you have been looking for. We make the flour and the bread is baked by the best baker in your town. Buy it from your grocer and eat it every meal.

OLD FASHIONED MILLERS, INC.
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Wanted $5,000.00 a Year Man

To earn over $100.00 weekly on liberal cash commission to representative for nationally known line of personal and business Christmas Greeting Cards and Stationery monogrammed. Send references with application for territory at once to DEPT. A

THE PROCESS ENGRAVING COMPANY, Inc.
Crawford Ave. at 18th St. Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 103)

friend was one Simon Fay, a Western capitalist who was studying life close to the great heart of humanity, and who therefore had taken a room at the Y. M. C. A. instead of a suite at the Royal Palm. That was how Fay and Harter happened to meet. At once they were attracted to each other.

Fay had brought down only a million dollars in all to Florida. But by the keen acumen that had made him a multimillionaire at forty, he had already trebled this sum during the past six months, and was about to depart for Sebring, there to take up a ten-thousand-acre tract and make still another trebling of his stake.

He spoke with much modesty of his achievements. There was nothing of the braggart about him. Moreover, he had taken a very evident fancy to Grant. Even when he heard the younger man had only a paltry seven hundred and odd dollars to invest, he did not despise him; but confided that his own first investment, years ago, had been, by some strange coincidence, for that precise sum. And look where he was now!

He did more. He gave the novice some shrewd advice as to the latter's capital. Not only that, but he gave him his actual start. Grant could have embraced the big-hearted and simple-souled financier for such generosity.

"It's like this," explained Fay. "Among about forty other petty buys of mine last month was a two-lot tract just out of Eternal Sunshine City. I paid three hundred and fifty dollars apiece for those lots. I could hardly keep my face straight while I was buying them. See the idea? That's a corner of the county that has lain virgin, because there isn't a railroad within pretty near twenty miles of it. The land grabbers haven't touched it. Well, through my private little secret service, I found the C. G. & X. is going to shift its main seaboard tracks. It's a dead secret so far. As soon as the real-estate men hear of it, look out for the wildest buying spree in the history of the state, because the new line is going to cut straight through Eternal Sunshine City. Yes, sir, clean through it. Not a stone's throw from my two lots. What d'you think of that?"

"But," urged the dazzled Grant, "why don't you jump in and buy up a hundred more lots then? You'd clean up ——"

"You're a clever chap, Harter," laughed Fay. "I sized you up as that the minute I threw an eye over you. But you don't understand high finance. I could work through agents and buy a couple of lots there without stirring up any attention. But the C. G. & X. has an even finer force of secret-service men than I have. If big parcels of land were to be bought up around there, the C. G. & X. would hear of it, and they'd spot who did it. D'you know what'd happen them? They'd either change their new route entirely or else they'd postpone the shift for maybe another five or ten years. The directors are planning to buy up everything in sight there on the quiet, before the plan is made public. They don't want old Simon Fay beating them to it and grabbing all the choice sites before they can do their own quiet buying. Get me now?"

"Y-yes, sir," breathed Grant, all but dumb before such genius. "But ——"

"That's why I am going to center on that tract near Sebring," said Fay. "They'll be too late—anyone'll be too late—to lock horns with me there. I've been taking up bits of it through agents. I'm too firm rooted to be ousted. But about those two lots of mine at Eternal Sunshine City. I told you I bought them in at three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. I've been offered nine hundred dollars for one of them and eight hundred and seventy-five dollars for the other. But that is chicken feed compared to what they'll be worth when the C. G. & X. opens up the region and the buyers and the business come piling in. So I held on."

"I see," said Grant.

"But," pursued Fay, "I've no time to bother with small change now, with this Sebring deal to grapple with. So here is what I've made up my mind to do: Harter, me lad, I'll sell you those two lots for precisely what they cost me. Seven hundred for the two of them. There's your start. What d'you say?"

Harter said little, and most of that little was unintelligible. But as soon as he found that Fay was in earnest, and as soon as he could overcome his own reluctance to accept such a gorgeous favor from any man, he closed with the offer in almost tearful gratitude. His start was made. It wasn't logical. It was impossible. But it was true. That eight-hundred-dollar encounter with the bootleggers was impossible too. Yet it also was true. There was only one way to account for such shining luck—the talisman! Grant had scoffed at its powers, in his silly materialism. Yet it was turning his earlier misfortunes into gold. It was beginning to make him a rich man. There could be no doubt—no other solution to his fortune.

With a thrill of superstitious awe, he gripped the hard little oblong in its ever-grimier paper wrappings, in his side pocket. He was another Aladdin. Folks were foolish to sneer at magic. It showed their own ignorance. There were a whole lot of things nobody could explain, and yet that were true. Take electricity, for instance ——

On the day after Harter's ownership of the two lots was recorded, Simon Fay was departing for Sebring. He was going on the seven P. M. train from Sunopolis. He suggested to his slavishly adoring young disciple that they celebrate his going and the beginnings of Grant's realty career by an afternoon at the races.

Grant did not care for the idea. He had a bare pocketful of small bills left. These must be hoarded if he was to keep afloat until the announcement of the C. G. & X. shift of track should make each lot worth several thousand dollars. Then he would sell one lot for living expenses and for new ventures, and hold the other for the inevitable further trebling of value which must come within a year or so. Nevertheless he would not cross the whim of a man who had done so much for him. So, with a semblance of eagerness, he accepted the plan for a farewell celebration.

The racing season at the Sunopolis suburb of Acewaxon was a tremendous success or a hideously bad thing for the region, according to the native with whom one chanced to be talking. Such as it was, it bred no fewer than six bills for the next legislative session, calling for the repeal of any or all laws sanctioning it. Yet financially it was such a triumph as to pay off all its vast initial expenses in less than two months and to leave a swollen profit for its local stockholders.

Under the grand stand, as Harter and Fay reached the grounds just before the first race, a long line of windows each had its queue of betters. Here the mutuels were in hectic progress. The two and three and five dollar windows had each from fifty to seventy pushing men and women in front of them. There were fewer at the ten dollar windows, while the fifty and one hundred dollar windows were almost without custom.

Except for a few experiences at county fairs at home, this was Grant's first taste of the races. The throngs, the bugle, the bell, the gay colors, the stifled excitement went to his head. Fay smiled kindly at the youth's enthusiasm.

"At some tracks," said the financier, as they pored over their yellow ten-cent score-cards, "they run these mutuels in a way that'd cause a scandal in Leavenworth Penitentiary. I don't know how they're run out here. Some say yes, some say no. Anyhow, it's the only race track this side of Miami. So it's good enough for me to paste one hundred dollars on Wise Guy in the second race. I have a red-hot tip on him. He's been nursed along for this killing. The odds will be big. I have it from a man who owes a lot to me and who hopes to owe more. So he wouldn't double-cross me. I'm going to make that century bet and no more today. How about you?"

"Me?" stammered Harter, his eyes roaming vaguely over the score card. "Why, just now I—I kind of feel I'd better save my —— No, I don't either!" he broke off, his gaze coming to rest on a name that made him catch his breath.

The bulky little parcel in his pocket seemed to throb against his side as he spoke. In the list of horses for the second race he had seen Talisman. It was a hunch that could not be neglected.

"I'm going to bet on Talisman," he said loudly. "I'm going to bet five dollars on him—or on her—whichever it is."

"Talisman?" scoffed Fay. "Why, he's a dog! He may come in first, in the third race, if he keeps on running after the second race is over, and if he happens to get to the finish about then. But ——"

"I'm sorry," insisted Grant, his confidence iron-solid. "But I'm going to bet five dollars on him. You see, he's going to win."

"H'm!" mused Fay. "A hunch, eh? Well, I know the horse. He can't win a plowing match. How are you going to play him?"

"To win the race," said Grant stoutly.

"Straight? All right. You'll get the agony over quicker that way. I'm playing Wise Guy straight too. The odds ought to be sweet on both of them, with a field like this."

As soon as the mildly tepid first race was run, the two hurried to the mutuels windows. Thence, with two white tickets, they returned to their seats and fell to studying the ever-changing odds flashed on the board alongside the grand stand. By the time the bell rang for the second race and the betting windows closed, Wise Guy was at twelve to one and Talisman at sixteen.

"Well," observed Fay philosophically, while Grant found trouble in drawing a deep breath, "you stand to win seventy-five dollars if a miracle happens. And if a miracle doesn't happen, I'm going to clean up eleven hundred dollars: I believe in winning and losing in chunks, Harter. That's what I owe my success to. I don't bolster a straight play by a place or show bet to ease the fall. The trouble with mutuels is that you get only your winnings without getting back your stake. Still, eleven hundred dollars is good cigarette money for a day or two. We ——"

The horses were off in their nine-furlong rush, without a single false start. Talisman, a ratty bay gelding, started to a better-than-even break and astonished the experts by holding the lead two-thirds of the way around the track. Then there was a jumble of contenders for a confused instant. Out of the ruck forged Talisman, again in the lead.

Close at his heels thundered the black colt, Wise Guy, striving like mad to cut down the bay's lead. Close and closer crept Wise Guy as they whirled into the straight. The race was between these two rank outsiders, with the favorite a length behind the black and the rest of the field bunched. Under the wire tore Talisman, still a good three-quarters of a length ahead of Wise Guy.

Grant Harter sat back and shut his eyes. He was sick with jubilation. Seventy-five dollars had his magic charm brought him in less than two minutes.

He was roused by Fay, who said, with elaborate carelessness, "Well, it was a pretty race while it lasted! Your hunch was the real thing. Going down to cash? The pay windows are on the other side from the ones we went to. Say, if you don't know just where they are, give me your ticket and I'll cash it for you."

"Thanks. But ——"

"Stay here and see if you can't figure out another hunch for the next race. Just read the score card over and see if a name hops out at you. That's the best way to trail a hunch. Sit still and kind of center your mind on the names. I'll be back in a minute."

He took the ticket from Grant and departed, winding his tortuous way through

(Continued on Page 109)

Opening Up a New Vein of Popular Favor

The unusual enthusiasm aroused by the New Franklin indicates that people find in it a touch of style, an air of quality, an ensemble of fine performance, quite out of the ordinary.

What is true of the New Franklin in general is especially true of this particular type—the Coupé. Sales show clearly that there is something individual about this personal closed car.

It may be the comfortable 3-passenger seat, the soft leather upholstery, the remarkably clear driver vision, the English coach-boot effect at the rear, or the price—only $50 above the Touring model.

Whatever it is, the fact remains that the New Franklin Coupé has not only opened up a new vein of popular favor, but has set a standard for the world.

Sedan · Sport Sedan · Touring · Coupé · Cabriolet
Sport Runabout · Enclosed-Drive Limousine

Franklin Series 11 is ready for the road—completely equipped with appropriate accessories, spare tire and cover—at the catalog price. Only tax and freight are extra.

FRANKLIN

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

803

WHENEVER you see pipe marked with a spiral stripe, remember it is Byers. No other pipe is so marked. This conspicuous spiral stripe is painted on all Byers Pipe to the end that all purchasers may easily identify it and be protected against substitution of inferior pipe.

The similarity, in outward appearance, between Byers Pipe of genuine wrought iron, and pipe made of cheaper, less durable metal, has always been a source of confusion, frequently leading to the installation of pipe which in the end proved very costly to the owner.

For over half a century, Byers Pipe has been specified and installed in America's finest residences and large buildings of every character. Its record of rust resistance, after generations of service, is one of universal satisfaction. As a result, experienced engineers and architects protect their clients' interests by specifying Byers. They know that few materials entering into the construction of a building have greater possibility for harm, for the cost of replacing a network of pipe installed in walls, ceilings and other inaccessible places is staggering.

Nipples marked, too

Even Byers Nipples are now plainly marked—the Byers name and year of manufacture being plainly stamped in the metal. So the 100% genuine Byers installation has become an easily attainable ideal. You may now specify Byers Pipe and Byers Nipples with full confidence that they will be furnished.

Literature on Request

A. M. BYERS COMPANY *Est. 1864* Pittsburgh, Pa.

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

New York Philadelphia Boston Chicago Houston Los Angeles

the *Spiral Stripe* on *Byers Pipe* *also look for name and year rolled in metal*

(Continued from Page 106)

the descending crowd of betters. Harter looked after him with hero worship.

Why, the man had treated the loss of a hundred dollars as if he had merely dropped a nickel from his pocket! And then he had gone to all the bother of cashing Grant's piker bet.

Harter picked up Fay's Wise Guy white ticket that had fluttered to the floor at his feet where the loser had crushed and dropped it as soon as its worthlessness had become apparent.

"I'll just keep that as a souvenir of my first real race," Grant told himself as he smoothed it out and pocketed it. Then he fell to studying the names for the third race. He was interrupted by a multiple grunt from the people below him. He looked up. Hundreds of eyes were focused on the board alongside the judge's stand—the board whereon—as Fay had explained to him—the numbers of the winning horses are displayed as soon as the judges give their official decision.

All three numbers were up—6673, 6679, 6671. Harter squinted at them as they hung there in the white sunglare. What was all the excitement about? 6673—that was the winner's number, Talisman's number. And 6679 was Wise Guy's number, and ——

Grant glanced down at his card, subconsciously verifying the numbers. Then his forehead puckered. Why, 6673 was not Talisman's number at all! It was Wise Guy's. Talisman's number was 6670. Those judges must have made a mistake. They ought to be more careful. A man came back from the betting windows and sat down beside a red-hatted girl just behind Grant.

"That bilks you out of forty-five dollars," Harter heard him tell her. "Talisman's jockey fouled Rainmaker in that mix-up at the turn—bumped him, they say. He'd been cautioned twice this week. Talisman is disqualified. Wise Guy wins. So much for rushing to the window before the numbers are put up! The score card warns folks not to. But nobody ever pays any attention to it. There's an awful bunch of crabs down there around the paying booths. They ——"

Harter waited for no more. He shouldered and wiggled his way down the steps and through the mass of standees, toward the line of windows at the back of the building. Poor old Fay! He must find him and give him his ticket. What a stroke of luck that he had kept it!

But in the milling throng Grant could get no glimpse of the capitalist. A pleasant idea occurred to him. He would cash the ticket. Then when Fay should rejoin him on the stand and bewail his own folly in throwing away such a treasure, Harter would delight him by handing over the full eleven hundred dollars. "Cigarette money" was what Fay had called it. Well, even a multimillionaire might be glad to find he had won that much instead of losing one hundred dollars.

It was a pretty scheme. But nothing came of it, for Fay did not return to his seat. After the third race Grant went again to seek him, and after the fourth. After this latter race, while Harter was darting, terrier-like, amid the clumped groups in front of the stand and in and out of the queues at the windows, a lanky man with wide shoes accosted him.

"If you're looking for your side kick," observed the man, with no cordiality at all, "you're wasting time. Your friend's gone."

"My—my friend?" asked Grant, blinking dazedly at the speaker. "I ——"

"Yes," answered the lanky man, misunderstanding his startled manner. "Your friend. Don't go saying you don't know him. I saw you come here with him and I saw the two of you on the stand, sitting together. I had my eye on him. More than one of us had."

As he spoke, he flicked back his coat lapel in professional manner, giving momentary view of a shield on his left suspender—the shield of the track's corps of plain-clothes men.

"We knew him all right," went on the man, "and we were watching him. After this, we'll know you too. Take my tip and beat it. This track isn't healthy for your kind. That's the straightest stable tip you'll ever get."

"I—I don't understand," babbled Grant.

After a long study of the blankly boyish face, the detective demanded, "How long have you known him? Where'd you meet up with him?"

"With Simon Fay? He and I met each other at the Y., where I'm boarding. He's a capitalist from ——"

"He's a pennyweighter and a till tapper and a tinhorn gambler and a cheap all-round crook, from some six short-term sentences," retorted the lanky man. "He's been cleaning up on a bunch of small suckers down here this season. They couldn't get him on anything till a complaint came in at Sunopolis headquarters this morning. Even that would be hard to prove on him. So the chief did what he's done before. He happened to be out here today, and he got sight of the cuss on his way down to cash in a bet after the second race. He nabbed him and he told him to beat it and beat it fast; and if he was in Sunopolis two hours from now, he'd be jugged as a vag. That was enough. He beat it. How much did he get you for?"

Dazed and numb of brain, Grant Harter rode back to Sunopolis in a jitney—the capitalist having departed in the car which had brought them to the races. Bit by bit, during the bumpy ride, his mind began to function anew. He found himself taking account of stock. At first he could think of nothing but the way in which he had been fooled—like any comic-paper boob on a visit to the city. It hurt, until he began to wax wholesomely angry. Then the hurt stopped and he could think.

His first semiclear thought was that his talisman had betrayed him; or, rather, that he had been a superstitious fool to believe in such rot as magic spells and the like. What had it done for him? It had led him to sink seven hundred nonsparable dollars in a crook's Florida lots. It had led him to bet an equally unsparable five dollars on a horse that was disqualified. To blazes with such crazy beliefs!

His hand groped in his pocket, among limp and loose cigarettes, and his fingers closed about the little oblong that Maida Fragen had wrapped so carefully for him, there in the midnight gloom of the stuffy living room back in Beemis. He was minded to pitch the absurd thing into the drainage canal the jitney was chugging past. But he dismissed the cranky notion. After all, Maida had thought enough of him to steal downstairs after everyone was asleep and wrap it up for him. It was she, of all the world, who had cared enough for his future to want him to carry a good-luck piece on his quest of fortune.

He let the package slip back into his pocket. With the action came a new train of thought. Was the talisman really worthless? Was he really a fool for believing in its queer power? He had approached Sunopolis with only ten dollars in his pocket. All at once he had found himself owner of eight hundred dollars. He had thrown away seven hundred dollars in those two useless lots at Eternal Sunshine City. Yes, but his fingers were folding lovingly around a new roll of eleven hundred dollars. The money was his. From what the plain-clothes man had told him, Simon Fay was not likely to risk arrest and jail by showing his face in Sunopolis again. Harter did not know where to send the cash to Fay. It was Grant's, if it was anyone's.

Well, then, even if the lots were valueless or did not exist at all, he was eleven hundred dollars in pocket, he who had entered Florida dead broke. To no logical events did he owe his good luck. At every turn the talisman had been his friend. Why, if its namesake horse had won today Harter would have had only seventy-five dollars to show for his win. By losing the race, Talisman had almost miraculously given him eleven hundred dollars.

Next morning Grant took his deeds to the two Eternal Sunshine City lots to the realty office of Rohne & English, a firm that had not allowed itself to be swept off its feet by the delirious land boom, and was thus avoided by the more daring speculators. To English he told his story of the purchase, asking information and offering to pay for it.

English waved aside his proffer of cash and gave the information.

"Yes," he said, "there is an Eternal Sunshine City, all right. It exists; and that is all it does and all it's ever likely to do. It's a sand patch, populated just now by about fifteen negro squatters and by two or three poo' whites. It was named, and a couple of streets were laid out, some twenty years ago, when the C. G. & X. thought of running a spur through there from Solaris to July Cay. Then the road went to July Cay from another slant, and Eternal Sunshine City died before it was born. That's the history of the place. How your bunko friend Fay ever got hold of these two lots I don't know. From all you tell me about him, he must have been too clever to buy them. Probably took them in payment of some five-dollar poker debt from a sucker who had been hornswoggled into paying cash for them at the time of the boom."

"But if the C. G. & X. had a plan to put a line through there once," pleaded Harter, "isn't there a chance they'll do it some day?"

"Five months ago," answered English wearily, "the C. G. & X. went into the hands of a receiver. There wasn't even enough cash or credit to keep its sagging road bed in condition or to replace rolling stock that fell apart from age. It is as dead as the Widow's Son. No, friend, if branch roads could be laid at fifty cents a mile, the C. G. & X. couldn't afford to lay one from here to my outer office. Get that hope out of your system."

Instinctively Grant's fingers groped for his talisman. At its touch his gloom dispersed.

"Just the same," he declared, "maybe the lots will be worth part of what I paid for them. Hundreds of sand patches in Florida have sold big. Won't you—your firm—handle the property for me, please, on—on whatever commission you get for handling such things? I'll put up a retaining fee, or whatever you call it, so you won't lose on any work you put into selling the lots for me."

English shook his head, as one who pities a defective child.

"I can put them on our lists for you," he said. "But I warn you it will be no good. We don't go in for that kind of business. There are real-estate men who do. It isn't in our line. We deal in property that has real value. There is plenty of it. But your lots will lie dead. We won't try to sell them on a ballyhoo, and no conservative investor will touch them."

"But hundreds of such lots are ——"

"—— are sold every day. That's true. And sold at Arabian Nights prices. But not through Rohne & English. Here is the idea, Mr. Harter: If I whipsaw you into buying this office desk of mine for a thousand dollars, you'll never get your money back. But at least you'll have a useful piece of furniture to show for your end of the bargain. And at an auction you could get thirty-five or forty dollars for it. Very good. Now take a sand lot out in some wildcat development. It hasn't a penny of intrinsic value. It's just a streak of sand, far from water or good roads or electricity or transit. A few years ago it wouldn't have been worth ten dollars an acre.

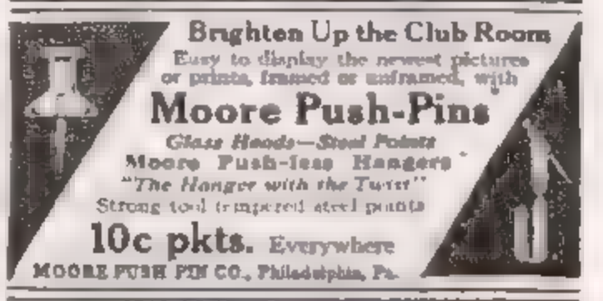
"Well, I come along and I buy it for one thousand dollars. I buy it because I know I can get you to pay me fifteen hundred dollars for it. You buy it of me for fifteen hundred dollars, not because it's worth that or worth fifteen hundred cents, but because you think you can take advantage of this mine-town boom to sell it to John Jevins for twenty-five hundred dollars. He buys it, knowing it hasn't any intrinsic value, but because he can take advantage of the boom

Lean on it~
it's a Crescent
SUPPORTING the full weight of three husky 180-pounders this eighteen-inch Crescent Wrench gives a hint of the dependability that's in the whole Crescent line. The new, large-capacity Crescent Auto Wrench, a nine-inch wrench opening to three inches, has the same sort of dependability for its size. Ideal for all-round service. At hardware or accessory stores, 75c.
CRESCENT TOOL COMPANY
211 Harrison St., Jamestown, N. Y.
Originators of the Crescent Wrench
CRESCENT TOOLS

BOYS, CUT HERE!

DO you want to make more money and get boys' Prizes, *without cost?* We'll help you find customers (in U.S.) for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Write your name and address in the margin and mail this ad to

The Curtis Publishing Company, *Sales Div.*
754 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.


Brighten Up the Club Room
Easy to display the newest pictures or prints, framed or unframed, with
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
Strong tool tempered steel points
10c pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

A STEADY JOB

Men are *glad* to buy Style-Center tailored-to-measure suits and overcoats at $23.50. Our salesmen make $75–$150 *every week*. Write for agency. The Style-Center Tailoring Co., 550 Anderson Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

Selling our new distinctive Rubber specialties, $5 to $15 [illegible] Spare time to workers.
B & G. RUBBER MFG. CO., Dept. 501, Pittsburgh, Pa.

20 ASSORTED GREETING CARDS $1.00 Postpaid
All stamped and ready to mail
ELI MILLER, 198 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

dominant *Natural* Growth!

Of the total deposits of 325 million dollars *over* 213 million dollars is *Natural* Growth

Increase in Deposits in 1924 $52,415,039
Natural Growth* 41,877,039 Purchased Growth 10,538,000 1924
Increase in Deposits in 1923 $46,797,353
Natural Growth* 28,968,353 Purchased Growth 17,829,000 1923
Increase in Deposits in 1922 $51,883,915
Natural Growth* 26,199,915 Purchased Growth 25,684,000 1922
Increase in Deposits in 1921 $36,874,065
Natural Growth* 19,384,065 Purchased Growth 17,490,000 1921
Increase in Deposits in 1920 $13,734,919
All Natural Growth* 13,734,919 1920
Increase in Deposits in 1919 $41,320,786
All Natural Growth* 41,320,786 1919
Increase in Deposits in 1918 $13,893,110
Natural Growth* 8,406,110 Purchased Growth 5,467,000 1918
Increase in Deposits in 1917 $35,239,953
Natural Growth* 10,057,953 Purchased Growth 25,182,000 1917
Increase in Deposits in 1916 $16,329,903
Natural Growth* 7,438,903 Purchased Growth 8,891,000 1916
1904-1915 inclusive $20,474,872
Natural Growth* 16,049,872 Purchased Growth 4,425,000 1904-1915 inclusive
■-Represents Natural Deposit Growth.
□-Represents Growth from Purchase of Banks.

SINCE its establishment in 1904, more than 65% of the deposit growth of this institution has been due to the natural increase in business—and not through the purchase or absorption of other banks.

The *natural* deposit increase has been

$213,437,919

Growth—the symbol of progress and achievement—is reflected in the consistent, *normal* gain the Bank of Italy has made each year.

The years of pioneering, from 1904 to 1915, were devoted to the careful organization and development of our system of branches. Each successive step was thoroughly tested with the one thought of making the organization as perfect as possible. As a result of this painstaking, conservative and constructive preliminary development, no impressive record of growth was made until 1916. A full decade was spent in *laying the solid foundation* for the Bank of Italy's great *natural* progress.

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

Capital & Surplus-$22,500,000. Head Office-San Francisco

94 BANKING OFFICES IN 65 CALIFORNIA CITIES

to sell it to Val Vanorden for four thousand dollars. Vanorden will try to sell it to Dick Deever for sixty-four hundred dollars. And so on.

"Some day—perhaps in a year or two—there has to come a show-down, a time when that sixty-four-hundred-dollar square of dry sand won't sell for sixty dollars. The man who is stuck with it at that time will be out of all the luck there is.

"That isn't the worst of it. When the slump comes, a crowd of boob outsiders who own really valuable Florida real estate are going to get iced feet and throw their holdings into the market for anything they'll bring. Then will be the time for the wise man to step in and do some real buying at bottom prices, for Florida is here to stay. Its worthwhile property will always be worth big money. There is no place with a brighter or more permanent future. It is a garden spot and a land for wise investments. But it isn't a fool's paradise.

"When the crash comes—and some day it is coming, just as sure as every balloon must deflate or smash—the real people will make real money by snatching up the solid bargains the panic victims throw down. But the far-away sand lots ——"

"Thank you, sir," said Harter, getting to his feet and wondering at his own odd sense of elation. "And in the meantime, will you please put these two lots of mine on your list? Here's my address."

He went back to his Y. M. C. A. room and wrote a long and glowing letter to Maida. Then he hired an arklike boat and went fishing in the bay. He could not account for the calm certainty of success that had crept over him. The talisman, up to now, had achieved the glitteringly impossible. There was no reason to doubt it could keep on increasingly piling wealth upon its bearer. There would be a gold mine—maybe a radium mine—discovered on his two lots. Meanwhile he was content to wait for the talisman's next manifestation and to enjoy the sweetly lazy life of the subtropics.

It was just after breakfast a week afterward that Grant sat one morning on the hibiscus-hung back porch of the Y. boarding house, glancing idly over the Sunopolis Clarion. The newly familiar letters "C. G. & X." caught his eye, in an obscure corner of the second page. A brief news item told that the all-powerful Florida East Coast Railway had bought in the moribund little road at an unnamed price, said to be ridiculously low.

Twice Harter read the dry item. Then he strolled around to the offices of Rohne & English to ask if there had been any offers received for his lots. It was a daily question. For the past few days, English had sent out an office girl to answer it. Today the caller was ushered into the junior partner's own room.

Three hours later Grant returned dizzily to his boarding house. To let off steam, he sat down to write to Maida Fragen. At much length he described once more to her the manner wherein he had become possessed of the two lots and his first interview with English. When he came to the tale of his second conference with the real-estate man emotion made him more concise.

"I don't yet quite get the hang of it all," he scribbled, shifting his cigarette to the other corner of his mouth, "but Mr. English's brother-in-law is one of the railroad's directors or something, and this morning he put Mr. English onto it. There's going to be a connecting line built across some part of Florida, right away. It's going to link up a bunch of important places with a bunch of other important places that haven't ever been linked up with them because the C. G. & X. was in the way or something.

"Well, Mr. English's brother-in-law showed him a copy of the survey or whatever it is. The new road is going right spang through Eternal Sunshine City, and another branch from the north is coming down through it. And Eternal Sunshine City is to be a junction. He calls it a gateway to both sets of those important places. And a big hotel is going to be run up there in a few months. It won't be more than a block from my lots, and the railroad station won't be but a block on the other side.

"That'll mean that my two lots will be in the very heart of the new city's business part. Mr. English says we can sell them in another few months by the running foot, for pretty near as much as I paid for them both.

"Say, Maida, I've been kind of ashamed to speak of it before. But I owe all this dope-dream luck to you. I mean I owe it to the talisman. I'm going to carry that talisman with me as long as I live. In a year or two, at this rate, I can have it in a gold case with my initials in diamonds on it. That sure is one old he talisman. Look what it did to your uncle! He was poor, and it made him the richest man in Beemis. I was down and out, and look at me now!

"I had horrible luck out in Oklahoma. That's because I didn't carry the talisman there. If I had, I'd have been an oil king by now. I'm on Easy Street. And this is only just the start. It's the talisman that's done it all. There can't be any other answer to what's happened to me. It's due to make me as rich, for Florida, as your Uncle J. Q. is rich for Beemis. And when it does ——"

Grant was at the end of his last sheet of paper. He went to the lobby desk for more. There, the clerk was sorting the afternoon mail. Grant waited till the task was complete. Then he returned to the writing desk with three letters. One was a local real-estate circular. One was an embossed invitation to join a lunching and inspection tour to Ethereal Heights, there to listen to a lecture on real estate from a world-famed orator. The third was a letter from Maida Fragen. Harter opened it and read:

"*Dear Grant:* The funniest thing has just happened! I am sitting down right away to tell you about it, even if it is such a joke on me. Half an hour ago I was rummaging in the table drawer in the living room, looking for Uncle Jo's extra pair of spectacles, because he had broken his other ones and he was in an awful temper.

"Well, the very first thing I saw come sliding forward as I jerked the drawer wide open was—what do you think? That talisman the Hindu peddler gave Uncle Jo—the one I had wrapped up and given to you to take to Florida for a good-luck piece!

"At first I just stared and stared at it, because I knew I had given it to you and you had taken it away with you that night Uncle Jo was so impolite and cross to you. Then all at once I knew what had happened.

"You remember, I told you I went in there in the dark—at least there was only the shine from the electric light in the street outside. I felt around, that night, till I found what I was sure was the talisman. I was sure from the shape and the fretwork figures on it. Well, what do you suppose it was that I really wrapped up so carefully and gave you? You'll never guess! It was that funny little old chased-silver spectacle case of Uncle Jo's—the one Aunt Serena gave him—the one he keeps his spare spectacles in. Honestly it was, Grant! Wasn't it funny?

"And all this time you've been lugging Uncle Jo's extra specs around with you for luck, and never guessing it wasn't the talisman. I know you've never opened it, for you'd have seen what it was and written to me about it. Isn't it the richest joke on me?

"Uncle Jo was furious when I told him just now. But he says you needn't bother to ship the specs back to him, because we are coming to Sunopolis for a whole month, next week, he and I, for his sciatica. And he says you can give them back to him then.

MAIDA."

Back in 1902 when there were one hundred Bicycles in this Country for every Automobile—

G & J automobile tires first earned their title "Good old G & J Tires."

They have been living up to it ever since—by delivering exceptional tire service to thousands of critical motorists.

G & J Tires are made in one of the largest and most modern tire factories in the world—by the most modern manufacturing methods developed by science.

G & J Cord Tires have established an enviable record for standing up to hard service and delivering unusually long mileage. Their cord body is made of high grade, tough, long-staple cotton cords, thoroughly saturated with and separated from each other by pure rubber which practically elim inates internal friction—possibly the greatest enemy of long mileage.

You'll never know how much tire service you can buy for how little money until you talk to the G & J dealer.

G & J TIRE COMPANY

1790 Broadway New York City

G & J Balloon Cord Tires for 20, 21 and 22 inch rims.

G & J Cord Tires from 30 x 3½ up in standard sizes.

G & J Heavy Service Cord Tires *for Truck, Bus and extra heavy passenger car service.*

G & J 30 x 3½ "G" Tread Cord Tires. G & J 30 x 3 and 30 x 3½ "G" Tread Fabric Tires. *Clincher Tires for Ford Cars.*

G & J Red and Extra Quality Gray Tubes. G & J Heavy Service Gray Tubes.

Put Your Car on a 100% Efficiency Basis—

And keep it there

Stromberg Engineers have solved the perplexing problem of perfect carburetion by designing special carburetors to meet the particular characteristics of each make and model of engine.

Equip your car with one of these highly efficient special carburetors and you are immediately assured of maximum pep, power and dependability, and a reduction in your gasoline bills that quickly pays for the carburetor.

139 American manufacturers use Stromberg Carburetors as standard equipment. Why? Because they give greatest satisfaction.

More than 3000 Stromberg Sales and Service Stations in the United States.

Prices of Special Carburetors and complete equipment:

Buick (4)	$24.00	Durant	$19.00	Oakland	$22.50
Buick (6)	35.00	Essex 24-25	24.50	Oldsmobile	19.50
Cadillac	32.50	Ford	15.75	Overland (4)	17.50
Chandler	25.00	Hudson	29.75	Overland (6)	18.75
Chevrolet	19.50	Jewett	24.00	Reo	22.50
Chrysler	24.50	Maxwell	19.50	Star	18.00
Cleveland	22.50	Nash	27.50	WillysKnight-4	19.00
Dodge	19.00			WillysKnight-6	23.50

Prices slightly higher—Pacific Coast and Canada

See your dealer or nearest authorized Stromberg Service Station or use the coupon.

THE STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.
68 East 25th Street CHICAGO

BRANCHES—New York, 517 W. 57th Street—Boston, 700 Commonwealth Avenue—Detroit, 2749 Woodward Avenue—Minneapolis, 26-9 Hennepin Avenue—Kansas City, 1009 Main Street—San Francisco, 540 Beale Street—Los Angeles, 1340 South Grand Avenue—Seattle, 1400 Terry Street—London, W. 1, 173-175 Cromwell Street.

Please send me information relative to Stromberg Special Carburetor Equipment for my car.

Enclosed please find remittance of $ for which send me Stromberg Special Carburetor for my car.

Name

Address

Special Stromberg Carburetors

EDUCATION PLUS

(Continued from Page 5)

college, and his books must be good, for he is a college man.

Books, aluminum and brushes are all right; but they have been worked into the ground and out again. I think that the most recent stunt of real merit has been the silk-hose selling. The student appears at your door with a line of samples that would make any chorus girl sigh; you need pay nothing down. Simply choose the style or styles, give the salesman your size, and at the time that you set the postman will deliver to you your order, and incidentally will assume the work of collection on the parcel. The country has been silk-hosed to a frazzle, especially in college communities; but it has been done well, and the students who have done the work have not only profited but have prospered, and oftentimes have graduated with a good little balance in their banks.

These common selling games are good. But consider Robert Pell, who borrowed enough to buy a runabout and started out at the close of examinations to sell an automobile accessory. When he came back to school last fall he had paid for his flivver, had made his expenses and had twelve hundred dollars saved to carry him through the school year. He chose a desirable article to sell, and one that sold at a very reasonable price. His sales line is unique, and if he sells the same article next summer, he will probably make even greater profits.

Swanson is a junior in the university. He comes from Minnesota, and is a quiet, hard-working youth of Swedish ancestry. He has a friend in Minnesota with whom he coöperates. He registers in September, and by the first of December has completed taking orders for a couple of carloads of Christmas trees. Last Christmas he delivered three carloads of trees to organizations and individuals here in the community. It is his own idea and he has used it successfully for three years, making enough to send himself through with ease.

Rose's father owns an apple orchard. Rose believes in the apple-a-day adage so firmly that he is convinced that he should sell two apples where the average merchant would sell one. In the fall he places honor-system apple stands on all the prominent corners. Help yourself and put a nickel in the box, and Rose will continue in the university. He sells them by the barrel to fraternity houses and boarding clubs. His profits are excellent.

House-to-House Work

Rice picked me up the other day and gave me a lift down to the campus. He was driving a new car.

"This is the company's car," he told me rather proudly.

The company consisted of Rice and Steer, a couple of sophomores. They receive each morning on an early train from three to five hundred pounds of butter from a creamery owned by a former student. They peddle this to boarding houses, and their profit keeps them in school, allows Rice to be quite the social lion and Steer to be a varsity athlete.

Rand was equally successful a few years ago with a coffee agency. He saw to it that the coffee drinkers of the community drank his way through college, and they did this, for he graduated—a good student and a promising young business man.

Truly, they sell everything from house to house. Dance programs and favors. Expensive little novelties for social events are very much in demand and the commission for the student selling them is often an extremely high one. Fraternity jewelry and crested stationery always have a ready market, and far be it from some wise student to pass up this opportunity to profit. Christmas cards are always available from student agents. In fact they will admit, without being asked, that they have the best line of bargains to be had in this field; and Thatch, last November and December, cleaned up a cold eight hundred dollars, working outside of class hours. Golf clubs and balls are successfully sold. Walters and Bowen, a couple of sophomores who golf quite a little, go from house to house at dinnertime. When the men leave the dinner table and return to the living room or library, they find Walters and Bowen standing there with beautiful new drivers and brassies, bargains in balls, and bags made in new styles of leather, all on exhibition. The boys swing the clubs, comment on their balance and appearance, and the men can't resist. Walters and Bowen leave in an hour, the profits from their sales running from ten to twenty-five dollars. Not bad for an hour's work.

Pratt and Williams have long been the best dressed men on the campus, because they could afford to. They afforded to because they used the living room as a salesroom, as Walters and Bowen did, only their display was and is haberdashery. Neckties, styles and colors just the sorts the students want; socks, the newest weaves, the last word in style; belts, just a little wider than the usual run; shirts—well with a distinctly collegiate note in colors and style of collar. And being the best dressed men on the campus, their word means something to the ever-receptive undergraduate.

Three Jumps Ahead of the Average

College is going to give these students more than an education. It is going to give them about three jumps ahead of the average young man entering the business world. They know selling and they know it well, and when they are graduated and have started to work, their rapid progress is the not-unexpected result of their supporting themselves while attending.

A short time ago I was visiting Young in the university hospital. He was convalescing, and when I entered his room I found him busy with a small cube of ivory and a scalpel. He was carving from the cube, which was simply one of a pair of ivory dice, a very small and very perfect skull. One was completed and sat on the table by his bed.

"What do you do with them?" I inquired.

"Sell 'em to pre-med students," was his rather nonchalant reply. "I can sell all I have time to make for a couple of dollars apiece."

He had learned the trick from his father, who was a jeweler and clockmaker.

Young was engaged in making his way through the university through a special talent which he possessed. A great many men do. They have some particular feat which they do well, or have become particularly skilled in some trade, and they realize profits accordingly.

One of the most unusual requests for an excuse that I have ever had came from Gross, who wanted two weeks off at Christmastime. Gross is not young; he is at least thirty-five, probably more. He wanted to work those two weeks, and being an excellent student, I asked him what he expected to do with the long vacation.

"If I get those two weeks, I can clean up about two hundred and fifty dollars," he said.

I was inclined to be curious and asked him just how he expected to do it. He explained that he was a railroad engineer. There was a lot of coal being hauled from the Southern Illinois fields into Chicago in the month of December. He could work as an extra and drive coal trains from Centralia into Chicago, and make almost enough to pay his way through the next semester.

A little extra time at vacation periods often helps. I never did know just where Checchia originated. I doubt if he did. But he was a good-natured South European who had worked along until he was a junior in mining engineering. Just before Easter last year he sauntered into the office and announced that he wanted to leave town. Why? Because he needed a new suit of clothes, and since freight trains were running, transportation to Pennsylvania was assured.

He could easily mine enough coal to pay for his new suit, and the going and coming was cheap. We don't encourage bumming as a profession, but we did let Checchia off a few days early; and he came in after Easter in his new suit, to say that he had a new pair of shoes and a straw hat put away for summer.

Dabney was another mining engineer who often asked for extra time to survey in the mines, and he occasionally went to work and picked off a little coal just as Checchia did. Dabney was an ex-service man, and through his entire course in the university worked for the county sheriff just as a pastime. He always had a bulge up under his left arm which he didn't explain to many people, but I have seen the butt of an army revolver peeping out. He told me that on account of the recent bank robberies in this part of the state the sheriff had asked him to be prepared to work in a hurry if the University Bank ever suffered.

A great many students can type and take dictation and are employed in offices on the campus for their ability. But Tole was not content with hourly work. Instead, he opened a public typing-service bureau. Tole doesn't do any of the actual typing any more. He simply manages the people whom he has employed.

Meyer is an interesting chap, a big fellow, rather rough, but no rougher than you might expect when you consider that he goes to the university in the morning, sleeps in the afternoon and spends his nights with the jumbo crew from the roundhouse out north of the city. Whenever there is a wreck on the railroad he is forced to miss a few classes; but as soon as his crew returns, he is back on the job. He isn't merely a helper on the crew. For three years he has been controlling the levers in the cab that actually raise and lower the boom that puts crippled and dislocated locomotives back on the rails.

Buying Education With Talents

Of all the men who have particular aptitudes, none are more expert than those men who are supporting themselves while going to college by operating the linotype machines used in the printing offices. There are eight students at the present time who do this, and they are really expert workmen, union men, and all that sort of thing.

A surprising little group of men are the ones who are preaching their way through the university. They have little country churches near by, which they go to every Sunday to preach. Birch was one of these men, a pre-medical student, who expected to be a medical missionary. He had a surprising occupation through the week in addition. He worked for an undertaker; in fact, he was quite desirable, for he lacked the somber air which most undertakers seem to assume, and there were times when he was actually in demand.

A number of students make their living as chauffeurs for the townspeople. One of the prominent citizens swears by a little Filipino who has attended the university for several years, and at the same time has acted as full-time chauffeur for the citizen. Contrast with the chauffeurs Feary, who is another ex-service man, who makes his living as a motorcycle policeman, and one who is really feared by the more sporty drivers of the town.

A student of Persian birth is the nephew of a rug dealer. He has learned Oriental rugs from his relative, and when he isn't busy with graphic statics and thermodynamics, he is busy exhibiting rugs in the cities of the vicinity. His uncle sends him

Speed Way profit makers

Speed Way Portable Electric Saw is a glutton for work. Rips and crosscuts—all you have to do is hold it on the line. Equally effective in cutting wood, wallboard, fibre, linoleum, cork, etc.

This husky, 15-pound, one-hand saw cuts production costs, saves time and money, wherever quantity sawing is done, whether on the job or around the plant.

Equipment includes 8-ft. extra tough rubber lead cord with split plug; 6-inch blade. Operates from any lighting socket; specify voltage.

Speed Way CONCRETE DRILL

1 In. Hole 2 In. per minute

Save 80% of cost of drilling in stone, concrete and brick. Made in 5 sizes; attaches to any lighting socket. Type U-6 shown above weighs 26 pounds and will drill a one-inch hole in average concrete at the rate of two inches per minute

Write for booklet describing all of the Speed Way Portable Electric Drills, Hammers, Grinders, etc.

ELECTRO MAGNETIC TOOL CO.
1310 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Ill. (adjoining Chicago)
Sales and Service in all principal cities

Housewives!

End the Rule of the Squeaky, Wobbly Bed

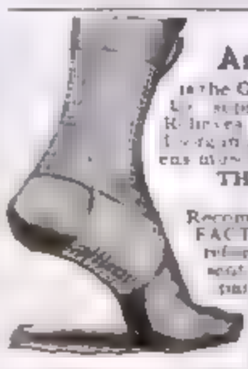
Don't be bothered any longer with beds that creak—are hard to move—are always needing repairs. Banish spreading rails and falling slats forever. Equip every bed in your home with Wittliff Patent Braces.

Inexpensive—easy to put on—just a few minutes' job—yet what a difference the Wittliff makes. The bed instantly becomes a solid silent, easy rolling unit.

Be sure to insist on Wittliff Patent Braces on every new bed you buy. All live dealers will have them!

The WITTLIFF FURNITURE BRACE CO.
Superior-Thirtieth Building Cleveland, Ohio

Wittliff Braces



DR SIMMS
Arch and Ankle Supporter

is the GENUINE AND ONLY elastic ankle supporter that supports the arch. Relieves fatigue and pain in the feet. Restores fallen arches and bones to normal. Strengthens muscles.

THEY MAKE YOUR FEET FEEL GOOD

Recommended by Physicians. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded. AT YOUR DEALER'S or sent prepaid. $2.50 and $3.50 a pair. Extra High $4 a pair. $5.00 a pair. State size of shoe.

CHAS. QUENZER, INC.
Suite 201 Quenzer Bldg.
81 Reade Street, New York City

Please send me FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET on DR. SIMM'S ARCH AND ANKLE SUPPORTER.

Name .....

Address or R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

CLARK'S SIXTH CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD

Select "Laconia," Jan. 20 incl. Hilo, Peking, 128 Days, $[illegible] $4000. MEDITERRANEAN, new "Transylvania," Jan. 10 incl. Lisbon, Tunis, 15 days Palestine Egypt, 62 days $[illegible] to $1700. SOUTH AMERICA to Buenos Aires; also S. S. "Caledonia," Feb. 4; 50 days, $550 to $1250. Norway in 1926, June 30; 50 days, $550 to $1,000.

Longest experienced management.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

collections of Oriental and Chinese rugs, and he makes special displays for the enlightenment, education and enrichment of the homes of the people, and incidentally for the means by which he is becoming an engineer.

Pope is just a freshman, but he has financed himself entirely by giving golf lessons. He is a professional, and while his prices are reasonable, his instruction has become known to be so good that he has all the pupils that he can instruct. The owners of a sporting-goods store have rigged up an indoor practicing room for him to use at their expense. They don't lose by it, for they have golfing supplies which they will sell if asked to; but Pope isn't losing on the proposition.

Fiske is a tall, rather countrified-looking chap, but a man who has let his bees work his way through the university. He has to take care of them, but the bees really do the work. All he has to do is to collect the honey and sell it. The collection of the honey doesn't bother him. He could sell more honey if he had more time to take care of more swarms and hives.

The students who work the last chair or two in the campus barber shops always interest me. I believe they are the cleanest men on the campus. Truly, they practice what they preach, for in general they are the best groomed men on the campus. And they make good money, too, for a college community is one which requires that the hair shall not be worn unkempt in the least, and most students want the extras on which the barber really makes his big profits.

Last year there were two pre-medical students who made good money working for the department of physiological chemistry. It happened that each found it easy to swallow the piece of apparatus known as the stomach pump, by which the contents of the stomach can be removed and studied. One was blessed with a hyper-acid stomach, that was almost neutral. Science benefited by the studies which were made on food partially digested by their stomachs, but so did the two boys. They are in medical school now, and one expects to continue in physiological chemistry. His interest is intense and he is a brilliant student.

Wells is a blind student. He, of course, must acquire all his knowledge through other senses than visual. But he is brave, resourceful and able to take care of himself. He is awake to the possibilities that his condition offers to the department of psychology as an experimental subject. He does not allow his misfortune to be his handicap. He makes it serve him as a means by which he profits materially, for the department of psychology uses him as many hours a week as he can spare.

These students have taken advantage of opportunities or of special abilities which they happen to possess. The great number of dances on the campus makes an opportunity for most any first-rate musician to play two or three times a week in an orchestra. There is good money in orchestra work.

I believe the best examples I have ever seen among the students of the business foresight and knack of seeing opportunities for making money was at the time of the dedication of a new athletic stadium a year ago. Weir and Downs were a couple of law students, clever in the first place. They borrowed money, bought a large number of cheap field glasses selling at a popular price and placed them on sale before the game. They made money on the field glasses, but really coined money on another deal. The day of the dedication it rained—it simply poured. But the game was played, and these two men sold yards and yards of oilcloth which they slit and made into ponchos for the sight-seers. They could have charged their own price and still sold the stuff. Their profits were big-business profits; they took advantage of an opportunity when it was offered.

These students are not fictitious characters. They are real regular fellows who have attended or are attending a large Middle-western university. They are full of pep and enthusiasm, just as any normal college student is. They are attending—should we say?—under difficulties, having to work their way. Ask them and see what they say.

They will tell you first of all that they are getting a lot out of college, for they feel that whatever they get they are getting for themselves. They will tell you that they are getting business experience which they consider invaluable. They will tell you they feel that they are really getting the rounded education which will give them a running start when they enter the business world.

Ask the college officials about these clever young chaps, and they will tell you that they are the men on whom the university can rely for coöperation and intelligent student voices in matters of university policy. They will tell you that they are the men whom they will recommend as the best products of the university.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 32)

In about nineteen cases out of twenty the proposed innovation when carefully studied proves to be no better than the method already in use. I explain the flaws in the idea and invite the young man to try again. The same clerk in the course of a year or two may bring me twenty impracticable suggestions; and then, when he enters my office for the twenty-first time, bring in a suggestion that is so novel, so well thought out, so aptly calculated to cut down overhead or simplify routine, that I have it put into effect at once. Ever afterward that youngster is tagged in my mind not by his twenty failures, but by the one sound improvement for which he was responsible.

One can never tell in advance what a casual idea may lead to. A bank clerk once predicted to the man in the next cage that some day a mechanical genius would come along and invent a machine that would add up long columns of figures swiftly and accurately. His friend's derision of the prophecy so irritated him that he added, "And I'm the man. Just to show you, I'll invent and perfect the thing myself."

And he did.

If young men in big offices realized how welcome original suggestions are, they would study their jobs and those of their fellows with the definite intention of proposing improvements that will result in saving time, money, labor and material, or cut out lost motion and duplication of effort. I pay my clerks fairly well for their work, but I am prepared to pay them a great deal better for their ideas when those ideas are of such a character that I can turn them over at a profit.

"THE WORLD'S Easiest EASY CHAIR"

Who wouldn't go to sleep in a chair as restful as a Royal? This easiest of all easy chairs permits the *complete* rest and relaxation afforded only by *reclining*—stretched out at full length. And the Royal is as stylish as it is restful. Every home deserves at least *one* chair like this. Mail coupon below for your dealer's name and free style book, "Royal Comfort".

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO., STURGIS, MICH.
Also makers of the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport with the box-spring guest-bed

Many Beautiful Styles
Royal Easy Chairs have style grace and distinction. They may be had in a wide range of designs, finishes, coverings and prices. Sold singly or in Bed Davenport suites, by 5,000 leading furniture dealers

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

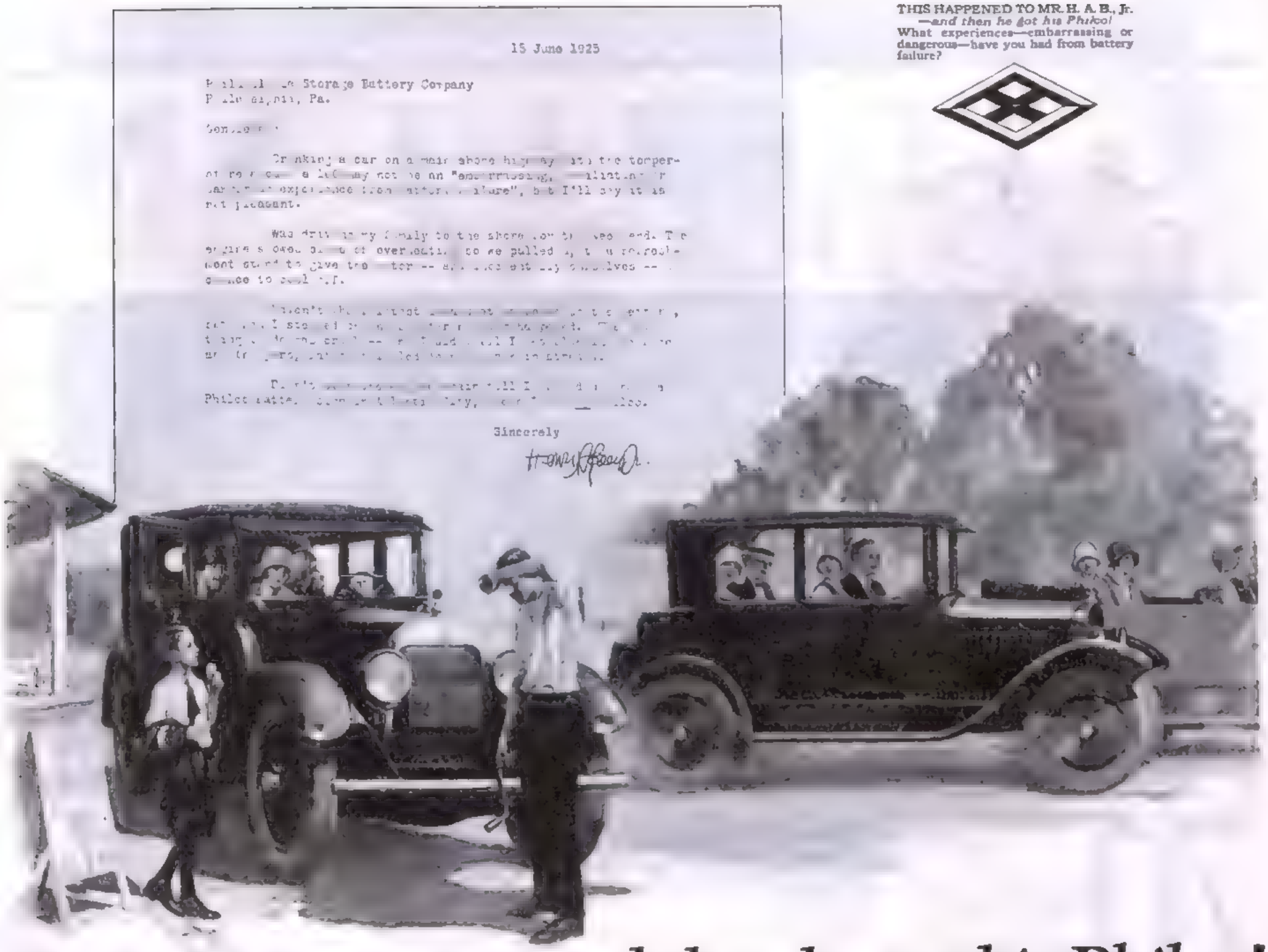
DOZING
Back fully reclined and drop-pearing leg rest at right for complete relaxation

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

Mail this Coupon

Royal Easy Chair Co., Sturgis, Mich.
Please send me your FREE style book.
Name _____
Address _____

THIS HAPPENED TO MR. H. A. B., Jr.
—and then he got his Philco!
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had from battery failure?


15 June 1925
Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen:
Cranking a car on a main shore highway at the temperature I recently did may not be an "embarrassing, humiliating or dangerous experience from battery failure", but I'll say it is not pleasant.
Was driving my family to the shore one Sunday and the engine stalled on account of overheating so we pulled up to a roadside stand to give the motor -- and incidentally ourselves -- a chance to cool off.
Philco Battery
Philadelphia

—*and then he got his Philco!*

See the acid poured in!

Philco ***Drynamic*** Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Being dry, they cannot deteriorate while in shipment or on the dealer's shelf. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. You are certain to get the full life of the battery.

Ask for Philco ***Drynamic***—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

RADIO OWNERS—Philco dealers can, and will, show you how to obtain more ease and convenience in operating your radio than you ever dreamed of

You can't drive safely in summer—any more than in winter—without a high-powered, high-capacity battery. Hours of daylight driving means hours of heavy overcharging—terrific punishment that no weak, undersize battery can stand.

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries have the over-size, shock-proof construction that absorbs the heat and stresses of summer driving. Also the tremendous surplus power you need for quick, never-failing starts—summer or winter.

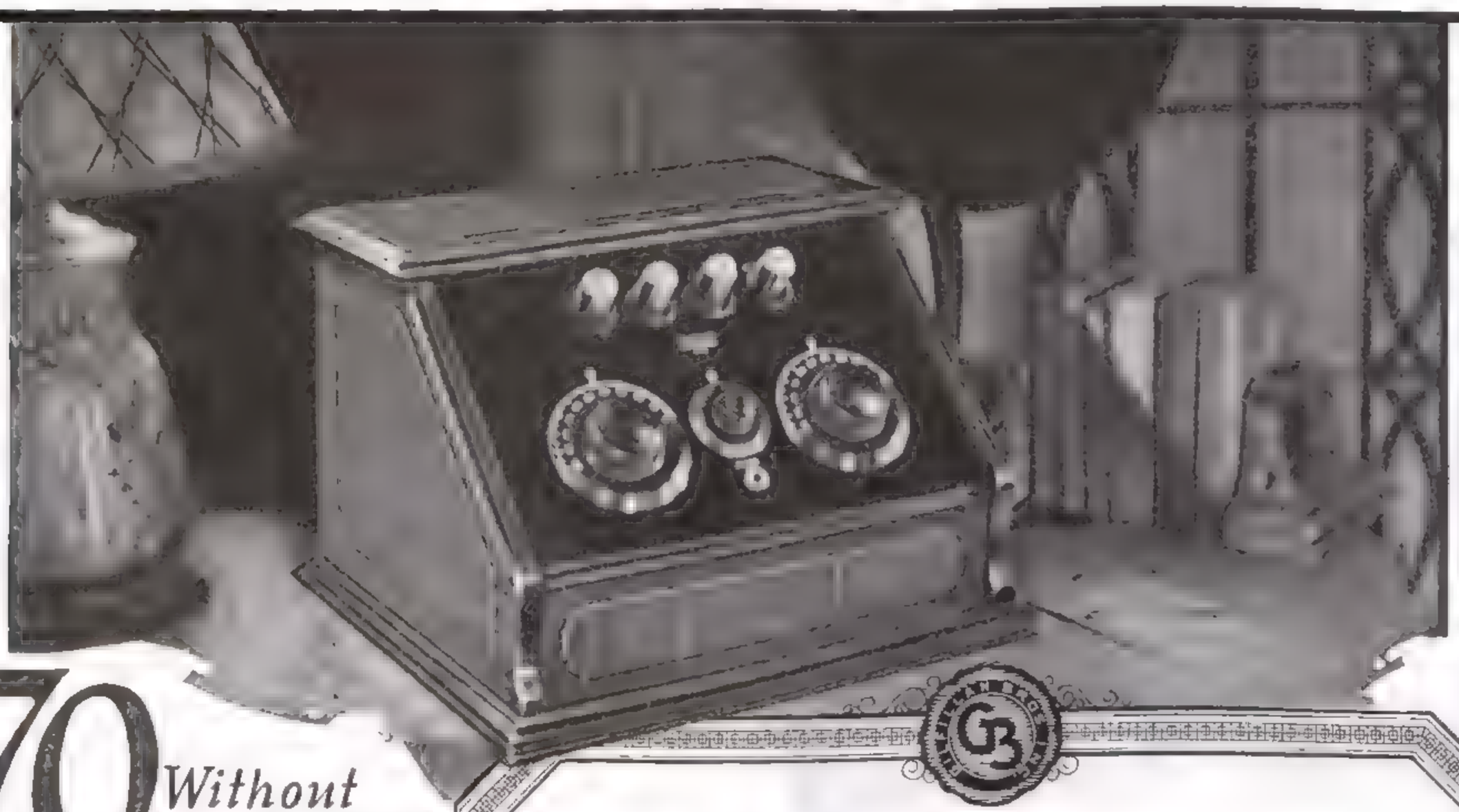
Put a long-life, super-powered *Drynamic* Philco in your car now and protect yourself against hand-cranking experiences. Even with the famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and a Two-Year Guarantee, it costs you no more than just an ordinary battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting, Radio, Electric Truck; Industrial Tractors, Passenger Cars, Mine Locomotives; Auxiliary Power, Marine, Isolated Plant BATTERIES

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

GILFILLAN
RADIO



$70 Without accessories

Style GN-4

A new 4-tube Neutrodyne of superb tone quality, and exceptional selectivity. Non-reflex. Operated with dry cell tubes and batteries, and has the new Gilfillan Straight Line Condensers and Audio Transformers. Range from 500 to 1000 miles and brings in locals without ground or antenna. Built into a handsome brown mahogany cabinet which has room for all batteries. A most efficient set at a modest price.

Style GN-5

This new model is a 5-tube Neutrodyne, of unusual range, super-selectivity and marvelous tone quality. Our engineers have designed for it new Vernier Dials which enable most delicate tuning adjustment; New Straight Line Condensers which give greater separation in dialing stations, and new Audio Transformers reproducing the broadcasting with a distinctness and mellow quality that is a revelation to the listener. The brown mahogany cabinet has a satin finish of great beauty.

Price without accessories $110

Built for Beauty as well as Duty

THESE new handsome Gilfillan models answer the universal demand for definite advancement in radio receiving sets. Tonal Refinement and Beauty are combined with improved Neutrodyne design to make a lasting investment in radio enjoyment.

With startling precision, they instantly bring in what you want. Squeals and howls are eliminated. They are the Superfine in Neutrodyne.

Stations only a few meters apart invite you with clean-cut reception and no interference. Gilfillan features allow a wide range of tone values. Highest and lowest tones are reproduced with the same mellowness as those of the middle register. This vastly improves understandability.

You are assured of dependable performance when you buy a Gilfillan model. Every set is made and completely tested in our own radio factories. They uphold Gilfillan traditions of quality recognized the world over.

Go to a Gilfillan Dealer. Operate a Gilfillan. Notice the sweet, clear tone-quality. You will then realize how much you get for your money.

Write for illustrated literature to nearest office.

GILFILLAN BROS. INC.

Main Office and Factory

1815 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

FOREIGN DISTRIBUTORS
Harringtons, Ltd., Sydney, Australia
A. G. Healing & Co., Melbourne, Australia
Radio, Ltd., Auckland, N. Z.
Electromotor, S. A., Mexico City
Toyo Denki Kogyo Co., Tokyo, Japan

Cable Address, Gilfibros

The three Gilfillan Factories are conveniently located for good service to the trade

Branch Offices and Factories
25 Wilbur Street
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
2525 W. Penn Way
KANSAS CITY, MO.

NEUTRODYNE

TAPERING OFF ON WORK

(Continued from Page 4)

It was useless—hopeless. Notwithstanding my resolutions, despite the pleadings of my friends to come on out and play a little, I always found myself, after I had walked for fifteen or twenty minutes, veering toward my typewriter. I would steel myself to resist, fight to control that insatiable appetite for labor, argue that it made no difference to any person in the universe, and least of all to myself, if I did not do a tap of work for a month; but the consuming fire was in me. The habit was too strong for me.

"I'll just drop in and see if there are any letters," I would say to myself, seeking to excuse my weakness, "and go right out again and stay away all day."

That settled it. Once in the office, all self-control would vanish. I would fiddle for a few minutes with my letters, urging myself to resist, but all the time knowing I wouldn't; and presently, hating myself for my weakness in the face of the force of this terrible habit, would sit down at the typewriter.

"I'll just finish this paragraph," I would say. "In half an hour I'll get out and stay out. One little paragraph won't do any harm."

One little paragraph! That fatal first one in the morning. Always one paragraph meant two, and then three; and at night I would stagger out, saturated with work, all my good resolutions broken, all my firm decisions shattered, all my weaknesses revealed again to me—back where I started—that pitiful thing, a hard worker.

And so it went. I scurried about the world, seeing many things and many places, but always toting that typewriter, the emblem of my thralling habit. There it was, constantly leering and jeering at me, flaunting my weakness at me, making mock of me, knowing in its spidery way that I could not resist sitting down to it once I had come within the hideous spell of it.

"Some day—some time," I would fatuously promise myself, "I shall go to see something—some war—some peace—some national convention—some political crisis—some world entanglement—some important foreign situation—some American exigency—some great spectacle—some Washington affair—some sociological, economic, political, educational, scientific or other momentous, interesting, bogus or hokum phase of human endeavor, enterprise, chicanery or guile without writing a single line about it, without putting down on paper one solitary word concerning it; some day I shall participate in one of these events as a spectator, idle and indolent, instead of sticking around as a recorder and commentator and explainer—some day."

A Million Miles After Copy

But the day didn't come. Always the urge was in me to hurry to whatever place anything was breaking and write about it. Always the appetite for work was there, the consuming appetite for work. Others went to Europe, to the Orient, to the Indies, to Asia, Africa, and toured the Americas and had fun; but not I. Others went to pleasant places in our own country and enjoyed themselves; but not I. Forever the principal item of my baggage was the typewriter, and forever the principal interest of my trip was copy—work.

I dragged that cursed machine a million miles, or thereabouts, up and down and back and forth on this globe—everywhere; a dozen times into every country in Europe, across Siberia in wartime, in and out of China and Japan so often that the native porters all knew it, to Latin America—why catalogue the earth? And in our own United States, into practically every county seat we have. When anything important or interesting was going on I wasn't standing on the sidelines enjoying it. I was in a hotel room writing about it.

Thus it went for years and years, until I was about to turn fifty. To be sure, there were times during those years, plenty of them, when I was not actually working so far as the active production of copy was concerned. There were periods when I did nothing, when I should have been loafing, and intended to loaf, but I was not happy in them. The thing had so strong a grip on me that I was constantly thinking of what I might be doing, and what there was to do, and there was no let-down in me. If something broke interestingly, and suitable for my writing purposes, it was as imperative for me to gallop off to the breaking point, towing the typewriter, as it was to write a piece about it when I got there, and when nothing was breaking it was imperative to write pieces anyhow. And other things—work, in short.

Then when I was in the midst of a heavy debauch of toil, along came a man I had known since I was a reporter; a wise man, twenty years older than I and of importance in America. He dragged me from the typewriter and walked me over to a club to which we both belonged. He ordered a dinner; a dinner of the foods of the region—we were in Washington at the time. There was some caviar, and he fussed about having the toast thin and well browned, and also over the grated whites and yolks of the eggs that went with it, and the grated onions. Then there was a big tureen of terrapin and some small soft rolls split and toasted. After that we had a wild duck, with melted jelly, and wild rice and an apple-and-celery salad, with romaine, and a mousse of Virginia ham. Then an orange water ice and coffee.

In the Grip of a Reformer

I shall always remember that dinner. It marked a turning point in my life. As we ate we talked of various things of mutual interest, and it was not until we got our cigars going that he squared away and began on the real object of the meeting.

"What were you doing when I came in?" he asked.

"Working."

"I gathered that, but on what?"

"A series of articles."

"Important?"

"I hope so."

"What would you have done if I hadn't come in?"

"Kept on working, I suppose."

"How long?"

"Oh, I don't know—a few hours, maybe."

"How about your dinner?"

"Probably I'd have gone across the street to a lunch place and eaten a couple of sandwiches."

"That's what I thought. You're fifty, aren't you?"

"Almost."

"Well, what's the idea? How long are you going to keep this up?"

"Keep what up?" I countered, but knowing exactly what he meant.

"This incessant slogging at your work."

"Dammit!" I exploded, "I can't stop! I don't know how. I've never done anything else. I've been working since I was a little boy. I've got the habit. I've——"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "I know all that. You don't have to tell me that you are a work addict, nor anybody else. That's admitted by all hands. What I am getting at is this: Are you going to keep going at this gait until you flop over on your face at your typewriter and hit the first letter of finis with your nose—and the last letter you ever will hit, too—or are you going to take a temperate view of your remaining years and ease off a bit?"

"I would if I could," I said.

"Why can't you? What's the matter with you that you can't? Is what you are doing so all-fired important in the great cosmic scheme of things that you can't

What a difference!

THE upper sash is glazed with Plate Glass. Note the clarity of every detail, the perfect vision that is like looking through the air itself.

The lower sash is glazed with ordinary window glass. Note the distortions and consider how these must strain the eyes of every member of your family.

Yet Plate Glass costs but little more than ordinary window glass. Its cost will average about one per cent of the total cost of the house, large or small. Its brilliant polished surfaces enhance the beauty of any exterior. It gives not only clear vision, but *perfect* vision. It cannot distort a view or harm the eyes of children. Plate Glass conserves heat. It pays for itself many times over in increased selling and renting value. It reduces sound. It does not break easily. And the comparative figures which your architect will gladly furnish you will prove its true economy.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"We certainly have our belting costs down to bed-rock"

"No MORE sending down to the stock-room for a new belt every few days.

"We stopped that when we found the right belts for this work. They're hogs for punishment. Outwear two of the old ones, and get more work out of the machines. Our time out for belt trouble doesn't amount to anything now. We should have changed to Graton & Knight Leather Belts years ago!"

Graton & Knight Standardized Leather Belting when used according to our standard recommendations cuts your belt costs by guaranteeing you the right belt for every drive. Belts made of live, pulley-hugging leather—right in strength, thickness and pliability to hug the pulleys tightly; to deliver power without excessive slippage, cracking and burning; to give longer, better service on the drives for which they are specifically made.

Over three hundred thousand packer steer hides of the finest quality are processed in our tanneries each year. This stock—which is the largest reserve of belting leather in the world—plus controlled, standardized production, makes our prices, quality for quality, 5 to 10% lower than the field.

This coupon brings you definite recommendations for cutting belting costs on over two hundred types of machines. It will show you the way to increased belting efficiency and help you save money in your plant.

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized

LEATHER BELTING

MAIL ME TODAY

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
Send belt information.

Name

Company

Place

Prices, quality for quality, 5 to 10% lower than the field

Tanners—makers of belts, straps, packings, fan belts, lace leather, etc.

hesitate for a minute lest some gigantic catastrophe will envelop the earth? Will this republic totter to its fall unless you bat out so many words per day on that rattly old typewriter of yours? Is the demand for literature, so-called, so great that there will be a dearth of reading matter and a lapse of publishing if you restrict your output a trifle?"

"Probably not," I answered sulkily, for I didn't like the way he was talking.

"Will you starve or suffer any material privation if you let up a little?"

"No."

"Then in the name of the pink-toed prophet, what is biting you?"

"I tell you I can't quit!" I almost shouted at him. "I don't know how."

"Exactly," he replied. "I know you don't know how—not to quit, but to ease off a little, and that's the reason I brought you here tonight. I am going to tell you how. Light another cigar and listen to me."

He gave me a fresh cigar and lighted one himself. When a few puffs and a minute inspection of the burning end had assured him that his cigar was burning properly, he turned his chair a little toward me and began:

"There are three reasons why men work. The first is material, and is the necessity for making a living that entails on most of us. The second is mental, and is one part fear that some disaster will overwhelm if every possible bit of money isn't scraped up and hidden away against an unfathomable but inevitably ill-fated future, and one part the subconscious, inherent, inborn urge that comes from centuries of impression on our forbears by those in authority that man must work in order to preserve the state, the family and, incidentally, enrich those who are in authority either politically or financially. The third is plain egoism—conceit. Men stick at their work because they think they can do it better than any other, because they think it is necessary for the preservation of whatever organization they work in or for, because they consider themselves the main props of their particular structures."

Words From a Wise Friend

"Now there are many who must work unceasingly until they die because their work and the rewards of it have left them no other choice; there are many who will work until they die because they do not know any better, and there are those who will not work at all, who are a thoroughly despicable portion of the population. I am not talking about any of these, but I am talking about a large section of our people who continue to work at fifty and on as hard as they did at twenty-five and thirty for two reasons: One is that they are deficient in vision and the other is that they are proficient in egoism. The class I refer to is made up of those who have a competence, who can live without the wages being imperative every pay day—a large section of our people, by the way.

"Do not understand me as saying, or thinking, that people of this class should quit work absolutely and become idlers. I shudder when I read in the newspapers that this man or that has retired from business, because I know that ninety times out of a hundred this man or that, seeking happiness, has found nothing but unhappiness in his retirement.

"It is an unfortunate fact that fully 90 per cent of all those who retire have no resources for self-amusement and entertainment—nothing to do. No more pathetic spectacle is seen anywhere in this world than a retired business man seeking to divert himself with golf or travel or something like that—with no other occupation. The links of this country are crowded with men, active in business or professions for forty years or so, dragging themselves around in search of surcease from their idle selves; or roaming about the world thinking they are interested—or trying to be—when their feet hurt and their hearts are heavy for the old home places and the old office desk.

"That isn't what I mean at all. What I mean is that this world is a beautiful place, and that, after he gets to be fifty, a man is just beginning to have a sufficient and a suitable philosophy, a sure-enough knowledge of values, an equitable-enough sense of proportion to enjoy it rationally and temperately. What I mean is that every man, having been born into this world willy-nilly, and having made his fight against the rigors of it in his strong and vigorous years, should, while he is able, get some of the sweets of life, some of the comforts, some of the rest and recreations of it for himself before senility makes those valuable phases of life both impossible and unappreciated.

"I think a man who has been active in business or in a profession or at any line of endeavor from youth to middle age is the gigantic idiot of all the universe to quit absolutely merely because he has laid aside what he deems to be a sufficient sum of money to provide for himself and his family, whether that sum is big or little. I think there is no fool like the fool who, having attained his million or whatever sum he has set his mark at, walks out of his shop, his office, away from his desk, or from his work, whatever it may be, and says, 'I'm through. No more work for me. I intend to play all the rest of my life."

Shifting From High to Low

"In the first place, in ninety cases out of a hundred, he can't do it. Loafing isn't learned after one is fifty. It can't be done. The only way to be a real loafer is to begin early and work at it always. No man who has been active for thirty or forty years in any line of endeavor will ever be a capable loafer merely because he quits and says he intends to be. In the second place, loafing is the poorest and most tiresome occupation in the world, *per se*.

"My idea isn't to quit work entirely, if you have been a worker, but to ease off on it. My idea is to keep on at the things you have done, but not to do so much of them. My idea is to shift from high to low, and go along doing some things—the things you like to do—and take plenty of time off to do other things; to play, to travel, to go fishing, to do any one, two or twenty of the thousand things that work has always pressed aside.

"I think that it is a good idea for every man to work as hard as he can between the years of twenty-one and fifty, but I also think it is a good idea for a man to begin easing off at fifty, and by sixty to be doing only those things that interest him, that amuse him, that entertain him. There is no business in the world that does not have aspects of this sort.

"To sum it all up: I think that any man who has worked all his life, and has been interested in and successful at his work, is the world's champion fool to think he can get happiness by dropping out of it all and seeking to entertain himself elsewhere; and I also think that the man who sticks at it hammer and tongs after he has reached successful middle age, instead of easing himself out of a good share of it and only retaining for his part the best of it—the cream—is twice the world's champion fool. The distinction goes double for him. I trust I have made myself clear."

"You have," I told him, "and I presume you are shooting at me."

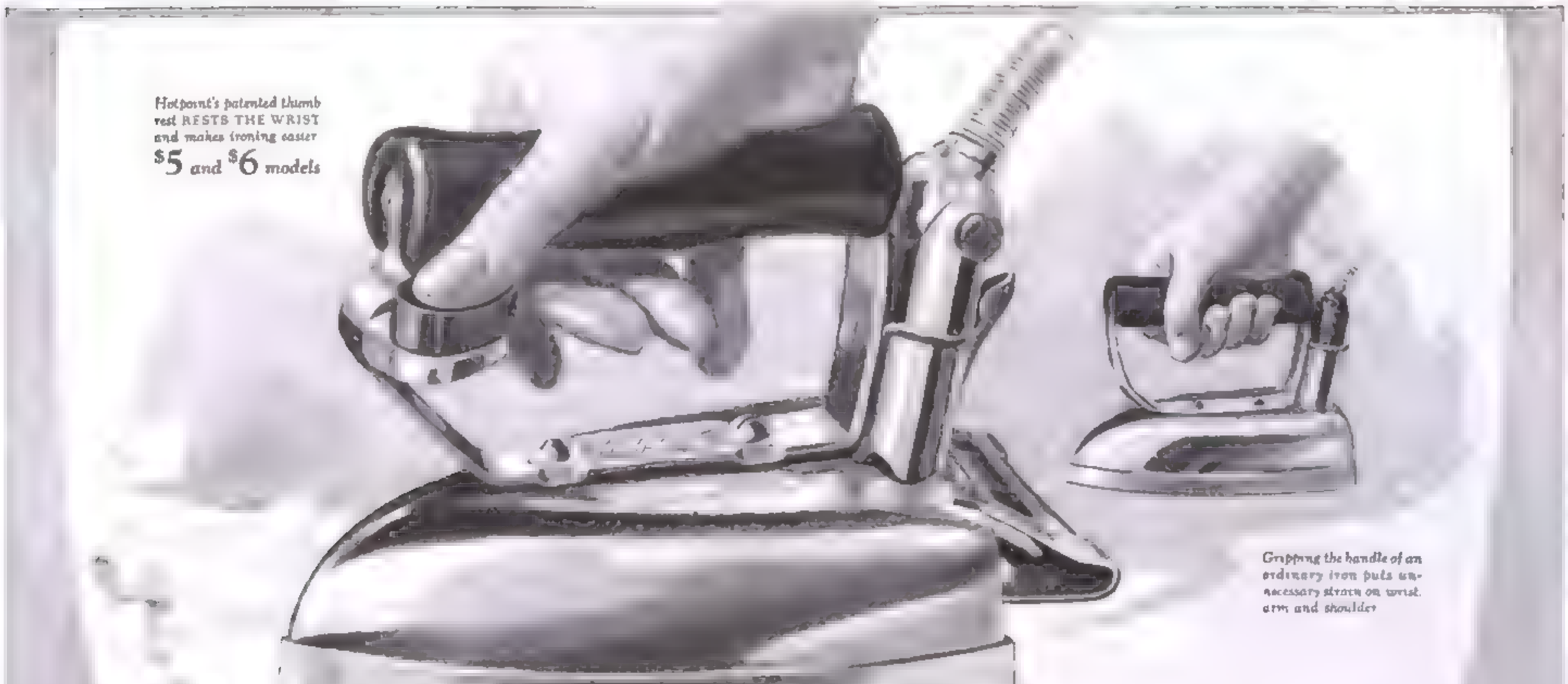
"I am."

"Well," I said, "I hope you have hit me."

He did. He hit me in more places than I knew for some time. I realized he had landed on several tender spots, as I walked away from the club, but it was several days before all the hits developed into touchy places.

Every time that I thought over what my wise old friend had said I discovered a new spot where what he said applied to me. Presently I was all speckled with sensitive sections, especially on my ego. That was sore as a boil.

(Continued on Page 121)


Hotpoint's patented thumb rest RESTS THE WRIST and makes ironing easier
$5 and $6 models
Gripping the handle of an ordinary iron puts unnecessary strain on wrist, arm and shoulder

Hotpoint Has Made Ironing Easier

A Hotpoint Iron gives advantages found in no other. Go to your dealer's and try the "feel" of the patented thumb rest. Then try gripping the handle of an ordinary iron. See the difference for yourself. Examine the exclusive hinged plug that protects the cord from breakage. Try the convenient heel-stand.

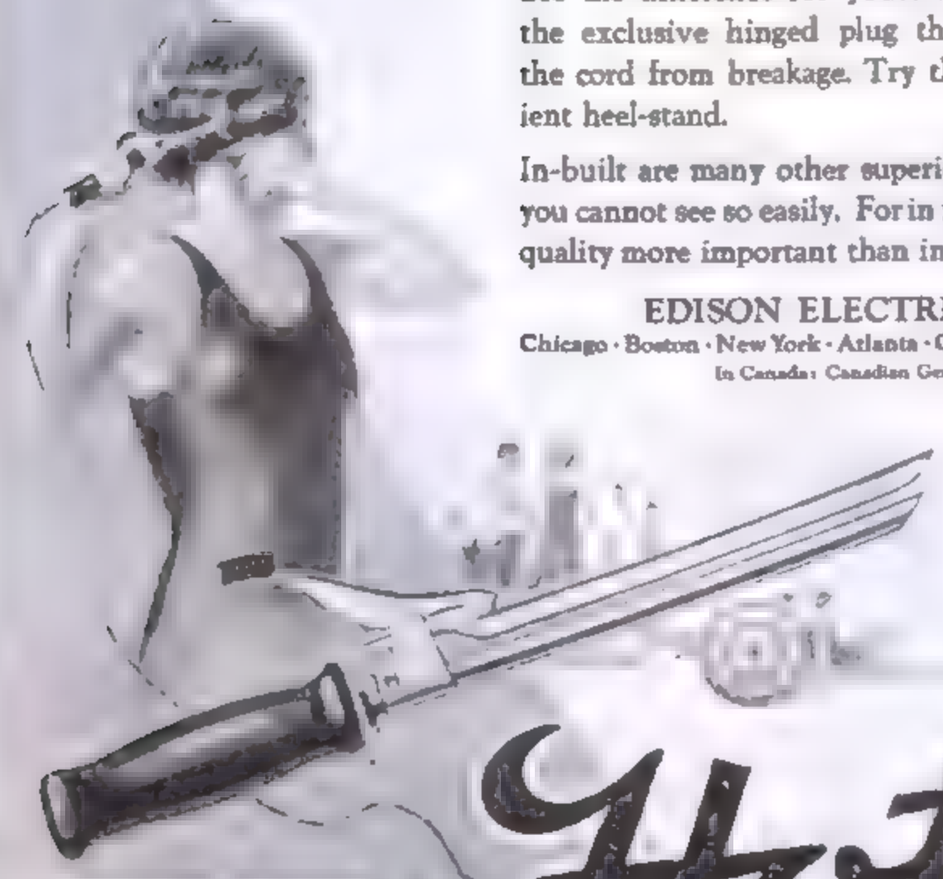
In-built are many other superiorities that you cannot see so easily. For in no article is quality more important than in an electric heating appliance. The continuous heating and cooling, over a period of years, is a strain that requires highest quality and rugged dependability to endure.

All electric heating appliances look very much alike when new. But for nineteen years *Hotpoint* appliances have made a reputation for giving *everlasting* service. Overheating or neglect will not impair their usefulness. They will prove faithful, dependable *Hotpoint Servants* for a lifetime.

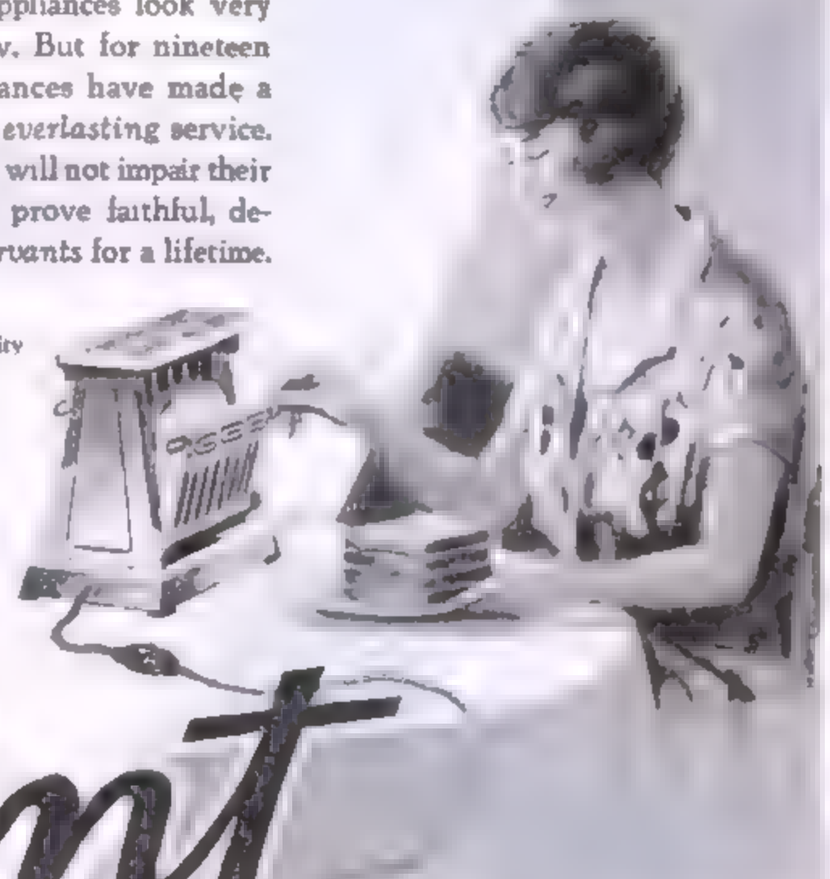
EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Chicago · Boston · New York · Atlanta · Cleveland · St. Louis · Ontario, Calif. · Salt Lake City

In Canada: Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., Toronto



As a result of many years of experience we have compiled some simple rules for making ironing easier. Ask your dealer (or write us) for a copy of "There is a Right and Wrong Way to Iron." It will help save your strength.



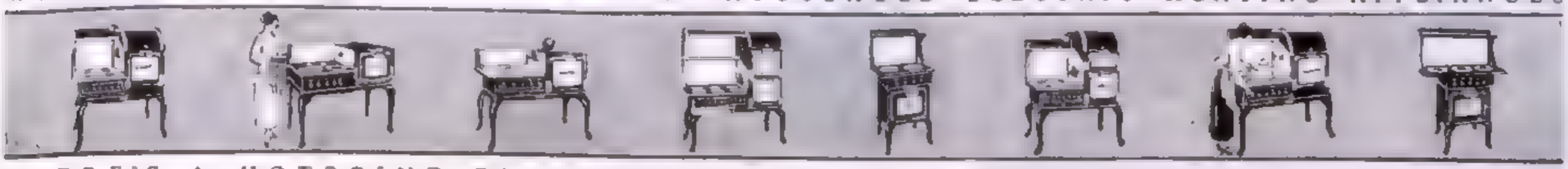
Put in professional waves and curls yourself. Only the Hotpoint Curling Iron has a shield that opens parallel to the rod and grips the hair evenly the full length. Tapered tip gets every hair. Swivel plug—cord does not twist when making round curls. $5.00. With drying comb, $5.75. L11 model with Vaporing shield, $2.95

Hotpoint SERVANTS

Make tasty toast, right at the table with this new low-priced Colonial design Hotpoint Toaster. Toasts two large slices at once. The permanently attached cord with the "Feed Through" switch for easy turning on and off is a convenience you'll appreciate. $5.75

©1931 E.E.A. Co.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES



THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

CLASS!

Not by chance is "The Olympian" called the Queen of the Rails. The moment you step aboard this splendid train you sense a character and a quality not found in any other. A little finer courtesy attends your welcome and your service by attendants who are all "Milwaukee" employes and who treat you as the guest of their road. A little extra thought for your comfort and convenience is revealed in this most modern of train equipment—luxurious sleeping cars, observation-club car, ladies' lounge, dining car serving famous "Milwaukee" meals. And where your journey leads for six hundred fifty miles through the scenic glory of the Western mountains, your superb train is drawn by *electric* power. On the wings of a resistless force, "The Olympian" pursues its swift, majestic course, without noise or jarring, smoke or soot—incomparable Queen of the Rails!

The only line operating transcontinental trains by electric power
The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma
The only line operating over its own rails all the way between Chicago and Puget Sound
The shortest line from Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma and the Orient

Round-trip Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma now only $86. You will want to see:

Rainier National Park: Free side trip from Seattle-Tacoma and return via the fine, fast National Park Limited to Ashford, the rail station for the Park, with every round-trip ticket from Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma; ask for it when you buy your ticket.

Magic Lake Crescent on Olympic peninsula: Reduced fare of only $5.00 for the round-trip from Seattle-Tacoma with every round-trip ticket from St. Paul, Minnesota, and points East, to Seattle-Tacoma.

GEO. B. HAYNES, General Passenger Agent, 718 Union Station Bldg., Chicago

1523-411

(Continued from Page 118)

And I took some time off from the typewriter to consider the matter in all its bearings. There I was, with my fiftieth year just reaching out to tap me on my somewhat stooped shoulder, and a victim of the work habit if there ever was one.

"What's it all about?" I asked myself. "You have been in this game since you were a few months past seventeen, and if you keep on at it until doomsday the best you can get is to keep as good as you have been. You know more than you did when you began; but, on the other hand, you are not so resilient as you were. Your judgment is better, your experiences wider and your views are mellowed with a certain toleration and philosophy by reason of those experiences and the knowledge you have gained that your earlier slap-dash judgments did not have; but on the other and minatory other hand again, if you'd ease off a bit it is probable that those views might be of greater value to yourself and mayhap to others if you let them ripen a little more—take a little more time to the presentation and preparation and elucidation of them—and, anyhow, what's the hurry?"

What was the hurry? I couldn't find an answer to that question; but that did not prevent the insistent urge of the habit that obsessed me to be in a hurry, to get to work again.

Meantime my vast interest in the series I was doing had languished somewhat, although I still kept at the writing of it. I would stop now and then and look out of the window and think over the lecture my friend had given me. Several mornings I left my room, firm in the resolve not to work that day, but every time I fell. On some pretext or other I went to the workroom, and there was the typewriter hypnotizing me into an assault on its rows of lettered keys. I was an addict, all right—a real one

I finished the series and the editor said the job was well done. Then, naturally, we planned another. More work? Sure! I had to have it, not because I needed it for any material reason but because the habit wouldn't let me stop. I got back late at night and went to bed thinking of how I would dash into that new work next day.

In the morning I had a revulsion of feeling. I surveyed myself in the glass as I was preparing to shave and condemned myself for a poor weak addict with not enough stamina to loaf a while, bound with chains of my own forging and lacking in any independence of action.

Saved by Sarcasm

"You make me sick," I said, jabbing myself with the lather brush. "Here you are fifty years old and all you think of is eight hours' work a day as the highest achievement of mankind. You haven't enough guts to walk out and take a month off, to play around and have some fun as other men do. Oh, no; certainly not. It is all right for others, but not for you. You've got to keep on working or the whole durned structure would fall down. It all depends on you, doesn't it? How do you get that way, you big stiff? You know that everybody concerned would be a lot better off if you took it easy, and yet this very morning you are going to beat it down to your desk to go on another work debauch. What for? In heaven's name, what for?"

I paused for reply, but got none; that is, none but the old inside urge to get busy and start that series. However, I fought with that valiantly. I went out of the house determined to walk away from the office, away from the typewriter, away from the work.

Instead, I found myself, in the course of half an hour, smack in front of the building where I then did my work, at the front door. It was no use. I was hopeless. I would, as my friend had said, keep on working until the charwoman found me sprawled over the machine and put a lily in my cold and nerveless hand.

Just as I was about to turn into the entrance, cursing my weakness and lack of courage, a hail came from a big automobile that was passing. I turned. Two fellows I knew well were in it, and it was loaded down with big bundles that looked like tents and such outdoor paraphernalia.

"Hello," I said, walking to the curb. "Where are you going?"

"Going fishing, you big galoot," one of them replied. "Going up into the woods for a month."

"Gee," I sighed, "I'd like to go!"

"Well, why don't you?" he asked.

"Why don't he?" mocked the other. "Why, he can't! He's got to write some more of his pieces for the paper. The Government would stop if he quit for a minute. Think what would happen to the universe at large if he didn't get that work done this week instead of next. Why, all the crowned heads of Europe, to say nothing of the President, are waiting, breathless, for that stuff he is writing now. He couldn't go to a theater, to say nothing of going fishing. Come on! Step on it! No use wasting time with that poor slob of a slave."

The jeers stung and seared me. Every sore spot from the talk at the club grew sorer than at first. I knew it was all true I knew that I had let the work habit get the better of me. And I flamed into a great rage—at the jeerer, of course, instead of at myself.

"You go to hell!" I shouted at him. "I'll show you whether I am a slave or not! Lemme in there!"

Other Things Besides Work

And, as I was, I climbed into that car and for a month nobody knew where I was except the bank when the checks came in for the stuff I had to buy along the way to make myself fit for such an excursion. To be sure, I had several revulsions that it was all wrong; but I stuck it out, and after the second week, work—my kind—was a memory, not an obsession.

After I got back I went over to see the editor, fearful lest I had failed him in a critical time. I hadn't done any work for a whole month. Such a thing had never happened before.

"Haven't done anything on that stuff yet," I told him, wondering what the reaction would be.

"What stuff?" he asked—rather vacantly, I thought. "Oh, yes. Well, there's no hurry. Any time will do. Plenty of articles on hand and more coming in with every mail."

Well, that completed the cure. I walked away from that editor's desk liberated from the habit of work. Instead of being a work toper, as I had been a month before, I had become a temperate, moderate user of the commodity. Instead of thinking about work all the time, and doing it most of the time, I thought of other things and I did other things. I found a delightful place to live and went there. I discovered the out-of-doors and lived in it. I took up sports I never had had time to learn and learned them. I read books that had stood on my shelves unopened for years. I went places without the typewriter and enjoyed them. I wrote things I had always wanted to write but never had been able to get around to. I cut down my output and possibly improved it, and had more fun every month than I had had in the preceding fifty years.

I didn't quit work. I didn't retire. I never shall. What I did was to ease off on production and increase on reflection. Instead of working all the time, I work only part of the time. Instead of trying to do it all, I try only to do less than half and do not care much if it is only a third.

It was seven years ago that I reformed. It is true that there have been a few relapses into the old habits of work, but nothing serious. I consider myself a thoroughly regenerated character—a temperate, moderate worker as befits my years. Come sixty and I'll be practically immune, save for the things I want to do myself.

Like shoveling dollars into the furnace

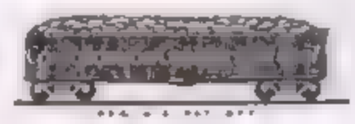
"TEN carloads of coal, f. o. b. mine," reads the order.

If it turns out to be high-ash coal, you actually get only *eight or nine* cars of heating value.

You pay both for the ash and for freighting it. It's like shoveling dollars into the furnace to burn high-ash coal. They're in the useless ninth and tenth cars.

Every carload of Consolidation Coal is a carload of heat—low-ash coal. Coal from which preventable ash, visible impurities have been removed *at the mine.* Consolidation Clean Coal—the economical coal of industry.

Shovel clean coal into the furnace—not dollars.



THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building—New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg.*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. *137 Market Street*
BALTIMORE, MD. *Continental Bldg.*
BOSTON, MASS. *State Mutual Bldg.*
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Bankers Trust Bldg.*
WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg.*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg.*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Rockefeller Bldg.*
MILWAUKEE, WIS. *830 South Canal Street*

Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND *Bülter Sq. Bldg.* / GENOA, ITALY *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.* / TORONTO, CANADA *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Royal Bank Bldg.* / GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*

© Copyrighted by the Consolidation Coal Company, Inc., 1925

Make Your Ford Run Better

The better you treat your Ford, the better it will treat you.

Try a little experiment. Give your Ford Quaker State Motor Oil—the oil that is recommended by Rolls-Royce.

You'll be astonished at the result—spark plugs stay clean, valves stay tight, carbon troubles disappear, there's a big jump in power, and the motor is livelier and smoother.

QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

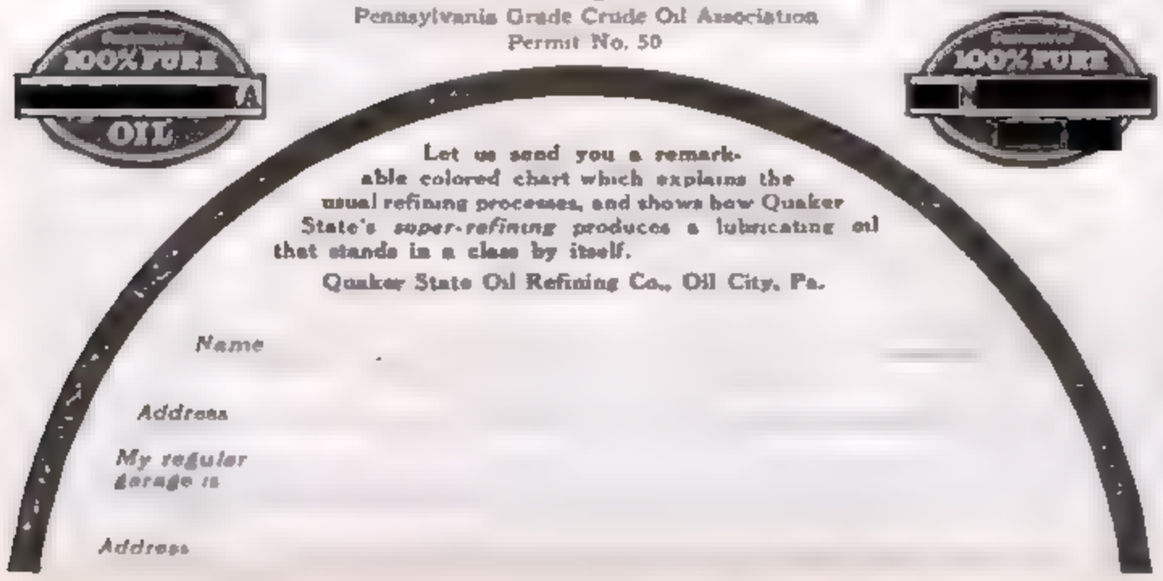
There is a good reason for this improvement. Quaker State Motor Oil, unlike ordinary oils, is *all* lubricant. For Quaker State is *super-refined*. The usual refining process markets a mixture, more than one-quarter of which has little or no lubricating qualities.

Quaker State's exclusive *super-refining* rejects this useless portion. Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant—100%.

That's what sets it apart. That's the basis of its remarkable mileage records. That's why any car, Ford or Rolls-Royce, will run more satisfactorily for more miles, at less cost per mile, if you use Quaker State.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.
Successors to Plumny Brothers Co. and The Eastern Refining Co.
OIL CITY, PA.

Official Insignia of the
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Permit No. 50


100% PURE
OIL
100% PURE
Let us send you a remarkable colored chart which explains the usual refining processes, and shows how Quaker State's super-refining produces a lubricating oil that stands in a class by itself.
Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.
Name
Address
My regular garage is
Address

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

that I might be persuaded to keep the thing dark for a thousand dollars. He completely mistook my meaning and offered me a thousand to publish the story. Oh, abominable people, really."

"And as for kidnaping!" sighed 1342. There are not really 1300 prisoners in our jail. But Tompkins County likes to do things in a big way. The Tompkins County street cars are numbered 1001, 1002 and 1003. "As for kidnaping, it is far from the easy and enjoyable livelihood that laymen imagine it to be. I know, for I tried kidnaping once.

"Gorilla Casey and I were in on it. We had some idea of making off with a millionaire's baby, but the thought of nursing a baby was a little too awful. So we picked the fourteen-year-old son of Elias Waterbuck, the financier. We lured our victim into our car and carried him off to our apartment.

"But the sons of wealthy parents are so wretchedly brought up nowadays! What is our boasted educational system worth if it turns out brats like Junior Waterbuck? He would start whistling 'Why did you shatter my dreams and go back to the gutter where you belong?' at six in the morning and would not stop till midnight. He was always trying out schoolboy tricks on us, making up apple-pie beds, putting salt in the sugar, carving his initials in the furniture, interrupting the most serious conversation with idiotic jokes and vaudeville catchwords. He showed absolutely no respect or consideration for his elders at any time.

"We tried gagging him, but he made such dreadful noises through his nose that we had to undo him. We tried tying him to a chair, and he broke the chair. The worst of it was that he thoroughly enjoyed the experience—thought he was having an adventure.

"The father did not answer our first letter directing him to throw a hundred thousand dollars out of a Long Island train as it passed Woodmere. Neither did he pay any attention to our second letter, commanding him to put fifty thousand dollars in an ash can in Bronx Park. Finally we sent an itemized bill for a week's board plus damages and breakages amounting to $264.50. He did not answer that, either. So finally, in order to have some peace, we set the little rascal loose. And what did he do but assemble a band of his scoundrelly school fellows and come back and kidnap Gorilla Casey and me!" —*Morris Bishop.*

The Right College for Junior

AUNT FANNY thinks it is the one with the pretty lavender cover and gold lettering on its pamphlet.

Mother thinks it is the one with the president who has such a nice face.

Father will agree to anywhere the maximum cost is under three thousand a year.

Sister doesn't care as long as it is famous for its fraternity house parties.

And Junior never says a word, for he knows that after the family is through wrangling he will pick it himself.

—*McCready Huston.*

ALASKA FROM THE INSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

begun to know what is in Alaska. It is a great land which needs but to be known and to be loved for its beauty, its grandeur and its assurance that it will be the home of many thousands of stalwart Americans."

At that time, January, 1920, the creation of an Alaskan Development Board, resident in Alaska, to be appointed by the President, was proposed in pending legislation, such board to have authority "broad enough to permit it to develop Alaska along pioneer lines, making the rewards ample for those who do the developing, but insuring against long speculative holding." In principle, if not in detail, this proposition was akin to the commission plan of government for the territory advocated by President Taft. A tentative bill was formulated by Representative Curry, chairman of the Committee on Territories of the House, and was under discussion a year later, when Mr. Lane, having retired from public life, died on May 18, 1921.

The printed hearings on this Development Board measure, which was primarily intended to coördinate and concentrate Federal activities in Alaska, constitute the most illuminating presentation of conditions in the Northland ever documented. Although a divergence of opinion developed on minor points, Alaskans and those familiar with the country uniformly commended the aims and purposes of the proposed legislation, but the Federal bureaus opposed it and rallied to their support the conservationists of the East on the theory that the measure would invite spoliation of the forests, the fisheries and game.

The Agricultural Department strenuously objected to the transfer of any of its agencies to a board operating under another department. Admitting the need of coördination and favoring this underlying principle of the bill, Chief Forester Greeley held that it was not necessary, in order to give Alaska efficient administration, "to incur the risk of breaking up a consistent control and consistent national policy in dealing with each of our public resources by the responsible agencies in Washington."

Avowing complete sympathy with the idea of local administration of Federal activities and public resources in Alaska, he said the greatest evil had been long-range administration from Washington, particularly on detailed matters, and the insistence upon inflexible rules which were not adapted to a remote country and did not give the officials in the territory sufficient discretion.

In reaching a solution, he said, there would be just three plans in his platform: "In the first place I would let the control of policies as exercised through general regulations rest right where it is now, the Department of Agriculture as to its work, the Interior Department as to its work, and the Department of Commerce as to its work. Secondly, I would put in Alaska a local representative of each department, with authority to act on the ground within the regulations prescribed by the department head, and I would make that authority very wide. Thirdly, I would provide for Alaska a cabinet in which all these local department heads would get together and correlate their work."

The committee made no report on the Development Board measure and ultimately it was abandoned.

A similar fate attended coördination bills introduced at the ensuing regular session of Congress in 1921–22, when again it was proposed to vest jurisdiction over Alaska in the Interior Department. Friction developed in the cabinet over the pending legislation and a repetition of the costly conservation row of ten years before was threatened.

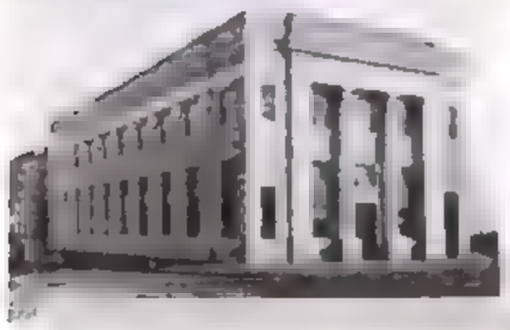
To avert this and restore administration harmony and preserve political peace the coördination bills were prudently deferred and finally pigeonholed and forgotten. And so the heterologous system is undisturbed and complicatedly endures.

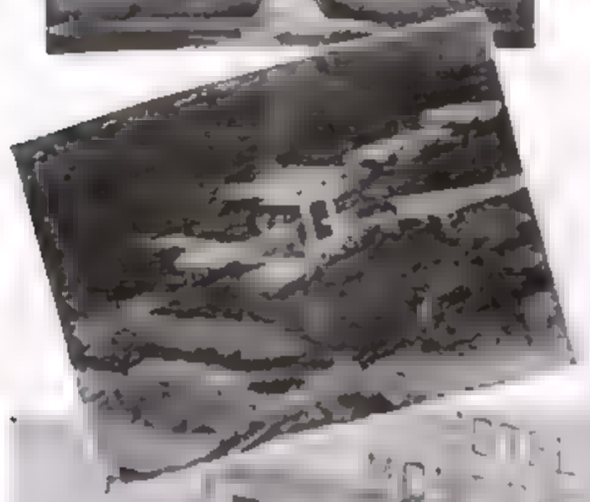
On the main issue, that coördinated Federal activities in Alaska would be conducive to the dispatch of business and general efficiency, and to economy as well, no plausible argument in opposition has ever

(Continued on Page 125)

Building for Permanence at LONGVIEW Washington

The City Practical that Vision Built





THE structures pictured here—some of the modern buildings in Longview, Washington—are graphic evidence of the character, permanence and stability of this new industrial city of the Pacific Northwest.

A City of Realization

The manufacturing and mercantile enterprises selecting Longview as their future home, have done so only after exhaustive investigation and millions of dollars are now permanently invested in factory and business buildings, homes and institutions.

Growing Without "Boom Methods"

In less than three years, without having a "boom", Longview has grown from an idea and a plan into an independent American city of more than seven thousand population with a monthly payroll that will aggregate $800,000 this summer, it is conservatively estimated. Thus, the foresight and judgment of its founders and builders have been sustained in fact.

Offering Opportunity to Manufacturers

New manufacturing concerns, seeking a prepared foundation upon which to build for the future, will find Longview offers all the essentials of successful industry. Older, established firms will find Longview a logical point from which to intensify the distribution of their products in the great Pacific Northwest.

For Wholesaler and Jobber

Wholesale and jobbing concerns, in all lines, are invited to investigate Longview and the rich and evergrowing trade territory adjacent. Shippers and receivers in world commerce will find Longview rail and water terminal facilities adequate for large operations.

Longview asks nothing more than your most careful investigation. Come and see for yourself.

Information about Longview will be supplied upon application. The coupon printed below is for your convenience.

The Longview Company
Longview, Washington

Pictures on left side reading from the top

1. Looking south on Commerce Ave.
2. $125,000 Community Church under construction.
3. One of Longview's beautiful residence streets.
4. Longview National Bank.
5. $150,000 Public Library under construction.
6. Manufacturing Plants of The Long-Bell Lumber Co.
7. Hotel Monticello.

Longview has all the essentials to make a city, and its foremost asset is Transportation—three transcontinental railways, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern; the Columbia River with its ocean-going commerce to the leading ports of the world; two internationally famous paved highways—the Columbia River Highway and the Pacific Highway—and a third, the Ocean Beach Highway, now being built. Longview is 50 miles northwest of Portland, 50 miles east of the Pacific Ocean and 135 miles south of Seattle.

Pictures on right side reading from the top

1. Ocean-going vessels loading lumber at Longview docks.
2. Longview Community House.
3. $75,000 Passenger Station.
4. Plant of the Longview Daily News.
5. Columbia Theater Building—cost $250,000.
6. $200,000 Public Hospital.
7. Longview Public School

PLEASE USE THE COUPON IN SENDING FOR LITERATURE

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Washington Dept. 11

Gentlemen: Please send me literature concerning the new city of Longview. I am particularly interested in its opportunities for:

(Make a check mark in the square)

[ ] Manufacturing	[ ] Retail	[ ] Wholesale
[ ] Professional	[ ] Commercial	[ ] Home Site
[ ] Suburban Acreage	[ ] Income Property	Investment

Name _____

Address _____

To *the Women of America*

Noe-Equl representatives bring a wider service...

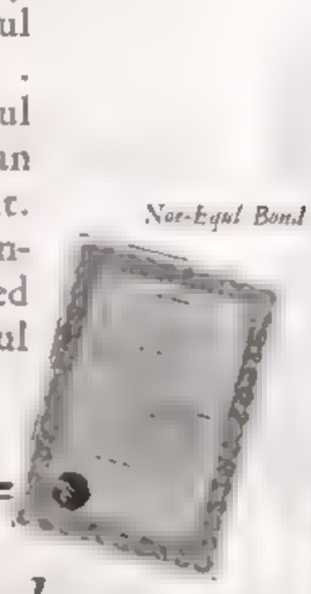
Offering in your own home Noe-Equl pure-silk hosiery, Noe-Equl tailored lingerie direct from Noe-Equl Mills . . . every article guaranteed

To THIS newer and better service are dedicated the vast resources of the Noe-Equl Mills . . . resources representing a great invested capital, a manufacturing plant excelled by none, and an organization that is the largest of its kind in the world.

It is an organization reaching to the Orient for finest silks; to England, Scotland, Belgium and our own sunny South for other yarns. Paris cables it of styles and colors in lingerie and hosiery. New York spreads its newest offerings before Noe-Equl eyes.

Then, ten million flying needles fashion the beautiful Noe-Equl stockings and underthings. These are delivered to you by Uncle Sam, when you have made your selections from the samples brought to your home by Noe-Equl men and women trained to this newer and better service.

In selling to you direct from the mills like this, Noe-Equl prices are lower than you could otherwise obtain. And every Noe-Equl garment is guaranteed for quality and wear. Every pair of Noe-Equl stockings . . . every pair of socks . . . is also guaranteed. Every Noe-Equl representative is bonded and wears an emblem of identification. Look for it. It is your assurance of getting the wonderful merchandise and values offered by the Noe-Equl Mills. Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pa.



A *business opportunity for progressive men and women*

A new calling and a new service is this offered by the Noe-Equl Mills. Alert and ambitious men and women in many states have made it their own, and through it have grown to a new prosperity.

Now, in the still greater expansion of Noe-Equl business, there is room for more men and women of the caliber of those who have been such important factors in the extraordinary success of Noe-Equl today.

To be a Noe-Equl representative means a permanent and profitable connection. Such connections are open in many communities—perhaps in your own. If you think you can qualify, *write us*. Previous experience in selling not essential, but must have an appreciation of success and the desire to win it. Address Stanley H. Pursell, Sales Manager, Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Reading, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 122)

been entered. The fact is too obvious for controversy. But conservation, while not actually involved in administrative reforms, invariably clouds and confuses the issue and prevents action.

Officially I have said and repeat: "Alaska requires conservation, favors it and welcomes it, and gives steadfast support to every practical safeguard, existent or proposed, necessary to prevent reckless exploitation in any direction in the development of the territory. A concentration of authority and responsibility—a businesslike organization of Alaska's affairs, in lieu of divided authority and responsibility—certainly would make for administrative efficiency and hasten the safe solution of territorial problems. That government through bureaus is good for any land or any community is too untenable for sober discussion. Equally so is the thought that conservation in Alaska is dependent upon such a system, or that the abrogation of bureaucracy would render the protection of the resources any less secure."

Secretary Work's Impression

A member of the President's party, the Secretary of the Interior, on the conclusion of the tour in 1923, stated in a memorandum to the President that his impression of Alaska seemed to support the following conclusions:

"The administration of government activities is a one-man job.

"Either the Department of the Interior or the Department of Commerce should be charged with Alaska; authorized to appoint an additional assistant secretary to be governor of Alaska.

"The governor should then construct his bureau on the same lines as those serving in the departments at Washington and select its personnel from government employes in the different departments now resident in Alaska, each department to be reached through one of them.

"All government service for Alaska should be done in Alaska that can be done there."

The memorandum further stated that the Secretary contemplated recommending the transfer of the reindeer industry from the Bureau of Education to the Land Office; the education of the native Alaskans—Indians and Eskimos—from the Bureau of Education to the territory, and the discontinuance of the Bureau of Education as a responsibility of the Interior Department. He expressed the opinion that the road work carried on in the territory under appropriations charged to the military budget "might properly be placed under the operation of the Agricultural Department in connection with the road building—Bureau of Public Roads—in the national forests of Alaska," evidently having in mind the extension of the Federal Aid Act to Alaska.

These and other tentative recommendations received consideration, no doubt, but President Harding in his last speech, in which he extolled Alaska and paid high tribute to its citizenship, while barely touching upon the administrative system, gave unqualified approval to existent policies of conservation, which was hailed as a vindication and indorsement of those opposing any change of authority or control.

Bureaucracy, therefore, seems firmly intrenched until such time as Congress shall overhaul, coördinate, simplify and systematize all departments of the Government, incidentally including Alaska.

In proclaiming American Forest Week this year, President Coolidge said: "Our forests ought to be put to work and kept at work. I do not minimize the obstacles that have to be met, nor the difficulty of changing old ideas and practices. We must all put our hands to this common task. It is not enough that the Federal, state, and local governments take the lead. There must be a change in our national attitude. Our industries, our landowners, our farmers, all our citizens must learn to treat our forests as crops, to be used, but also to be renewed. We must learn to tend our woodlands as carefully as we tend our farms."

This applies directly to Alaska, where the forests have not been "put to work and kept at work." Harvestration is an essential factor in conservation. The Forest Service is quite alive to the fact, of course. But wood-pulp and paper projects have not eventuated and the woodland crops of the North are still uncut and await a market.

Divided Jurisdiction

Of the three branches of the Government exercising large authority in Alaska—the Interior Department, with jurisdiction over mining, the millions of acres of unreserved land, an infinitesimal fraction of which only has been surveyed, the education and care of natives as wards of the nation, and the operation of the Alaska Railroad; Commerce, with control of the fisheries, the now paramount and most productive industry, and the coast and geodetic work; and Agriculture, with authority over 20,000,000 acres of forest reserves, the building of roads therein and adjacent thereto, the supervision of game and fur-bearing animals, and the maintenance of agricultural experiment stations—the Interior Department is the least dominant. Periodically under fire, it not only has been unable to extend its powers, but holds those it possesses with difficulty. Alaska has long been its chief trouble, and a willingness, therefore, to permit Commerce to be charged with Alaska, as shown by the memorandum quoted, and the expressed desire to transfer the schooling and care of the natives to the territory and be relieved of the Bureau of Education become understandable.

Under such an administrator as Herbert Hoover, who systematizes and coördinates

The Governor's Mansion at Juneau. President Harding Spoke From the Porch, July 10, 1923, and a Tablet Commemorates the Event. He Was the Only President Who Ever Visited Alaska

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Building the finest materials into attractive styles, and moulding them carefully to give that old shoe "feel" is our way of earning the appreciation of the man who wants shoes that feel as good as they look.

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

THE BELDEN
Style S-107

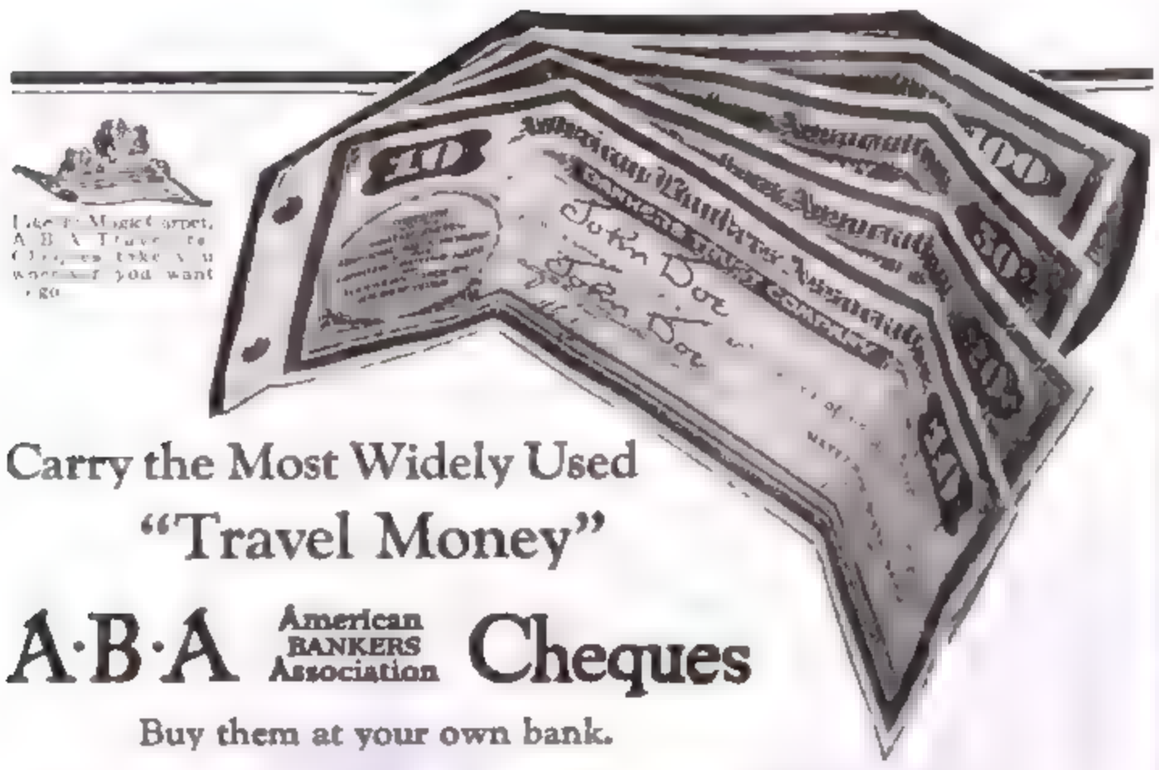
not 3 wise men but 3 million!

WISE MOTORISTS always carry a Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer in their cars for making emergency puncture repairs. With it they can make a lasting, heat-vulcanized repair—the same as tire repair shops make—and be on their way again in just a few minutes. It's the easiest and quickest way.

Get this "Hole Outfit" today. You never can tell when you'll need it. Complete outfit costs only $1.50 wherever auto accessories are sold. Slightly higher in Canada and far West.

C. A. SHALER CO.
WAUPUN, WIS., U. S. A.
Branch Factories
Beeston, England, and Montreal, Canada

SHALER



Carry the Most Widely Used
"Travel Money"

A·B·A American BANKERS Association Cheques

Buy them at your own bank.

650,000 travelers last year carried and cashed 6,000,000 A·B·A Cheques totaling $136,500,000—the official "travel money" of the American Bankers Association, sold by 11,000 banks and trust companies in the United States and Canada.

Safer than money to carry on the person while traveling.

Easy to cash anywhere at home and abroad [illegible]

Handy, coming in compact bill folds in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100.

Nice to handle: Clean, crisp, fresh and handsome as new bank-notes.

An identification, saving you the embarrassment of having a personal check refused, and avoiding annoying delays.

Good for customs: Accepted by the U. S. Government in payment of customs duties.

Ask for FREE TRAVEL BOOKLET, or write us direct.

The Agent of the issuing banks for the payment of all American BANKERS Association Travelers' Cheques is

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

KREOLITE

"Outlast the Factory"

Suitable for every industry.
Can be installed without interrupting production

THE JENNISON-WRIGHT COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio

Branches in All Large Cities

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

everything he touches, and sees the necessity of general reorganization, undoubtedly official order would be brought out of official chaos and the affairs of this remote but promising land would be handled efficiently. Logically the suggested transfer is commendable. Certainly the Alaska Railroad would fit better under the Department of Commerce and profit by the change, since no step has been taken to colonize or develop the land traversed by the railroad, and commerce must essentially be the basis of its success.

The Agricultural Department, which in Alaska means the Forest Service and the Bureau of Public Roads, is admittedly efficient and functions helpfully. It has brought its administration closer home to Alaska and is signally successful in securing needed appropriations from Congress. Its bureau officials are trained and well qualified, and alert to the wisdom of close cooperation with the territory. It is the department's policy to give them the fullest authority and have them exercise it. The one remaining weakness in its organization, making for circumlocution and delay, is the maintenance by the Bureau of Public Roads of its Alaska headquarters at Portland.

Long-Range Administration

Of all the Federal agencies operating in the territory, the Bureau of Education is the feeblest. Long-range direction of the schools and hospitals for the natives explains it. Officially the best I could say of the Government's treatment of its wards—still so dealt with, although Congress has made them citizens—was that it "generously, if not always efficiently or adequately, provides for them." Unofficially it may conservatively be said that this provision falls far short of actual, urgent needs and is deplorably inefficient. The present chief of the Alaska Division of the Bureau of Education officiates at Seattle. Annual recommendations by governors and biennial memorials from the legislature urging a change of this impossible status have gone unheeded at Washington. By contrast with the progressive school system for white children conducted by the territory, the native schools, with few exceptions, are of negligible value and make a pitiable showing.

Equally ill-equipped is the medical administration. The bureau spends in Alaska more than two-thirds of its total appropriation of $437,075, and an additional sum of $122,320 is made available this fiscal year for the medical and sanitary relief of the Eskimos, Aleuts, Indians and other natives. To date such large expenditures have failed to produce commensurate results or revealed, generally speaking, wisdom in the outlay.

The natives are scattered over a wide domain and the difficulties attending their care and education are great, but the territory in its educational and relief work has been remarkably successful in overcoming such difficulties. Often the territory in emergency extends aid to natives, although literally the use of its relief funds is confined to whites on the erroneous theory that the Indians and Eskimos are otherwise provided for. For some months the American Red Cross has kept in Alaska a corps of nurses who have rendered a fine service in alleviating distress among the Indians and teaching them how to live.

If a fraction of the sum disbursed at long range through bureau channels was made available for use at the hands of trained Red Cross agents, the condition of the nation's wards would be greatly improved. Missions conducted by church denominations do a praiseworthy humanitarian work with limited resources, and the Sheldon-Jackson School at Sitka is a progressive and useful institution. Accessible Indian communities such as Kake, Bayview, Hydaburg and Metlakatla, in Southeastern Alaska, have made notable progress and are model towns, but conditions in remote localities are distressing in the extreme.

Two departments of the Government—the Treasury, charged with customs collections, and the Post Office Department, delivering mail by water, rail and trail, with aerial routes in prospect—function in Alaska with the utmost efficiency and smoothness. Service is their watchword and criticism is rarely heard. The postal administration is liberally responsive to the territory's needs and by keeping practical men in the field readily overcomes obstacles which daunt other branches of the Government.

The Department of Justice, with a Federal Court system in each of the four judicial divisions, is vested with wide jurisdiction in Alaska. United States commissioners, appointed by the courts, serve in all settled communities in the capacity of justices of the peace, and marshals and their deputies preserve the peace. The department also bears the expense of transporting insane persons to an outside institution. Although politics enters into appointments to the bench, the courts are in good hands and justice is faithfully and intelligently administered.

There is no more orderly section of the globe than Alaska. It is a law-respecting land. Even in Ketchikan, the first Alaskan port, in close proximity to the Canadian shore, where the smuggling of liquor by gas boat is easy, the prohibition law is better regarded and more rigidly enforced than in cities on the Pacific Coast and Atlantic Seaboard. Hence the classification of Alaska as lawless, still adhering to customs of stampede days, justly caused profound indignation.

A constabulary similar to the state police of Pennsylvania and New York, or modeled after the mounted police system of Canada, is needed in Alaska. Then instead of several agencies—game wardens, fur wardens, fish wardens, prohibition officers and marshals—engaged in enforcing different laws, a trained body of men would be charged with the duty of enforcing all laws. Once instituted, such a constabulary should materially reduce Federal expenses, and is especially desirable in view of the abandonment of army posts in the territory.

Probing the Probers

Departmental ineptitude at Washington is responsible for many of Alaska's ills and makes confusion worse confounded. Year in and year out investigations of flimsy complaints are under way, affording no end of useless trips and entailing a heavy and continuous expense upon Uncle Sam. Charges too frivolous and baseless for sober consideration too often receive attention, and investigators are needlessly dispatched to the scene to institute probings. Thus the service is constantly demoralized and embarrassed. Instances innumerable might be cited in point.

Many months ago, as one such, charges were preferred against the court authorities of the Juneau division, which the resident agent of the Bureau of Investigation specifically reported as wholly unfounded. Thereupon accused of prejudice, his findings were disregarded and two special agents detailed to journey to Alaska and investigate. After searching inquiry they confirmed the previous report. Immediately these investigators were accused and their findings challenged, and three other agents, "tried and true men" in the service, were ordered to probe the charges anew. Exhaustive labor of weeks on their part failed utterly to disclose proof, and so they, too, reported, with transcribed testimony under oath in volumes which ultimately will reach the governmental archives and there repose. Throughout this prolonged period of investigation and reinvestigation, the court, with burdened docket, pursuing the even course of its honorable judicial way, was kept on the rack, when the department, at the start of it all, had been duly informed of the facts and that there was no basis for any probing. Such is the operation of the system in Alaska.

(Continued on Page 129)

Complete Fly Riddance

TANGLEFOOT
FLY SPRAY-FLY PAPER

TO kill a roomful of flies wholesale, charge the atmosphere with Tanglefoot Fly Spray.

Then to catch the stragglers that later work past your screens, put a few sheets of Tanglefoot Fly Paper in places where the air is quiet and the light strong. This is the simple, convenient and sanitary method of enjoying complete fly riddance.

Tanglefoot Spray is of extra strength. This makes it powerfully efficient and equally effective against flies, moths, mosquitoes, bedbugs and fleas. It is stainless, non-injurious and fully guaranteed. Quart can $1.25, pint 75¢ and half-pint 50¢. Tanglefoot Super-Sprayer, 35 cents.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Backed by a name and reputation known around the world

TANGLEFOOT-KILLS FLY SPRAY

Sealy

~the Outside Mark of the Superior Inside Quality~

$50.00
East of the Rockies

Sealy SUPREME BED SPRING

A durable and satisfying spring that fits VARIOUS SIZES AND shapes of either wood, iron, brass, bow-foot, or straight end beds.

Made of one continuous piece of angle iron, with top border wire of one piece. Ninety nine coils of finest Premier tempered steel spring wire, with heavy coils on the sides to support the edges.

When you buy the SEALY SUPREME you secure the best bed spring that can be obtained.

LUXURIOUS SLEEP COMFORT with ECONOMY

When you can sleep on a Sealy TUFTLESS Mattress for three nights at a cost of 1c—or one year at a cost of $1.25—or 40 or more years at a cost of $50.00,—where is the economy or wisdom of buying an ordinary mattress that serves only from 2 to 5 years?

Sealy TUFTLESS Mattresses made forty years ago are still giving good service.

Want real rest? Ask your dealer to show you the Sealy TUFTLESS Mattress and explain the exclusive features of construction that make it so luxuriously comfortable and so economical.

Sealy TUFTLESS MATTRESS

Built like a giant pillow, with its nicely arched crown, soft and smooth and free of tufts, the Sealy matches in appearance the boast of its friends that it is the most comfortable mattress made today.

The Sealy TUFTLESS contains only new, live, unbleached, virgin, long-fibre cotton so woven by the patented air-weave process that it retains its shape and buoyancy, and never becomes hard, lumpy or matted.

Cool, Refreshing, Inviting

As the cotton is not crushed or matted, air is given full freedom of circulation throughout the mattress making it always refreshing and inviting to the tired, exhausted body. Covered with fine quality durable tick.

With ordinary care, the Sealy TUFTLESS is a mattress of a lifetime.

$32.50
East of the Rockies

Sealy "STAR" MATTRESS

SEALY STAR TUFTED MATTRESS

An unusually fine appearing mattress; soft, resilient and elastic,—exceptionally comfortable and so constructed that it will not sag or become lumpy even after years of service. It is a full 55 lb. mattress, containing high quality cotton felt, especially blended for service and comfort. 8 oz. tick, finished with taped edge.

Sealy Factories At

Sugarland .....Texas
Memphis ..... Tennessee
New York..... New York
Buffalo.....New York
Pittsburgh ..Pennsylvania
Cleveland.....Ohio
Detroit..... Michigan
St. Paul.....Minnesota
Seattle ..... Washington
Richmond .....Virginia
Kansas City.... Missouri
Oklahoma City.Oklahoma
Denver.....Colorado

Sealy Factories At

Los Angeles....California
San Francisco...California
Tigard.....Oregon
Indianapolis.....Indiana
St. Louis.....Missouri
Chicago.....Illinois
Salt Lake City.....Utah
El Paso.....Texas
Baltimore ..... Maryland
Little Rock.....Arkansas
Atlanta.....Georgia
New Orleans....Louisiana

THE SEALY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 126)

Long-range administration permits an inordinate indulgence in long-distance travel, and it is significant that usually such travel is timed when Alaska is most inviting. Every summer produces an influx of governmental visitors, some on actual work bent, but many manifestly out for a holiday at Uncle Sam's expense. Inspection, investigation and supervision afford excuse, if not justification, for seasonal errands to the Northland which often tend to retard work in hand and seldom serve a useful purpose. Official urgency automatically ceases when winter comes.

Special emissaries are not uncommon. Once there arrived an agreeable young man, bearing departmental credentials, who made his presence felt in various communities along the coast and in the interior. Apparently engaged in a general survey of Alaska, he approached his gigantic task with an air of confidence truly impressive. He had delved into things deeply and forwarded comprehensive reports of his observations and conclusions and was about to set sail for Point Barrow further to pursue his survey when something untoward happened and he vanished to Washington. Possibly the archives might disclose his findings and the purpose of his mission.

The average bureau official is competent and renders efficient service when not subject to red-tapeism and kindred obstruction. To obtain a maximum of efficiency resident agents should be given a free hand and intrusted with authority and responsibility. Otherwise the complicated system becomes positively unworkable.

Nowhere is official coördination so sorely needed; nowhere so difficult to attain. Departmental direction, with rigid adherence to precedent and fixed rules of doing things, prevents it. The principal bureaus cooperate as best they can, but the headless or many-headed system nullifies efforts toward complete coördination. Experience gives added respect to the view of the situation entertained by President Taft and strengthens the conviction of many Alaskans that the territory would have thrived better under a commission form of government as advocated by him. Until bureaucracy gives place to a more coherent and workable system the improvement outlined years ago by the chief forester, whose precepts as to his own department have been put into practice, offers the only solution. The chief evil, as he said, is in long-range administration.

Bureaucratic Road Building

Two Federal road-building agencies—the Alaska Road Commission, illogically functioning under the War Department and chargeable to the military budget, and the Bureau of Public Roads, under the Agricultural Department—operate in Alaska; the first outside the forest reserves, constructing roads and trails in the interior, and the other within the forests along the coast. Both render valuable service. A third agency, the Territorial Board of Road Commissioners, equipped to the amount of $260,000 for the biennium, does no road building, but wisely merges its funds with the liberal appropriations made by Congress and so avoids additional duplication.

The maintenance by the Government of elaborate rival organizations engaged in the same line of development has long been condemned as unbusinesslike and beyond comprehension, but efforts to effect a consolidation are successfully resisted. Two years ago the Secretaries of War and Interior united in a recommendation to the President that all road work in the territory be assigned to the Bureau of Public Roads, and in this the Secretary of Agriculture concurred. The spectacle was subsequently presented of subordinate officials antagonizing the views of their superiors and opposing any administrative change. Bureaucracy constantly furnishes such spectacles at Washington. An extension of the Federal Aid Act to Alaska, upon equitable terms as to area, plainly offers the solution, and Congress in time, no doubt, will see the advisability of such legislation.

Road building was begun twenty years ago under Roosevelt's administration, and has been pushed systematically. Col. Wilds P. Richardson, the original head of the Alaska Road Commission, initiated the work and accomplished wonders in the wilderness. He constructed the trail from Valdez to Fairbanks which has gradually been converted into a highway and bears his name. The first automobile passed over it in 1913. It has since been open to motor travel in the summer season and is now principally a tourist thoroughfare. Built economically, its upkeep for the past several years has entailed an annual expenditure approximating $300,000, and its total cost to date exceeds $4,000,000. As regular travel into the interior has naturally been diverted to the government railroad, the expensive maintenance of this highway has been the subject of sharp criticism.

The Administrative Web

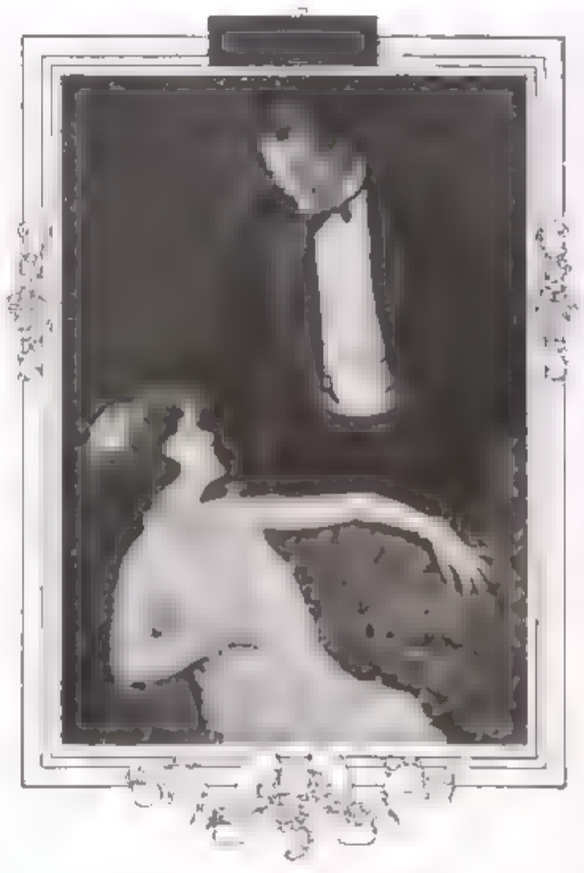
The late Secretary Wallace, after a trip over it with Speaker Gillett in 1923, condemned the present handling of the project as a waste of public moneys. In his view it was serving no purpose other than the support of a few roadhouses along the way, and he advised that expenditures should be limited to keeping it open and the bridges in repair. Assurance is given that the maintenance outlay will be materially reduced after this year, when more money will be available for needed arteries to the railroad and mining industries. The transportation problem on the coast is one of water largely, but the building of roads out of Ketchikan, Juneau, Hyder and other towns is proving of great utilitarian benefit.

The territorial capital, with a population of some three thousand, has three hundred motor vehicles; Ketchikan, a large and multiplying number, and automobiles are today in use in all settled communities. Only through an uninterrupted program of road building will Alaska ever fully be opened to industry and settlement, and excellent progress is being made.

Ordinarily Congress may be depended upon—thanks to the budget makers, to whom tenure has given knowledge of the country and its needs—to guard Alaska's interests. The committees on territories and subcommittees on appropriations display an intelligent and practical grasp of problems not always manifested on the part of officials directly concerned. Indeed, the territory is largely indebted to these well-informed lawmakers for safe guidance at the capital. Blocked in repeated effort to provide a better system of government, Congress otherwise, at any rate, is intelligently and constructively generous and often prevents departmental blundering.

Occasionally, however, an awkward contretemps occurs in legislation. In the closing hours of the last Congress the office of the surveyor-general under the Land Office was abolished and its duties transferred to and consolidated with the field-surveying service. Strangely, the fact was overlooked that in Alaska the surveyor-general was ex-officio secretary of the territory and lieutenant governor, and that this necessary office would simultaneously be vacated on July first. Discovering it, the department suggested by wire "the advisability of bringing the matter to the attention of the legislature," then assembling, "with a view to its providing its own territorial secretary." Happy thought! So very simple and easy of adoption! The legislature would be quite willing to bridge the chasm, no doubt. But obviously it could not vest its own secretary with Federal powers, and the department was duly enlightened as to statutory requirements and restrictions.

In due course, a fortnight later, the legislature meantime holding itself admirably in check, advice was received that the territorial body was "without power to provide for the appointment or the election of a secretary," but that one "may be appointed" at Washington under a statute



He thinks you perfect . . even to your little toe

Of course, he accepts you as you are. But wouldn't there be just a little shock of disillusionment, if he discovered you had corns? . . . Romance has clustered around beautiful feet. Think of Cinderella, of Trilby, of the rosy-footed Aurora! Did their feet have corns? . . . The advent of a corn is nothing to be ashamed of. But its continuance is. . . . Any dainty shoe may cause a corn. But when a corn can be removed so quickly—and so safely and surely—why keep it for months and years?

Blue-jay is the delightful way to end a corn. A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The pain stops at once. Soon the corn goes. Blue-jay leaves nothing to guesswork. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each downy plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Isn't it Time to Look Ahead?

WHERE will you stand a year from now? Five years from now? Ten years? Will you be making more money than at present? The same money? Less money?

It's a serious question. Statistics tell us, for example, that there are several times more men in their sixties dependent upon others than there are who are able to support themselves. So it's time to look ahead, whether you are 25 or 52.

In some instances the way lies clear. In others even the present job is uncertain. You cannot tell how long it will last nor how much it will eventually pay. There are in this country literally hundreds of men and women who would tell you, should you ask them, that one sure way to insure the future is—

Have a means of earning money on the side!

Starting without experience, without capital, even without much spare time, it is possible—and it's being done—to build up a *permanent* business paying $5.00, $10.00, $50.00 a week extra. How? As our local subscription representative. It's an easy, pleasant, profitable way to make extra dollars.

Here's the Way

First send the coupon!

We'll tell you just what to do and say!

We'll furnish everything you need without charge!

ACT NOW!

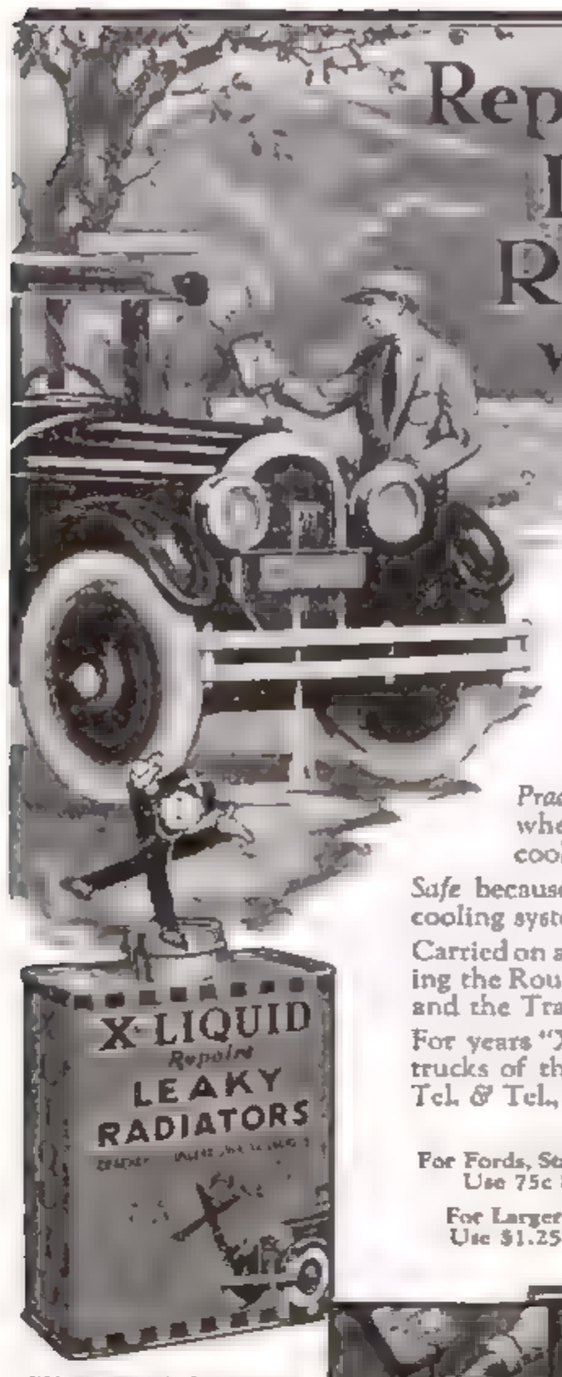
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
751 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm looking ahead. What's your offer? No obligation in asking.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Repair that LEAKING RADIATOR without tying up your car

Experienced car owners have learned that "X" Liquid is the *Permanent, Practical and Safe Way* of repairing leaks in their cooling system.

Permanent because it's a tough metallic-like seal, capable of withstanding the jolts of the road—immovable under pressure—unaffected by temperature changes.

Practical because it's economical—makes a repair wherever you are while car is running. Protects your cooling system from rust and scale formation.

Safe because it's a *liquid*. Nothing to clog or injure the cooling system. Mixes with water freely.

Carried on all the big Government endurance flights including the Round the World Flight, the Trans-Atlantic Flight, and the Trans-Continental Flight.

For years "X" has repaired leaks in the automobiles and trucks of the U. S. Government, Standard Oil, American Tel. & Tel., General Electric, etc.

For Fords, Stars, etc. Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., New York
Factories: Boston and Toronto
Agents: England and the Continent
Thomas & Bishop, Ltd., 37 Tabernacle St. London, E. C. 2

"X" is a friend. It can even be poured through a cloth as "X" contains no powder, meal, glue, cement, shellac, or solder. Harmless.

X-LIQUID

cited from Juneau. The legislature, with commendable judgment and conservatism, proceeded to provide for the maintenance of the well-organized office as formerly. Immediate action in accord with the authoritative suggestion would further have complicated the complication and again exemplified the muddle of long-range rule.

Emergencies large or small invariably demonstrate the helplessness of agencies enmeshed in the administrative web. Strikingly true was this when the diphtheria epidemic at Nome produced hysterical outcries for antitoxin. Several departments, two of them directly concerned, in being charged through bureaus with the welfare of natives—Eskimos—at that closed winter port in the far north, became immediately active and deeply stirred. Serum was offered in abundance to spare, but not a governmental fund was available to get it there. Meanwhile, with official Washington in a flutter, discussing impossible air flights in antiquated crafts in raging weather, forty degrees below zero, and considering a more absurd proposition to dispatch ice breakers to clear the way through Bering Sea and Norton Sound—while all this was going on, the territory, not entangled in red tape, knowing what to do and how to do it, with the ready assistance of the mail service and without the loss of an hour, had delivered an adequate supply of antitoxin by relay dog team and the crisis passed.

Despite the complexity and perplexity of a system that becomes fairly bewildering in its operation, real constructive work is accomplished each succeeding year. At its present stage, in slow process of development, with meager population and problems wholly unlike those of any other domain, Alaska is absolutely dependent upon governmental aid, and the various agencies do remarkably well when given initiative and intrusted with confidence and let alone. Alaska is deeply appreciative of the helpful, upbuilding service rendered. But bureaucracy inevitably spells lost motion, costly overhead, overlapping, duplication and kindred heterologous things. Directed through distant channels, its ills are intensified. Contact with it strongly confirmed my opinion that such a system is unsuited to Alaska—or any other country.

The ultimate remedy? A full territorial form of government, preliminary to statehood, at the earliest possible date. Then will Alaska grow as the Dakotas, Oklahoma, Colorado—indeed, all the continental Union—grew and thrived. None of these was founded upon bureaucracy, or subjected to absentee landlordism, or compelled to rely upon a paternalistic Uncle Sam. Lessons of experience have been taught and learned, but, after all, the old-fashioned way of development has not been greatly improved upon in the century and a half of the Republic, nor has theory provided an acceptable substitute for self-government.

"No magic wand from Federal treasury gold may be waved," said President Harding, "to affect the great transformation. There is no finer citizenship, no more pleasing childhood anywhere," and in these "lies the solution of the Alaska problem." Development must rest in a citizenship with homes. He knew because he had traveled to the Northland and seen. Alaska today is a land of homes and schools and children. Already it has demonstrated a splendid capacity to manage its affairs. It has exercised its limited powers with rare wisdom and efficiency. A national duty, therefore, clearly calls for an extension of those powers, without undue delay, in order that that fine citizenship may more easily work out the territory's destiny. Such is the one and only practical solution. Speed its coming!

The Curtis Publishing Company
747 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

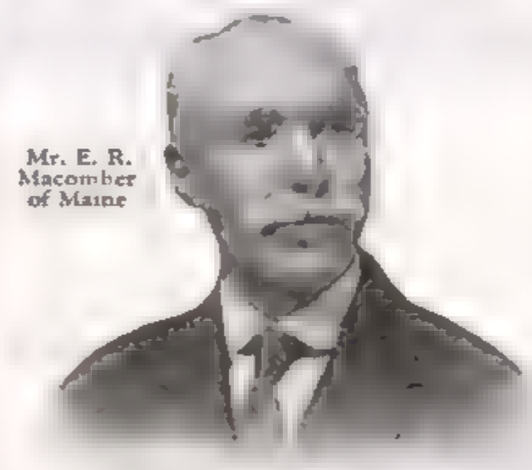
Gentlemen: Please tell me, without obligation, how I can make $1.50 an hour in my spare time.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Town _____

State _____



Mr. E. R. Macomber of Maine

He Sent a Coupon Like This And Then Earned In One Month

COMMISSIONS - $39.50
BONUS - - - - - $22.00
$61.50

FOR just one month's *spare time* work we recently paid Mr. E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "I can secure orders any month in the year," says Mr. Macomber, "and as I am getting better known some of the orders are telephoned to me and the money sent through the mail."

MANY of our subscription representatives earn $1.50, or more, in an hour just by selling us their spare time. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. Learning about our plan will cost you only two cents—for mailing your letter—and may enable you to earn hundreds of dollars. Clip the coupon above—now.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

August 8, 1925

Cover Design by Lawrence Toney

SHORT STORIES

The Talisman—*Albert Payson Terhune* . . . 6
The Child—*Dana Burnet* . . . 12
Jazz You Like It—*Octavus Roy Cohen* . . . 14
In the Wake of the Gale—*James B. Connolly* . . . 18
Improving the Cemetery—*Henry A. Shute* . . . 19

ARTICLES

Tapering Off on Work—*Samuel G. Blythe* . . . 3
Education Plus—*Fred H. Turner* . . . 5
The World's Largest Negro City—*Chester T. Crowell* . . . 8
Princely Hospitality—*Maude Parker Child* . . . 10
The New Conquest of Peru—*Isaac F. Marcosson* . . . 16
Alaska From the Inside—*Scott C. Bone* . . . 23

SERIALS

Rivers to Cross (Second part)—*Roland Pertwee* . . . 20
Taxi! Taxi! (Conclusion)—*George Weston* . . . 26

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 22
Short Turns and Encores . . . 24
Getting On in the World . . . 32

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Taste, color, fragrance so rare, so exquisite—the dullest appetite responds to this juice of the Concord grape

More Important even than We Realized

—say our leading food authorities, are this taste, color, fragrance that awaken appetite

KEEN pleasure in spotless linen, bright flowers, shining silver on your table . . . Sheer delight of exquisite flavor, color, fragrance in your food . . . These are not just pleasant luxuries.

They are indispensable—our greatest food authorities say, in every meal we eat.

Our best-planned meals, without them, fail to nourish us.

For appetite, the experts say, depends on flavor, color, fragrance. And appetite controls the whole digestive process.

Three times a day, at every meal we eat, the body waits for appetite to start digestion. Until appetite is awakened the body is not ready for food and cannot absorb it.

Because of this, great dietitians find that taste, color, fragrance are important for health itself. And that is why they point today to Welch's. So supremely colorful, fragrant, delicious, they find, is this juice of fresh, ripe grapes—the dullest appetite wakes to its appeal.

NO other flavor in all the world has quite the rare delicacy of Welch's—fragrant purple juice of fine Concords, fresh from the vine.

Concords as perfect as Welch demands are grown in just two little districts in the whole United States—two little spots near the Great Lakes.

When the great purple clusters are ripest Welch presses out the juice from the choicest grapes of all—a few hours after they are cut from the vine.

All the delight of the fresh fruit is in each glass of Welch's—all of its health-giving qualities.

Mineral salts that children need particularly to build up their bodies, vitamines, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern diets need. Natural fruit elements, too, that turn to alkalies in your body and help your body to overcome the acidity so common today.

Invaluable, say hospital dietitians of Welch's, to coax back the fastidious appetite of invalids. At that trying time when children refuse to eat, mothers, too, turn confidently to Welch's. Delightfully refreshing, as everyone knows, on hot summer days and nights.

But it is the everyday value of Welch's Grape Juice that experts stress today—the supreme importance of its color, its fragrance, its exquisite flavor that awaken keen appetite for the simplest, the hastiest meal.

"*All the health-giving qualities of the fresh ripe fruit,*" great Food Authorities say, "*all its delicate refreshment, are in each glass of luscious purple juice*"

On a languid summer day serve Welch's in one of these cool, delicious ways:

At Breakfast: Half-fill a small glass with cracked ice; then fill with Welch's—fragrant purple juice. See how its tart cold deliciousness arouses appetite for this important meal.

For Dinner: Blend 1 pint of Welch's and 1 pint of cider and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, add 1 pint of sparkling water and serve in wine glasses, very cold.

Or: Chill well 1 pint of Welch's and 2 12-ounce bottles of dry ginger ale. Partly fill tumblers with Welch's; then fill with ginger ale.

For Refreshment in the Evening (or for mid-afternoon):

Grape Rickey—Half-fill tall glasses with Welch's; add to each the juice of 1 lime, sugar to taste, and shaved ice; and fill with sparkling water.

Welch's Sparkling—Half-fill tall glasses with Welch's, add to each a spoon of cracked ice, and fill with sparkling water.

GET Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints and 4 ounces. Hotels, dining cars, clubs, and restaurants serve Welch's; soda fountains serve it too, straight, or in delicious combinations with sparkling waters or with other fruit juices. Try it for luncheon or for refreshment between meals.

More about the emphasis food authorities lay on taste, color, fragrance in every meal is told you in our booklet, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.* It gives you also carefully tested recipes for delicious drinks and dishes you will like to serve. Let us send it to you, free. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-8, Westfield, N. Y.

Please send me—free—your booklet, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.*

Name

Address

City State

Hosiery is no longer an undergarment. It is out where all the world may see it. As a revealer of taste and individuality in dress, it has arrived at first-rank importance. In the adjustment to this new order, Phoenix has earned its outstanding leadership. *Smarter hosiery*, in more sumptuous colorings and patterns, and with the ability to resist wear over longer miles, has been its achievement. Your stockings are undergarments no longer.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

Bon Ami

for aluminum and fine kitchen utensils

Bright as a new dime! How easily and quickly Bon Ami restores the sparkle to the *polished* parts of aluminum.

Small wonder makers of famous brands of aluminum recommend it for this purpose. For they know it quickly yet gently removes all tarnish, spots, and stains. Leaves the surface gleaming like new—with never a scratch to mar its beauty.

And Bon Ami won't chap the hands, won't make the nails brittle.

This magic cleanser keeps many other things besides kitchen utensils glistening with cleanliness. Read the list of uses given above.

Remember—it's economical to have both forms, Cake and Powder, on your pantry shelf all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Take a Kodak with you

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

August 8, 1925—No. 6

A C Spark Plug Co.....52
American Tobacco Co. (Tuxedo).....84
Atlanta Biltmore Hotel Co.....97
Automobile Insurance Co.....92
Ayer & Son, N. W.....71

Bankers Trust Company
(A. B. A. Cheques).....126
Bank of Italy.....110
Barrett Company.....89
Bassick Manufacturing Co. (Alemite)...49
Bauer & Black (Blue-jay).....129
Bayuk Cigars, Inc.....95
Bon Ami Company.....III Cover
Boyce & Veeder (Boyce-ite).....103
Byers Company, A. M. (Pipe).....108
B. & G. Rubber Mfg. Co.....109

Cadillac Motor Car.....27
Campbell Soup Co. (Pork & Beans)....25
Champion Spark Plug Co.....61
Chicago Flexible Shaft Co. (Sunbeam)..79
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul 120
Clark, F. C.....113
Congoleum-Nairn, Inc. (Art-Rugs) 35
Consolidation Coal Co.....121
Cooper Hewitt Electric (Work-Light)...88
Corbin, P. & F.....82
Crescent Tool Company (Wrench)....109
Curtis Pub. Co.....129
Curtis Pub. Co.....130
Curtis Pub. Co. (S. E. P.).....109
Cyclone Fence Company.....62

Dodge Bros. (Type B).....57
Drackett Chemical Co. (Drano).....80
Du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Duco)....59

Eastman Kodak Company.....IV Cover
Edison Electric Appliance (Hotpoint)..119
Educational Film Exchanges.....68
Electro Magnetic Tool (Elec. Saw)....113
Evans, & Co., Victor J.....97

Federal Motor Truck Co.....98
Finnell System (Electric Scrubbing)....58
Florsheim Shoe Co.....125
Ford Motor Company.....38
Franklin (Coupe).....107

Gellman Mfg. Co. (Polly Wrench).....106
General Gas Light Company
(Humphrey).....83
General Motors (Chevrolet).....43
General Motors (Oakland).....33
Gen. Motors (Oldsmobile Six).....50-51
George Frost (Boston Garter).....100
Gilfillan Bros., Inc. (Radio) 116
Gillette Safety Razor Co.....91
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
(Balloon).....74-75
Graton & Knight Mfg. Co. (Belting)...118

Hudson-Essex Motor Car (Coach).....69

Indiana Piston Ring.....102

Jennison-Wright (Wood Block).....126

Kelly-Springfield (Balloons).....63
Koken Companies.....97
Kuppenheimer Co.....II Cover

Library Bureau.....44
Longview Company.....123

Mansfield Tire & Rubber Co. (Balloon) 64
Maxwell Motor Corp. (Chrysler Six)...29
Michigan Stove Co. (Garland).....96
Miller, Eli.....109
Milwaukee Motor Products, Inc.
(Timer).....55
Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc.....101
Moore Push-Pin Co. 109

National Lead Battery.....40
National Steel Fabric.....76
Noe-Equl Textile Mills.....124

Old Fashioned Millers, Inc.....106
Oneida Community.....2

Packard Motor Car (Six).....45
Philadelphia Storage Battery (Philco)..115
Phoenix Hosiery.....132
Plate Glass Manufacturers of America.117
Postum Cereal Company (Post Toasties) 41
Process Engrav. Co.....106
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Toothbrush) 81
Pryde-Wynn Co. (Mollé).....56

Quaker Oats Co. (Oats).....60
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.....122
Quenzer, Chas., Inc. (Dr. Simms) 113

Reid, Murdock & Co. (Teenie Weenie)..54
Royal Easy Chairs.....114

Samford's Paste.....109
Scholl Mfg. Co.....99
Sealright Co.....85
Sealy Corporation (Mattress).....128
Shaler, C. A. (Vulcanizer).....125
Sheaffer Pen Co., W. A.....86
Sikes Company.....53
Smith-Lee Co. (Perfection Caps).....94
Standard Laboratories (Stacomb).....100
Standard Sales (Permo).....106
Stromberg Carburetor Co.....112
Studebaker Corp. (Certified Used Cars) 73
Style-Center Tailoring Co.....109
Sundstrand Adding Machine.....90
Swift & Company (Sunbrite).....31

Texas Company (Texaco).....66-67
Thum, O. & W. (Tanglefoot).....127
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.
(Veedol Grease).....77
Truscon Steel Co.....70
Tung-Sol Lamp Works.....36
Twinplex Sales Co. (Stropper).....46

United States Tire (G & J Cord).....111
Universal Pictures.....39

Vacuum Oil Company (Mobiloil).....37

Wanamaker, John.....97
Warner-Patterson Co. (Auto-Polish)....42
Washburn-Crosby Co. (Gold Medal)....47
Welch Grape Juice Co.....131
Western Clock Co. (Westclox).....1
White Company (Trucks).....93
Whittemore Bros. (Bostonian Cream)...87
Willard Storage Battery.....104
Willard Storage Battery.....105
Williams, J. B. (Aqua Velva).....34
Wittliff Furniture (Brace Co.).....113

X Laboratories ("X" Liquid).....130